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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A PASTORAL COMEDY,
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCENARY,
&c. &c.



Drawn by A. Carse, from the Original Family Picture in New Hall House & Eng'd by A. Wilson

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A PASTORAL COMEDY;
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCENARY:
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING
MEMOIRS OF DAVID ALLAN, THE SCOTS HOGARTH;
BESIDES ORIGINAL, AND OTHER POEMS CONNECTED
WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS:
AND A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
AN AUTHENTIC LIFE OF ALLAN RAMSAY,
AND AN INQUIRY
INTO THE ORIGIN OF PASTORAL POETRY; THE
PROPRIETY OF THE RULES PRESCRIBED FOR
IT; AND THE PRACTICE OF RAMSAY.

"Scribetur tibi forma," indubia, "et situs agri."
Hor. Ep. 16.

"First please your eye, then gratify your ear."
Gent. Shep. Act 1. Sc. 2. Prol.

VOL. I.

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INSCRIBED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
SIR DAVID FORBES OF NEW HALL,
KNIGHT;

UNCLE TO THE CELEBRATED
DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN,
LORD PRESIDENT
OF THE
COURT OF SESSION, IN SCOTLAND;

AND FATHER TO
JOHN FORBES OF NEW HALL, ESQ.
ADVOCATE,

THE FRIEND AND PATRON
OF

ALLAN RAMSAY,

AUTHOR OF

The Gentle Shepherd.

*"The Knight returns again."
"Lang ha'e I wished to see this happy day,
"That I might safely to the truth g'e way."
"Sir William Worthy is our master's name.*

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PR
3657
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INTRODUCTION.

THESE ILLUSTRATIONS owe their appearance to the following occurrences.

In the year 1793 an Account of the Parish of *Pennecuik* was drawn up by the Reverend Mr Thomas M'Courty, in which a short description of New Hall, and its connection with the comedy of the *Gentle Shepherd*, was introduced. This account was published the following year 1794, in the tenth volume of the Statistical History of Scotland.

In the next succeeding year 1795 appeared the fifteenth volume of this valuable national work, containing the Account of the Parish of *Glencross*, contiguous to that of *Pennecuik*, north-eastward between it and Edinburgh. To give this account the greater authority and weight, an unusually conspicuous

inscription is prefixed to it, announcing that it was written

By the Rev. Mr WILLIAM TORRENCE, Minister,

with additions by the

Rev. Dr JOHN WALKER, Minister of Colington,

and

*Professor of Natural History in the University of
Edinburgh;*

to which names, of its present and former ministers, might have been prefixed that of the learned proprietor of the estate of Fulford or New Woodhouselee, forming a small, but rural and cultivated part of it, at some distance northward from the church, estate, and water of Glencross. In this triply authenticated account, under the article "*Miscellaneous*," after lightly mentioning, with apparent discredit, a report that the scene of *The Gentle Shepherd* was laid in the parish, and that Sir William Purves of Woodhouselee, his Majesty's Solicitor, in the reign of Charles the Second, was the model of *Sir William Worthy*, every pretension to any real ground or foundation for such suppositions is distinctly and explicitly relinquished and disclaimed by this most respectable triumvirate, in the following candid, clear, and indisputable declaration.

“ After all, however, this appropriation must be allowed to be entirely conjectural, and to rest more upon fancy, pleasing itself in clothing its own pictures in the garb of reality, than upon any basis of evidence.”

Stat. Acc. Glencross, v. xv. p. 443.

By this weighty and combined attestation, the suppositions alluded to, are obviously deprived of authority; the reports are proved to be “entirely conjectural, and to rest more upon fancy,” “than upon any basis of evidence;” and all supposed connection between Ramsay’s pastoral, and the parish of Glencross, New Woodhouselee, or Sir William Purves, is completely set aside and relinquished. Indeed, no other declaration was to be expected, where the natural scenery, and the life of Sir William Purves, are at variance with the descriptions in the comedy, and with the history of its knight.

About this time Mr M‘Courty received a letter from the Honourable David Rae Lord Eskgrove, afterwards Sir David Rae, Bart. Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, stating some inaccuracies in the account of New Hall in the Statistical History of the parish, and advising a more full description to be drawn up, including the particulars and corrections which he communicated.

This was accordingly done, and an enlarged and more accurate account in 1796 was published in the appendix to the seventeenth volume of the history.

Sir David Rae was son to the Reverend Mr David Rae, and Mrs Abigail Forbes, daughter to Sir David Forbes of New Hall, and widow of William Douglas, Esq. of Garwalfoot. Mrs Rae died on the 8th of August 1754 at Edinburgh in the sixty-seventh year of her age. *See Scots Magazine for 1754; published by Ruddiman.* This learned lawyer, and judge, delighted to recollect, and mention, the many happy days he had spent at New Hall in his youth.

In relation to Ramsay's pastoral, every thing seemed to be settled and cleared. The reports as to *Glen-cross parish* and *Sir William Purves*, it had been confessed and published by three learned and respectable characters, intimately acquainted with the parish and its history, were "entirely conjectural," and fanciful, without "any basis of evidence." On the other hand, it had been ascertained, from Ramsay's intimate connection with Sir David Forbes, his family, and place; from the minute coincidence between its natural scenery, and his descriptions; and by positive proof of the most unexceptionable kind; that New Hall was the legitimate parent of the pastoral: and that the Scottish Theocritus was no less

indebted to its proprietors, and scenery, for its existence, characters, and rural landscapes; than for the corrections and improvements it received whilst, as Mr Tytler, in his edition of *King James's Poems*, testifies, he used to "recite" to "the literati" "at New Hall, near Pentland Hills," the "different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed."

The minds of all who were disinterestedly and impartially acquainted with these circumstances, were fully satisfied and made up upon this point of national poetical history, and no doubt remained as to the family and place to which Ramsay and his readers were obliged for this delightful poem and truly Scottish picture of real rural simple nature in the shepherd state.

After a lapse of four years, in 1800 was printed in London a bulky edition of Ramsay's Works, professing to be the most complete and correct that ever had been published. To this edition is prefixed an "Advertisement," a "Life of Ramsay," and "Remarks on his Writings," in which, to the astonishment of such as had read the accounts of the parishes of Pennecuik and Glencross, with the appendix to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History, the abandoned and exploded suppositions as to a

connection between the parish of Glencross and Sir William Purves and the Gentle Shepherd, are not only repeated, but swelled into assertions, and roundly stated as facts, without pretending to produce any evidence whatever of their truth.

Such unwarranted and absurd averments could not possibly proceed from, or be authorised by, any of those learned and liberal characters who made, or countenanced in any shape, the fair and candid declaration on this point in the account of the parish of Glencross. They therefore cannot come from any credible authority. They must originate in ignorance or misinformation, and can only be productive of mischief, by creating doubt, and confusing history, where a corresponding degree of ignorance exists. None that ever inquired into the history of Sir William Purves, or his place; or ever saw the natural scenery about either it, or the water of Glencross, if he is capable of perceiving inconsistency, opposition, and contradiction, can, for a moment, be deceived by them.

As, however, this edition is, of any yet published, in appearance the most respectable, although, as the following pages will show, it contains many errors; as, among others, those mistakes with regard to the scenery of the comedy, in particular, are extremely im-

posing, from their containing affirmations, with great seeming indifference and confidence, advanced as if accidentally, and as if there was no room for any hesitation or doubt as to their truth ; as these allegations are altogether inconsistent with, and contradictory to the associate declaration in the statistical account of the parish of Glencross, by persons residing on and near the places referred to ; and as but very few have any opportunity of examining the scenes in nature whence Ramsay's pastoral pictures were copied ; justice and truth seemed to require, that the mischievous effects of this editor's blunders and misrepresentations should be prevented. The pernicious consequences, too, of the air of truth they bear, by introducing them into publications of character, rendered it the more indispensably necessary to check their farther adoption and belief ; by exposing the impropriety and faultiness of these assertions, and by presenting correct *views* of the original scenes to the public, in order to enable such as had no opportunity of seeing them in nature to judge of the exact coincidence between them and Ramsay's imitations.

Nine of these views, after being engraved, were published in the Edinburgh Magazine for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803 ; accompanied by *descriptions* of the landscapes, with some observations pointing out the many errors in this new edition of Ramsay's

works, and the ridiculousness of even supposing that either its Author, or The Gentle Shepherd, had any connection whatever with Sir William Purves, New Woodhouselee, or the parish or water of Glencross: But the Magazine was discontinued before the intended set of views was completed.

The plates were purchased by a respectable bookseller; who has since added the remaining views from nature, with a *map* to show their relative sites; and the descriptions annexed to them have likewise been continued, through all its pastoral scenes, to the end of the Comedy. In consequence of the omissions, and mistakes, in the *Life* of Ramsay in this last edition of his works, of the year 1800, a more full and correct account of him has been prefixed to these ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS SCENARY; with an *Inquiry* into the propriety of the rules hitherto prescribed for Pastoral Poetry, in order to show that all their inconsistencies, and contradictions, have proceeded from the prejudices of ignorance and urbanity, against real rural life, and a contempt for, or inattention to, the effects of individual imitation directed by judgment and taste. A more accurate edition than any yet known of the *Drama* itself has been printed. An *Appendix*, containing an authentic Life of Ramsay's illustrator David Allan the Scots Hogarth, with several original poems, and o-

thers, referred to in, and connected with, the work ; and a *Glossary* have been added : And the whole has been formed into two volumes, which it is hoped will not be unacceptable to the public.

The undertaking has been conducted with that steady attention to plainness, and simplicity, so infinitely more agreeable to the judicious experienced man of taste, than that meretricious gaudy glitter of show and ostentation which too often attracts the raw and ignorant, and obtains their favour and their money. Plainness, simplicity, and truth, are the characteristics, and recommendations of the Poem itself ; as they are of the pastoral state, and manners, which it paints ; and, of course, ought to be of every thing connected with them.

The *map* was copied from a plan of the year 1770 after an actual survey. With regard to the *views* also, the sole object was to delineate the objects they contain with fidelity and truth, and to exhibit the scenes they represent exactly as they were seen when the drawings were taken, without using any freedoms, or making any alterations or improvements whatever. By a less scrupulous mode of proceeding, much finer and more dazzling and tempting pictures, to attract purchasers and draw money, might have been produced ; but, in that case, they could not

fairly have been referred to, as evidences of the resemblance of Ramsay's descriptions to the landscapes in nature; what they gained in glitter, they would have lost in value; all their effects would have ended with the first flash of their gildings, like the refined Italian pastorals, compared with the modest and durable intrinsic merits of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and Mr Allan's designs for it.

Grandeur and parade, richness and magnificence, are suitable and proper in the accompaniments of a heroic poem, or pompous tragedy, celebrating the battles of heroes, and the fall of kingdoms; but to introduce grandeur, parade, or magnificence, into the ILLUSTRATIONS OF A PASTORAL, could only be exceeded, in unnatural infantine folly, and defect, or depravity of taste, by thrusting them into the poem itself, to burlesque its character, and counteract the engaging effects of its appropriate plainness and simplicity. All the English designs for *The Gentle Shepherd*, like their dresses when it is acted on the London stage, appear to a Scotsman, from this misplaced attention to finery, highly preposterous, and childishly inconsiderate and ludicrous.

Besides the intrinsic proofs furnished by the following illustrative plates; direct, or circumstantial evidence is produced with the utmost attention and

care, of facts, and allegations; so that every reader may have it in his power, if he chooses, to judge for *himself*, as to their accuracy, and weight.

The drawings were taken on the spots they represent, long before there was any intention to engrave, and publish them; and the botanical lists, incomplete as they are, owe much to Mr P. Neill, Secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh.

As the printing was begun when only a small portion of the manuscript had been written, there may be tautologies, omissions, and mistakes in these volumes which have escaped the author's observation. A writer with the press at his heels, in the hurry to prevent the printer and his devils from overtaking him, must be almost as liable to inattentions, as a British seaman, in the same predicament, who is pursued by the gang. The errors, if any, it is believed, are trivial; but should mistakes, worthy of notice, be pointed out with impartial disinterested candour and politeness, the criticisms they occasion will be received with that attention and respect to which they are entitled: and it is for the public at large, for whose satisfaction they have been collected, to determine whether or not, the proofs, *positive*, *intrinsic*, and *collateral*, now fairly, fully, and finally presented to it, are, or are not, *decisive*, as to the

facts upon which these ILLUSTRATIONS are founded : facts, which give weight, and *general* importance to the subject of these volumes, by attracting the attention of genius to the advantages to be derived from the study of pleasing individual nature in poetry as well as in painting ; and which are designed to silence, and put to rest, misrepresentation, on the origin and history, of the most interesting Pastoral that ever was written, because the most agreeably natural.

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THE
L I F E
OF
ALLAN RAMSAY.

ALTHOUGH many of RAMSAY's poems are faithfully drawn from nature, and contain correct and humorous descriptions of life and manners, as they were exhibited to him at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and, in so far, are of considerable importance in the domestic history of Scotland; the GENTLE SHEPHERD is the work on which his celebrity rests, and the interest in the particulars of its author's life depends. BURNS, though his superior in pathos, fire, and elegance; in throwing out a short-lived flash of genius; and in the freedom, boldness, and taste, with which he could beautifully, and sometimes humorously, paint a single image, or incident; seems to have been incapable of producing

a composition of length, or which required much investigation, or ingenuity. In the delineation of appropriate and natural scenery ; of characters with suitable dialogues and modes of life, either separately seasoned with humour, or wrought into a connected, probable, and interesting fable ; he falls so far behind him, as to render comparison absurd. Making every reasonable allowance for his faults, and staking his merits on the powers required in the writer of his *Pastoral Comedy* alone, RAMSAY, therefore, must still be held to be the first in value, as well as the most entertaining of all our Scottish Poets.

In a *Life* of our author, prefixed to a late London edition of his Works in two volumes, printed by A. Strahan in 1800, his genealogy has been diligently traced up to the noble family of Ramsay, Earls of Dalhousie. This is, however, of very little importance in the history of genius, unless it had been the mean of drawing it from obscurity. To mark their elevation, may be agreeable, as well as flattering ; but, to follow the steps by which a man's ancestors gradually sunk into poverty and neglect, is only to show how little occasion he had to boast of his pedigree. The connection between him and the family of his chief, had, thus, been so completely dissolved and lost, that, unknown to them, he might have remained a shepherd on the wastes of Crawford-moor,

or a periwig-maker in Edinburgh, till the day of his death, had he not raised himself solely by his merit.

It appears that his father, Robert Ramsay, and his grandfather, a writer in Edinburgh, of the same Christian name, were managers of the Earl of Hoptoun's lead mines in Crawford-moor; that his great-grandfather was Captain John Ramsay, son to Ramsay of Cockpen, who was brother to Ramsay of Dalhousie. Cockpen, and Dalhousie, are situated on the opposite sides of the river South Esk in Edinburghshire. Agreeably to this genealogy, or, perhaps, merely from his being the chief of his name, he calls

“ Dalhousie, of an auld descent,

“ His chief, his stoup, his ornament ;”

but, although in his Ode on the marriage of Lord Ramsay, the first lines are,

“ Hail! to the brave apparent chief,

“ Boast of the Ramsay's clanish name,”

his vanity always, judiciously, omits the intermediate humiliating gradations, which led to the plaid and the periwig in his own person, by the descent of Captain Ramsay's descendants.

The father of his mother Alice Bower, had been brought from Derbyshire by Lord Hopetoun, to instruct his miners in their business ; and she was the daughter of Janet Douglas, whose father was Douglas of Muthil. Of this declination he, likewise, makes a wise use, by exulting only in general terms, that

“ He was a poet sprung from a Douglas line.”

ALLAN RAMSAY was born on the 15th of October 1686, as he himself relates, in the parish of Crawford-moor, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, where the remains of the humble cottage in which he drew his first breath are still to be seen. In his Bill, or Petition, to the Whin-Bush Club, consisting entirely of Clydesdale gentlemen, in 1721, he represents himself as being a native

“ Of Crawford-moor, born in Lead-hill,

“ Where mineral springs Glengoner fill,

“ Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,

“ Between auld Crawford-Lindsay’s towers,

“ And where Deneetne rapid pours

“ His stream through Glotta’s tide ;

“ Native of Clydesdale’s upper ward,

“ Bred fifteen summers there,” &c.

His first and only employment during these fifteen years, seems to have been that of a shepherd. In

answer to the epistle, in verse, from his friend Star-rat in Ireland, he writes,

" I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,
 " Whan round ane's lugs the blattran hailstains ring ;
 " But feckfu' fouk can front the bauldest wind,
 " An' slunk thro' muirs, an' never fash their mind.
 " Aft hae I wade thro' glens wi' chorking feet,
 " When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weet ;
 " Yet blythly wad I bang out o'er the brae,
 " An' stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
 " Hoping the morn might prove a better day. }
 " Then let's to lairds an' ladies leave the spleen,
 " While we can dance an' whistle o'er the green.
 " Mankind's account of guid an' ill's a jest,
 " Fancy's the rudder, an' content's a feast.

" Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose
 " The lowly mints o' my poor muirland muse,
 " Wha looks but blate, whan even'd to ither twa,
 " That lull'd the deil, or bigg'd the Theban wa' ;
 " But trowth 'tis nat'ral for us a' to wink
 " At our ain fauts, an' praises frankly drink :
 " Fair fa' ye then, an' may your flocks grow rife,
 " And may nae elf twine Crummy o' her life."

From these characteristic lines, we equally learn how he spent his early years in Clydesdale under the plaid and the kilt, and afterwards winked at his " ain fauts," and frankly drank praises, on his getting into breeches and the company of the muses.

His father dying when he was in his childhood, and his mother having contracted a second marriage with a small landholder in Crawford-moor of the name of Crichton, young RAMSAY, at the age of fifteen, with no other education than what he had acquired at the parish school, was sent to Edinburgh, in 1701, and bound apprentice to a wig-maker. After he had finished his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account, and continued it for many years; during which, in 1712, he married Christian Ross, the daughter of an inferior lawyer in Edinburgh. His eldest son, Allan Ramsay the painter, was born next year; and after him seven more children, the last of whom his wife brought him on 9th August 1725, when, for the first time, in the parish register of their baptisms, he is designed bookseller. Previous to this, there is no entry later than 23d November 1716, in which he is called "Allan Ramsay weegmaker;" some time after which period, therefore, he must have changed his occupation. He, very prudently, stuck by his wigs, till his celebrity as an author, had secured his success as a bookseller. In his Epistle to Mr James Arbuckle, in January 1719, he even takes the entire credit of his wife's fecundity to himself, and forgets not to let it be known that he wore the breeches at home, on Edinburgh's street the sun side, where he did, heartily, baith

————— “ graze an’ beau it ;
“ An’ keep a wife ay great wi’ poet.”

When he wrote this amusing epistle, he was still a wigmaker ; and his own wit, as well as that of the envious wags and teasers about him, profited by his trade. He drew from it both mirth and money ; and, his wit and his wigs, from long acquaintance, at length formed so intimate an alliance, as was natural, between the brain and its protector, that they joined, head and hair to hand, in support of their jocose master. With much good-humoured pleasantry, he writes to his friend,

“ I theek the out, and line the in side
“ O’ mony a douse and witty pash,
“ An’ baith ways gather in the cash ;”
“ Contented I hae sic a skair,
“ As does my bus’ness to a hair,
“ An’ fain wad prove to ilka Scot,
“ That poortith’s no’ the poet’s lot.”

Of course, he was, indisputably, a periwig-maker for eighteen years at least. He is likewise said to have followed the occupation of a barber, which would account for, and excuse more than half his vanity, and naturally lead him, as he says himself, to

————— “ graze, and beau it.”

Besides general belief as to him individually, it is certain that these trades were always united, wig-making being a branch of the barber's business. His calling himself wigmaker, is no evidence that he was not likewise a barber. Still, those that shave design themselves hairdressers, on the same principle, from their holding it to be the *genteel*est part of their business. As if it was more degrading to remove an encumbrance from the lower, than to supply a defect on the upper part of the head ; and without at any rate reflecting, than no honest vocation is disgraceful, and that his merit rises as his outset descends, and the difficulty of emerging from it increases ; this weighty point has been contested with much industry, in a long and learned *note* appended to his *Life* in the late edition of his works, where a blindness of zeal is too often apparent to secure confidence. But, as it only shows an injudicious wish, without the power, to clear him from this supposed aspersion, the discussion of it still remains open for such as choose to enter upon it. Had Ramsay entertained the same erroneous, contracted views himself, his having been a wigmaker might have been equally left hid for the researches of future antiquarians, and open to denial.

Ramsay employed the early part of his life in studying nature, and learning his trade. He showed

no propensity to poetry till he had fortunately treasured up, both in the country and in the town, a stock of materials from observation. Restricted to this genuine source, instead of copies, he produced, from the quickness of his perceptions, through actual experience, those original pictures, always interesting, which constitute his excellence. Hence they were furnished chiefly from his own level. He did not begin even to collect at second hand, by reading the verses of others, till he had arrived at the age of twenty; or to write them himself till about 1710 or 1711, five years after, as we find from his letter to Smibert the painter, where he says,

“ Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,

“ My muse was neither swier nor dorty.”

His social temper led him to court admission into company; and his gaiety, and good humour, soon made him an acceptable guest at convivial meetings. Clubs were, then, almost universally frequented by all ranks. The taverns, and oyster-houses in Edinburgh were every evening filled with them, and every Saturday from dinner time. Each club had its own room, to which it claimed a right through the year. As Ramsay was always ambitious of associating with his superiors, his complaisance, and inoffensive humour, seconded his wishes, and enrolled

him as a member of some of the most respectable parties in the metropolis. In one of these, chiefly composed of young anti-unionists, called the Easy Club, he first displayed his poetical powers; and his earliest essay now known, says his last biographer, was a poem presented by him to it in 1712, entitled, by way of an address, to "The most happy members of the Easy Club." But, as was probably the case, if the poems immediately followed the events, this assertion must be incorrect, as well as what is presently to be repeated from the same authority; for, the preservation of Mr Bruce, on which are the verses in his works, happened on the 19th of August 1710: and in the prior editions of his poems, Maggy Johnstoun's death is placed in 1711, though in this last the date is, unaccountably, altogether omitted. Here too, according to the same biographer, he first produced, and obtained the opinions of its members as to the merits of the humorous "Elegy on Maggy Johnstoun," a famous brewer and vender of ale at Morningside, about a mile and a half south-west from Edinburgh; and likewise read in the same year 1713, an Elegy on the death of the celebrated Dr Pitcairn, which was so highly approved of as to be printed by the Club. It is not likely that a customer, so much in love with Maggy Johnstoun's good ale, would delay his ludicrous la-

mentations on the death of its famous brewer and vender, till two years after it happened.

Ramsay had a warm heart, and was keen in his attachments. Maggy Johnstoun's alehouse and little farm lay beyond Burntsfield Links, on the road to Crawford-moor, between Edinburgh and the Pentland Hills. Beyond it, in the valley, below the nearest height, on a gently-swelling eminence, stands the village of Pentland, commanding a distant view of Fife, of the intervening frith, and of all that delightful district, which, in his poem to M'Ewen, for his present of a seal, he calls the "Pictland Plains." The turnpike road from Edinburgh to New-Hall, Carlops, Biggar, and Crawford-moor, after passing between the village and the hills, skirts the south-east verge of this beautiful range the whole of its length, and turns its south-western extremity at the Lyne, above West Linton, about three miles from Lanarkshire, or "Clydesdale's upper ward," in which he was born. His regards were pre-eminently directed to this quarter, as is evident from his frequent, and affectionate mention of the Pentland Hills, in his poems; and it accounts for the first finished production of his muse being employed in celebrating the good cheer he had been so fortunate as to meet with on the road to his birth-place; in travelling over which, in coming to, and going from

Edinburgh, he had received his earliest, and deepest impressions, in both directions. His partiality to the west country, and to Clydesdale in particular, is strikingly conspicuous. In 1719 he carried on the poetical correspondence with Hamilton of Gilbertfield, on the south side of Clyde, between Glasgow and Hamilton. In 1721 he presented his "Petition to the Whin-Bush Club." A poem of the same year is entitled, "Clyde's Welcome to his Prince." His Masque was written for, and performed at the nuptials of the Duke of Hamilton. In two of his poems his Grace is complimented as Captain-General of the Archers; and in a third, on his shooting an arrow through the neck of an eel. He wrote an Ode to the Memory of the Dutchess of Hamilton. And he dedicated his celebrated pastoral drama to the Countess of Eglinton, daughter to the Earl of Cassillis, whose estate, as well as her husband's, lay on the frith of Clyde. It is somewhat unexpected, to find a late imitator of Ramsay, in his first dissertation prefixed to his "Scottish Dramatic Pastoral, *The Falls of Clyde*," so forgetful as to write, "I do not recollect a song or tolerable copy of verses where it (the Clyde) is mentioned." He must either have a most treacherous memory, or this is a reflection on Ramsay, and on himself as his imitator.

For the entertainment of the Easy Club, the arguments used by its members on a question they had taken under their consideration, he turned into verse in 1715, and laid before it under the title of "The Gentleman's Qualifications debated;" and, in the same year, he amused it with a poem "On the Eclipse of the Sun, April 1715." In 1715, he likewise ventured to add a second canto to King James the First's ludicrous poem, "Christ's Kirk on the Green;" but mistook the scene of action for Lesly in Fife, instead of a place once called Christ's Kirk in the parish of Kinethmont, near Lesly in Aberdeenshire. Three years afterwards, he wrote a third canto, and published the whole together. In 1716, wit being proposed as the subject of investigation in the Easy Club, he again enlivened it with his poem "On Wit," illustrated by "The Tale of the Mantling Lad" in Fife; to which he has added the following explanatory note: "Being but an indifferent sort of an orator, my friends would merrily allege that I was not so happy in prose as rhyme: it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition, and the night appointed for some lessons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verse." The "Elegy on Lucky Wood," was produced in 1717; and in 1718 he sung, "The City of Edinburgh's Address to the Country."

His poems had, hitherto, been printed in single quarto, or octavo sheets, as they were composed ; and their good reception among all ranks, not only flattered his vanity, but drew customers to his shop, and, as he himself jocosely observes, enabled him more extensively to

—— “ theek the out, and line the in side
“ Of mony a douse and witty pash ;
“ An’ baith ways gather in the cash.”

In this form, of single sheets, his poetry soon became so popular, that the women of Edinburgh used to send out their children with a penny, to buy “ Ramsay’s last piece.” In a short time, both the poems, and the poet, became equally acceptable to those of higher rank and superior taste.

In 1719, he commenced a poetical correspondence with Lieutenant William Hamilton, of Gilbertfield, not far from the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Blantyre, below Hamilton ; and in 1721, he collected his poems into a quarto volume, beginning with “ The Morning Interview,” and ending with an address to his book, in which his self-complaisance is not a little conspicuous, entitled, “ The Conclusion.” Every one subscribed for the printing of it, except his rivals. As to these, he comforts

himself, in his Preface, by saying, "I have been honoured with three or four satires ; but they are such, that several of my friends allege I wrote them myself, to make the world believe I have no foes but fools." It was thus advertised, in July 1721, in the Edinburgh Evening Courant : " The Poems of Allan Ramsay, in a large quarto volume, fairly printed, with Notes, and a complete Glossary, (as promised to the subscribers), being now finished ; all who have generously contributed to carrying on of the design, may call for their copies as soon as they please, from the Author, at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd, Edinburgh." In the late edition of his Works in 1800, the Mercury is, ignorantly, described to have been " opposite to the Cross Well." His popularity, it is said, gained him by this publication four hundred guineas.

After this, we hear no more of his wigs and razors. He now devoted his whole attention to the business of " lining" the inside of his customers' " pashes ;" leaving the outside to provide " theeking" for itself. As he entertained such high expectations of this voluminous offspring, his parental affection probably led him to take the immediate charge of it himself, rather than to leave it, unprotected, at the mercy of so many " gangs" of envious and cruel enemies, as were plotting against its cha-

racter and life. It is certain he had commenced bookseller before 1725, when, doubtless, his "dear, vent'rous, large quarto volume, fairly printed, with Notes and a Glossary," in a most conspicuous place of his shop, would

"be seen,
"In gilded Turkey clad, and clean."

See THE CONCLUSION.

His leading sentiment was the pleasure of pleasing; and his ruling passions were vanity, and the love of fame. Always gay, always jocular, and sometimes ludicrous; honest, undesigning, obliging and benevolent, he was equally agreeable to others, as to himself. His versatility was astonishing. He suited himself to every taste, as well as his own, which his productions never failed to flatter and delight. He celebrated "An Eclipse of the Sun," with the learned; "Wit," with the witty; the "Morning Interview between a Beau and his Mistress," with the young and the gallant; and "Patie Birnie," "John Cowper," "Maggy Johnstoun," "Lucky Wood," and "Lucky Spence," with the populace. "Health," interested the prudent; "The Prospect of Plenty," the patriot; and "Wine and Music," the jovial. He secured the Jacobites by a "Tale of Three Bonnets," and a "Vision." He collected

Proverbs for the farmers and storemasters. He extolled female charms and accomplishments ; immortalized the " Plaid," and its graces, when worn by his fair countrywomen ; composed " The Fair Assembly," addresses, songs, ballads, and epigrams, for the fair sex ; dedicated his whole works, in 1721, " To the most beautiful, The Scots Ladies ;" and, in 1724, his " Tea-Table Miscellany," or collection of songs,

" To ilka lovely British lass,

" Frae Lady Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,

" Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,

" Wha dances barefoot on the green."

Every birth, every marriage, every topic of conversation, every occurrence and accident of note and distinction from elevation or singularity, was versified and published ; and every death or misfortune that excited attention was lamented. His age in Scotland, rural as well as urban, lives in his works as in a picture. His pieces are generally characterized by so much good sense and mother wit, accompanied with an archness of expression and shrewdness of reflection, as to give, besides, the interest of originality, and the value of truth, to observations, which, however coarse frequently in their dresses, are furnished by nature, and drawn from experience.

He rendered even his weaknesses attractive. Delighted with his own performances, and equally so with his person, he was invulnerable to any deep or lasting impression from ridicule. In spite of the unsuitableness of his figure in the eyes of others, he thought his attempts to "beau it," and, as poet, alike successful, when he boasts to Arbuckle,

—— "I the best and fairest please."

In the same epistle, he ranks himself among the "world's wonders," and supposes every one that had never seen him

———— "bissy
"To spier, what like a carlie is he?"

All either laughed at him, or with him. Like Falstaff, he was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

"All sorts of men take a pleasure to gird at me. The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends more to laughter, than what I invent, and is invented on me."

SHAKESPEARE.

Those that laughed at him, he despised as "fools;" and even anticipated their jokes on his trade and figure. In his person, and his pocket, he carried

about with him an endless fund of mirth and entertainment for his friends. Presuming that every thing connected with such a genius was interesting, he has fortunately left behind him several particulars as to his history, which would otherwise have been lost. He has described the place of his birth, with his dress and occupation there; marked the time when he quitted it; the trade he followed, and how long, in Edinburgh; and in "The Conclusion," at the end of his quarto, informs his readers, that, in 1721, when his poems were first collected and published, he was then thirty-five years of age. In politics, whatever he might affect, to please Forbes of Culloden, Forbes of New Hall, and Clerk of Penne-cuik, his chief patrons, he was an anti-unionist and Jacobite. Of his religion, dispositions, attractions, and external figure, he gives the following accounts in his Poetical Epistle to Arbuckle in 1719.

"Niest, Anti-Toland, Blunt and Whiston,

"Know positively I'm a Christian;

"Believing truths, and thinking free,

"Wishing thrawn parties would agree."

"Well then, I'm neither Whig nor Tory,

—his "Tale of the Three Bonnets," and "The Vision," contradict this pretended neutrality, and evidence his zealous Toryism—

" Nor credit give to purgatory."
 " I hate a drunkard or a glutton ;
 " Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
 " Then for the fabric of my mind ;
 " 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined :
 " I rather choose to laugh at folly,
 " Than show dislike by melancholy."

— " I the best and fairest please ;
 " A little man that lo'es my ease ;
 " And never thole those passions lang,
 " That rudely mint to do me wrang."

" Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
 " Am five foot and four inches high :
 " A black-a-vice, snod, dapper fellow,
 " Nor lean, nor overlaid with tallow ;
 " Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,
 " Resembling a late man of wit,
 " Auld gabbet Spec, wha was sae cunning
 " To be a dummie ten years running."

On the head of taciturnity, Ramsay seems to have differed as widely from the Spectator as in almost every thing else ; but in NO. 17. he had discovered the following point of resemblance, which he resolved should not escape notice. " For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad : whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth

much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it, by wearing a periwig with an high foretop, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the Merry Club," &c. This paper is dated *March 20. 1710-11*; and from it he might have added, that he resembled the Spectator too in his rage for gaining admission into clubs, especially merry and witty ones. Clubs were then equally fashionable in both capitals. He was indeed very far from being a mere silent "looker-on," as the Spectator describes himself to have been; but he became exactly one "of a particular sort of men," distinguished by him in NO. 47., "who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean," says he, "those honest gentlemen who are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and, in a word, stand as butts in conversation for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know," continues "auld gabbet Spec," as if he had alluded

to his Scottish admirer, "several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people : men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him." So did Ramsay.

By those who had seen him at a later period than 1719 when he wrote to Arbuckle, he is described as a squat man, with a big belly and a smiling countenance, who wore a fair round wig, which was rather short. The picture from which the prefixed engraving was taken, precisely agrees with these descriptions by himself and others, as to expression, complexion and features. It was in his own possession, and that of his last surviving daughter, Miss Janet Ramsay, till their deaths. It is now in New-Hall House, on the North Esk, near Pentland Hills, in Mid Lothian ; where there are excellent portraits also of President Duncan Forbes of Culloden and

Miss Ramsay, both painted by her brother Allan Ramsay. She outlived all the rest of his children, and died in New Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the 14th of January 1804.

Ramsay had now rattled his rhymes till he had roused universal attention, and had raised himself into a higher station in life. He was respected as an honest man and a bookseller ; admired as an author and a man of genius ; and beloved as a most pleasant inoffensive companion. In his second epistle to Hamilton of Gilbertfield, dated August 4. 1719, he modestly begins it by representing that his correspondent over-rated his abilities ; but, unable to suppress his vanity beyond a single stanza, his muse is made to entertain a very different opinion, and immediately reprimands him in the following curious apostrophe :

—— “ whisht, quoth the vougy jade,
“ William’s a wise judicious lad,
“ Has havins mair than e’er ye had,
“ Ill-bred bog-stalker ;
“ But me, ye ne’er sae crouse had craw’d,
“ Ye poor skull-thacker.”

At the same time that it is amusing to see so much self-conceit shining through this cloak of humility, its outside both discovers his original shepherd state,

and shows that he had then still pursued his trade of wigmaking ; though, from the following equally characteristic Note subjoined to it, alluding to his pastoral and literary, his first and last occupations, he appears to think himself authorised now, as a poet, to look down with contempt on the business of a “ *low mechanic.*”

“ The muse, not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic.”

Thus elevated in 1719, it is not surprising that he should “ lift his head a little brisker” still in 1721, and entirely throw off “ the low movements of a mechanic,” by commencing bookseller, when he had become the author of a quarto volume, and had so splendid a production to take the charge of, with a crowd of friends and admirers, and four hundred additional guineas in his pocket. He usually affected to consider his enemies as below his notice ; but, the approbation he had gained being proved, and published by the encomiastic poems prefixed to his book, of which there are several, he at this time had, in a fit of triumph, been tempted

to take revenge on his foes, the fools, as he calls them in his Preface. He retaliated on the envious rhymers, who had composed "A Block for Allan Ramsay's Wigs, or the famous Poet fallen in a trance,"—a pastoral called, "Allan Ramsay metamorphosed to a Heather-blotter Poet," in reference to his prior shepherd life on the heaths of Crawfordmoor,—and other ludicrous attacks, by publishing, in 1721, a satire, which his confidence in his powers of chastisement induced him, by anticipation, to entitle "The Scribblers Lashed." Whilst he lashes the scribblers, he forgets not to add to their mortification by advancing himself. Something must be eulogized, even when provoked to satire; and his superior propensity to panegyric is such, that he seems often to direct it to his own person and qualifications, with which he was well acquainted and ever most happily pleased, merely from his being always at hand and willing to receive it, when no other object happened to present itself, or occurred to him, on which to discharge his surplus stock of benevolence. "The Conclusion," or Address to his Book, at the end of the volume, is in imitation of Horace. Here he represents himself as the Vicegerent of Apollo, and Homer's equal. "The low movements of a mechanic" are become the punishments for his bitterest enemies. He dooms them to

————— “pursue some craft for bread ;
“Where hands may better serve than head ;”

and warns them thus,

“Nor ever hope in verse to shine,
“Or share in Homer’s fate or ———.”

However, soon after this, he was admitted into the temple of Apollo, by a more honourable title than his own suffrage and arrogance. Sir William Scot of Thirlestane, who died in 1725, in his Latin poems, deems his portrait worthy of a place in it. As no character is without some defect, vanity may be reasonably excused in a man, who, without the advantages of education to enlighten and expand his mind, had raised himself into notice merely by his genius. But, to deny what is obvious, is to overshoot the mark, insult the reader’s understanding, alienate his confidence, and defeat the intention, by creating suspicion and doubt as to what is correct and just. In the *Remarks on Ramsay’s Writings*, prefixed to the edition of his works in the year 1800, one page is employed in apologizing for the vanity displayed in the *Address to his Book* ; and in the very next succeeding it, it is observed, “that an over-weening conceit of his own abilities was none of his defects.” One passage excuses his self-conceit, by

alleging, that “ a moderate portion of vanity is the chartered right of a poet. If he augur not for himself immortality,” says this remarker, “ there is perhaps a fair presumption, that he will never attain it,” *p.* 102. ; whilst another paragraph, in the course of a few sentences, denies he possessed any, *p.* 103. ; and consequently, presumes that the subject of the writer’s unqualified panegyrics “ will never attain” that immortality which he is straining every nerve, and entangling himself, to secure to him. If this is the case, it is to be regretted so much labour should have been bestowed by this remarker, in useless encomiums on so short-lived a performance as *The Gentle Shepherd*. The author of *The Falls of Clyde*, published in 1806, in his second prefixed *Dissertation on the Scottish Language*, though a professed imitator of Ramsay, candidly, judiciously and consistently, because truly, writes in a *note*, *p.* 29., “ Ramsay seems to have had a prodigious deal of vanity, and always speaks of bestowing immortality on whom he pleased. But he was a poet ; he had raised himself to distinction by his talents ; and it is a remark of Le Sage, *Les barbiers ne sont pas les gens du monde le moins susceptibles de vanité*. In one place he considers himself as superior to the greatest man who perhaps ever existed, the Czar Peter the Great.”

“ Stand yont, proud Czar, I wadna niffer fame,
 “ With thee, for a’ *thy furs*, an’ paughty name.”

It must be owned, that

“ Self love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 “ As self neglecting ?”

SHAKESP. Hen. V.

and

—— “ ofttimes nothing profits more
 “ Than self esteem, grounded on just and right,
 “ Well managed ;”

MILT. Par. Lost.

but this remarker’s inconsistencies, in part, arise from his confounding self-love with the love of fame. Indeed benevolence itself, as well as every other desire, affords pleasure in its gratification, and is resolvable into self-love. Self-love and the love of fame, however, proceed from different principles, and produce different effects, although they may be often united. Genius, generally, sacrifices the former to the latter ; and the poet, in particular, is usually so hot in his pursuit of fame, that his poor self is often left to starve, neglected in a garret, in poverty and rags. In Ramsay, both were, fortunately for himself, conjoined. In him the “ vile sin” of

self neglect had no footing. It was the love of fame, the poet's ruling passion, that spurred him on to aspire at, and to attain immortality ; and though his " self esteem, grounded on just and right," might profit him, and be commendable, when " well managed," it was his ostentatious display of it, from its excess, and his inability to conceal or control it, that constituted his weak side, and excited ridicule to attack it. " Vanity," as this remarker concludes, may be the " chartered right of a poet ;" but, from the language he uses, he should know, that, like other chartered rights, it should be kept within his chest ; for it is certainly no proof of his author's wisdom, to prejudge and dictate to those to whom he appeals ; nor is it the way to attain immortality, to disgust those who are to confer it, by exposing a foible, and by attempting to usurp their powers. It was not by their vanity and self adulation, that Shakespeare and Milton attained immortality, however conscious they must have been of their exalted claims to it. It may be excused and laughed at, when palliated by genius and humour ; but, who ever advanced a single step towards the attainment of immortality by auguring it for himself, or ever rose in the opinion of others by trumpeting his own praises ?

In his remarks on Ramsay's humour, this remarker has fallen into more mistakes, from a like injudicious zeal and want of accuracy in defending ridicule. This necessarily leads to some observations on the nature of our author's characteristic talent.

Wit surprises, by the ludicrous novelty of its unexpected combinations and contrasts. Humour excites laughter, by the natural representation of risible incongruities and incidents. Satire produces contempt and abhorrence at folly and vice, by just and striking exhibitions of their appearances and effects. Humour blended with Satire generates *Ridicule*, which is employed, in chastising trivial offences against propriety, to provoke a slight degree of contempt, by a laugh of scorn or derision ; and as laughter or contempt prevails, it is more or less humorous or satirical. Ridicule, when properly applied, may render humour more useful, and deter from the commission of blunders and absurdities : as an auxiliary to satire in the reformation of manners in an inferior department, it may point its shafts against the affectations, over-doings, defects, and eccentricities in behaviour and deportment ; but its humour is so inclined to extravagance, and to run into the wildness of burlesque and caricature, that burlesque and ridicule have become synonymous terms ; and its satire, by the addition of

frowns and threats, can be of little service to increase its pleasantry. Satire is, therefore, altogether distinct from ridicule ; and humour is so completely independent on it, that it becomes the more agreeable by its absence.

Ramsay could satirize and ridicule ; but he was properly a humourist, both in his manners and writings. Humour is his characteristic talent. His chief merit consists in the purity of his mirth, and the propriety of its application. His humour is good humour ; he is eager to praise ; and he delights in panegyric. His ridicule bears the stamp of his benevolence and philanthropy, and leans almost entirely to the side of humour. Satire in him is only the result of provocation, or dictated by patriotism to warn the ignorant. He has nothing bitter in his composition. His element is mirth ; and his object the extensive diffusion of it. In his poetical epistle to his friend Mr William Aikman, he truly characterizes his own genius, when he says his muse was not

“ For tow’ring numbers fit,”

and adds,

“ But comic tale, and sonnet sleet,

“ Are coosten for my share,

“ And if in thae I bear the gree,

“ I’ll think it very fair.”

His propensity is towards genuine, unmixed humour ; and his chief excellencies consist in the accurate and forcible expression of character, the natural delineation of manners and scenery, and the painting of ludicrous and probable incidents, especially in low life, the sphere of his earliest observations and deepest impressions, with truth and spirit.

It seems unnecessary therefore to extol ridicule, in order to enhance compositions which are not indebted to the use of it for their highest recommendations ; in which none of that envy and ill-nature exists, that, however veiled by low cunning under the mask of reform or patriotism, so often breeds it, and renders it disgusting. In the remarks alluded to, no distinction is made between humour and ridicule ; which renders them, on this subject, confused and unsatisfactory. This remarker seems to think laughter and derision synonymous terms ; that pride is the parent of playfulness, whose sole business is to mortify ; that none can be merry without malice ; or be humorous but at the expence of others. He hinges the character of a nation on

“ All trying, by a love of littleness,

“ To make abridgments, and to draw to less,

“ Even that nothing which at first we were.”

DONNE.

Having pitched on ridicule as Ramsay's characteristic talent, ridicule, however, by a happy power, perhaps, of accommodating opinions to views, must, of course, be praised and defended. It must not proceed from a brutal depravity or barbarity of taste, or pride, or any other selfish passion, lest his author should be implicated in the charge. As if the fortunes and fates of Ramsay and ridicule were the same, jealousy of the former's reputation prompts him to an attack on the author of the *Elements of Criticism*, as the supposed enemy of the latter, which is altogether groundless and imaginary: And, as if the prosperity of a people was dependant on the encouragement of sneers and gibes, a most lamentable threat of ruin is finally pronounced against the discouragement by critics and moralists of ridicule, in the concluding sentence, as follows: "Woe be to that nation, where it either ceases to be generally felt, or (in the approach of that fatal period) becomes an object of censure to the critic, or of condemnation to the moralist," p. 87. Unfortunately, however, for the justice of this terrifying denunciation, when we examine real facts in the history of mankind, we find, that, as we descend in the stages of society and ranks of life, the rage for ridicule increases; and as we ascend, it diminishes, by the growth, with knowledge, of benevolence, good sense, good breeding, generosity, and taste; and by the

progressive prevalence, and superior efficiency of example. Unfortunately, too, for the justice of its application to the agreeable critic against whom it is levelled, it will be found on impartially consulting his *Elements of Criticism*, that he is a most decided friend to ridicule properly applied. This he shows not once, but repeatedly. At the end of his chapter on *Ridicule*, he observes, that, “were we destitute of this test of truth, I know not what might be the consequences : I see not what rule would be left us to prevent splendid trifles passing for matters of importance, show and form for substance, and superstition or enthusiasm for pure religion :” And in that on *Congruity and Propriety*, says he again : “It is painful to be the subject of ridicule ; and to punish with ridicule the man who is guilty of an absurdity, tends to put him more upon his guard in time coming. It is well ordered that even the most innocent blunder should not be committed with impunity ; because, were errors licensed where they do no hurt, inattention would grow into habit, and be the occasion of much hurt.” This champion of ridicule, thus, becomes fairly the object of it, by defending it in support of an author whose chief merit is not built upon it ; and by attacking a critic as its foe, who is as partial to it as himself. At the same time, it may justly be doubted if ridicule does as much good by its use, as evil by its licentiousness,

and abuse ; if the encouragement of malice, in the exposure of faults, is as productive of amendment, as the advancement of benevolence and generosity in the removal of blemishes, from the effects of contrast, is, by holding up perfections for example, to attract imitation. It may be asked, if it can improve morals, or taste, to debase the mind, by directing its attention to blunders and absurdities ; to the pleasure of giving pain ; and the study of deformities. Accordingly we generally find a talent for ridicule the offspring of low-minded, ill-bred illiberality, of littleness and envy, bitterness and malice ; and inconsistent with knowledge, generosity, and dignity of character. It is discarded from good company ; why should it be retained in good writing ? “ The talents of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with,” says Mr Addison in the 249th number of the *Spectator*, “ is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses ; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters ; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities ? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues ? and to make use of him for the

sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

“ We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

“ If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world ; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

“ We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our

present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients." The remarker, in *p.* 155. selects as "the best of the English critics, Dryden and Addison ;" and such are the opinions of Addison on ridicule.

Ridicule is, at all times, but a capricious and deceitful test of truth ; and in an improved age, is, and ought, on the introduction of taste, to be superseded, from the effects of contrast, by example. It is only defensible as a punishment ; and consequently is inexcusable, if reform can be obtained by more honourable means. As in other punishments, an elevated and generous mind is above inflicting pain without provocation, or, however quick-sighted, of exulting over weaknesses and improprieties ; and, it is to be feared, that, in its effects, too, it only makes the bad worse. The method universally adopted by all the great masters and teachers in philosophy, and in the sciences, and the arts, from the earliest records of history to the present day, to improve their scho-

lars, to make them sensible of blunders and absurdities, and be ashamed of their faults and imperfections, has been, not to ridicule their mistakes, but to stimulate them to amendment by holding up to them, as mirrors in which they should themselves discover their own defects, attractive models of correctness, propriety, and elegance, for their imitation.

Ridicule is, indeed, wisely furnished by the Supreme Being, during the infancy of taste, as the necessary instrument in a certain stage in the progress of civilization, for effecting the improvement of manners, when, defended by pride, obstinacy, and ignorance, improprieties are more frequent, and deeply rooted, and strong remedies are required. It is then, likewise, so ordered, that its effects are aided, from the barbarity of taste, by the avidity with which it is received, and the rude delight with which it is applied. It is then, fortunately, most relished, when it is most useful. The selfish pride of every man of rank is fed by his fool ; and his guests are, then, stuffed, regaled, and gratified with puddings, and jack-puddings ; then,

“ Cobb’s tankard is a jest, and otter’s horse.”

This seems to be the remarker’s favourite and virtuous stage in society, when he would wish its pro-

gress to stop, before “ the approach of that fatal period,” when ridicule “ ceases to be generally felt,” and “ becomes an object of censure to the critic, or of condemnation to the moralist.” Unfortunately for his observation, his warning, however, is too late by a hundred years ; for “ that fatal period” is so far from only “ approaching” now, that it had arrived in the time of Mr Addison, one of “ the best of the English critics,” and moralists, who has both censured and condemned ridicule in the most explicit terms.

Notwithstanding therefore of the remarker’s woes and warnings, as if there was no better incentive to propriety than the fear of so whimsical a corrector as ridicule ; and as if virtue, when left unprotected by jokers and jesters, buffoons and backbiters, mimics and merry-andrews, must expire with it ; the assertion of the ingenious author of the *Elements of Criticism* is as just as it is consistent with his opinion of its usefulness when properly applied. In the passage which has given so much offence, he observes, correctly, that “ ridicule arises chiefly from pride, which is a selfish passion. It is therefore, at best, but a gross pleasure. A people, it is true, must have emerged out of barbarity, before they can have a taste for ridicule ; but it is too rough an entertainment for the highly polished and refined. Cicero

discerns in Plautus a happy talent for ridicule, and a peculiar delicacy of wit : but Horace, who made a figure in the court of Augustus, when taste was considerably purified, declares against the lowness and roughness of that author's raillery. Ridicule is banished France, and is losing ground in England." The observation in the immediately preceding paragraph, which this passage illustrates, should have been quoted by the remarker along with it in justice to the author. As it confirms what has been ascribed to civilization in discouraging ridicule, by the increase of benevolence and generosity, and the substitution of example for punishment, it is here subjoined. " Refined manners, and polite behaviour, must not be deemed altogether artificial : men who, enured to the sweets of society, cultivate humanity, find an elegant pleasure in preferring others, and making them happy, of which the proud and selfish scarce have a conception."

Elem. of Crit. c. ii. p. 2.

The remarker must admit that pride is a selfish passion, yet his mistaken zeal for Ramsay will not allow that " ridicule arises chiefly from it." But, in objecting to this obvious truth, although he singles out the author of the *Elements of Criticism* as its discoverer, he seems not to be aware that the observation is only assented to by him from his repeat-

ing it; and that he has much older, and higher authorities to contend with, from whom it is copied. Among these, again appears Mr Addison, to use his own words, with Dryden, “the best of the English critics.” In NO. 47. of the Spectator he writes thus: “Mr Hobbes, in his discourse of human nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: “The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves; by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.”

“According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud, And indeed if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself.” And in NO. 249. he observes farther on Hobbes’s definition, “I have in my forty-seventh paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret

comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at ; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion." In thus deriving laughter in general from pride, Hobbes and Addison go much farther than Lord Kaimes in the passage objected to, who only asserts that laughter, mixed with scorn, derision, and contempt, which is the appropriate laugh of "ridicule, arises chiefly from pride, which is a selfish passion." To carp at this, is to deny that scorn, derision, and contempt, spring from pride, and that the synonymous words, proud and scornful, have any connection with each other. Were the *philosophy of language* to be more attended to than it is, the genuine unsophisticated feelings of mankind, observable in their expressions dictated by nature and experience, and confirmed, from invariable use, by general assent, would regulate, counteract, and cure, as occasion required ; and be of more service in the discovery of truth, than all the opinions that absurd cavils, and unsatisfactory speculations can draw, from unsupported reason.

Although Ramsay's characteristic talent had been ridicule, it would not therefore be easy, even for his most zealous advocate, to satisfy others, that the "whole doctrine laid down" by Lord Kaimes, in the passage quoted by the remarker, is, as he apprehends, "founded in error;" or, that "ridicule does *not* chiefly arise from pride, which is indeed a selfish passion, and could furnish only a very gross pleasure," *p.* 86. If, however, as this remarker thinks, the virtue of a nation rests so much upon ridicule, it is to be regretted that it should be rejected by the pulpit, and driven to the stage; and in his opinion this will account, no doubt, for the play-houses being full, while the churches are empty; from "its moral usefulness," and "as a proof of uncorrupted manners," among a virtuous people.

In an age of humanity, and enlightened civilization, ridicule generates its own punishment. Misapplications, blunders, and absurdities, often attend it unpitied. The fear of retaliation frequently produces improprieties, with something ludicrous, odd, uncouth, or eccentric in appearance and behaviour. It re-acts upon itself, and provokes the scorn, derision, or laughter of others. It is either dreaded, or detested; and every one rejoices, when a ridiculer becomes ridiculous. If general, nobody applies it to himself. If personal, its justice is denied. In-

stead of reform, if not contempt, it only produces, either laughter, or resentment.

Ramsay, as a favourite author and companion, and respectable bookseller, was now caressed and patronized, by the most accomplished and elevated characters, in the city and county of Edinburgh. He was particularly attached to the families of Forbes and Clerk, related to each other, and to his and Thomson the poet's friend Aikman, by marriage; and his favourite places of resort, in the country, were New Hall and Pennycuik, both on the North Esk, and on the south side of the Pentland hills in Mid-Lothian, on the road from Edinburgh to Crawford-moor, where he was born. It does not appear he had any connection whatever with any other family, or place, in the county in their neighbourhood. With that of Fulford, now called Woodhouselee, or the family of Purves, who had left it long before he was born, he evidently had none. The proprietor of this estate, during his life, as is proved by the Scots Acts of Parliament in June and July 1678, was a Mr Deans, with whom he seems to have been altogether unacquainted. The unsupported and groundless assertions on this subject, in the late edition of his works, formerly referred to, will be taken notice of in their proper place, and will be shown to be equally unwarrantable and absurd.

Ramsay's connection with New Hall, constitutes a most material circumstance in the history of his works. It therefore becomes of so much consequence in his life, as to deserve to be traced.

In 1701, at the age of fifteen, when leaving Crawford-moor, and the employment of a shepherd, he quitted Clydesdale, for the metropolis and Mid Lothian. New Hall, as well as Romanno, a few miles south from it, was the property of Alexander Pennecuik, M. D. To him it had descended from his father Alexander Pennecuik of New Hall, who was the representative of the Pennecuiks of that *Ilk*, and who had purchased it in 1646. From 1646, as far back as records reach, to 1529, it had belonged to a family of the name of Crichtoune, ancestors of the Earls of Dumfries. In 1701, Dr Pennecuik was forty-nine years of age ; had engrossed all the business, as a physician, of that part of Mid-Lothian, with the whole employment of Tweeddale, and was then admired there as a poet of no despicable talent for drollery, and humour. As his works printed in 1715, and Captain Armstrong's Companion to the Map of Tweeddale printed in 1775, testify, he was, besides, an excellent scholar, botanist, genealogist, and companion. His medical skill, his knowledge, information, humour, and conviviality, made him universally acquainted and acceptable throughout the adjoin-

ing counties of Edinburgh and Peebles. He was the intimate and familiar friend of Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, on the North Esk below New Hall, son to the celebrated poet. Sir William had another property in Tweeddale between New Hall and Romanno. He carried on a poetical correspondence, which is printed in his works, now reprinted in the Appendix to this volume, with Mr William Clerk, advocate, brother to Baron Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, the original estate of his ancestors ; and he himself, at the same time, had a brother of the name of James, also a member of the Faculty of Advocates, to whom, likewise, a letter, among his poems, is addressed. In 1702, having no sons, he gave the estate of New Hall to his eldest daughter, on her marriage with Mr Oliphant of Lanton, on the north side of the Pentland Hills, who was also an advocate.

Mr Oliphant, in 1703, sold New Hall to Sir David Forbes, Knight, a lawyer of eminence, brother to Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and uncle to the celebrated President Duncan Forbes, who was born in 1685, and called to the Scotch Bar in 1708. In the Life of President Forbes in the Scots Magazine for July 1802, the genealogy of the Culloden family is given at length. Sir David is, there, supposed to have been knighted, in consequence of his servi-

ces in bringing about the Union. He married Catharine, sister to the first Sir John Clerk, and aunt to Baron Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik ; another sister being married to Mr Brown of Dolphington, a few miles westward in Clydesdale. Lady Forbes was maternal grandmother to the late Sir David Rae of Eskgrove, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, and aunt to Mr William Clerk, advocate, with whom Dr Pennecuik carried on the poetical correspondence.

In 1725, on the death of Sir David Forbes, he was succeeded by his son John Forbes, Esq. advocate, in the estate of New Hall, who that year had been appointed depute to his cousin Duncan Forbes, then, from 1722, Member of Parliament for the boroughs of Inverness, Fortrose, Nairn, and Forres, on his elevation to the rank of Lord Advocate for Scotland. Baron Sir John Clerk and his brother William, were nephews to Sir David Forbes, and cousins to his son Mr John Forbes, their estates of Pennecuik, and New Hall, lying contiguous ; and Mr Forbes was uncle to Sir David Rae.

Margaret, the third sister of the first Sir John Clerk, was married to William Aikman of Cairny, Esq. advocate, whose son was the eminent painter, Mr William Aikman, celebrated by Ramsay,

Thomson, and Mallet, as the respected friend and benefactor of these distinguished poets. Mr Aikman the painter was born in 1682. He was of course nephew to Sir John Clerk, and Sir David Forbes; and cousin to Baron Clerk, and Mr Forbes. His connection with the families of Clerk and Forbes introduced Ramsay to his friendship in Edinburgh; and Thomson, and through him Mallet, to his attention in London, where Thomson was recommended to him by his patron Duncan Forbes, when there, attending his duty in Parliament. Ramsay's poetical epistle "To Mr Aikman," was written in 1721, previous to his "Pastoral Farewell" to him "when he went for London." Thomson's "Verses" on Mr Aikman's death, and Mallet's "Epitaph" on him, "and his only son, who were both interred in the same grave," followed the loss of their friend in 1731. When Mallet went to England, in 1723, with the Duke of Montrose's family, Ramsay addressed his verses to him, "On his departure from Scotland," before he had changed his name, from Malloch to Mallet.

These circumstances have been particularly enumerated in the life of Ramsay, with a view to rectify the confused and erroneous statement that has been given in the late edition of his works, as to his connection with Dr Pennecuik; and, as shall

likewise be shown afterwards, from their intimate connection with the most important part of it, to which we are now arrived, the production of his unequalled pastoral drama.

Some time before the collection of his poems into a volume, Ramsay had published, as usual, in a single sheet, *A Pastoral Dialogue between Patie and Roger*. This was reprinted in his quarto in 1721. Two years afterwards, in 1723, was published a second *Pastoral Dialogue between Jenny and Meggy*, as a sequel to *Patie and Roger*. "Nothing," says his biographer of 1800, *p.* 34. "now remained for Ramsay, but to adopt the intimations which he received from his friends, and to throw his two pastorals into a more dramatical form, with appropriate songs." This he accomplished with unrivalled success. The pastoral dialogues of *Patie and Roger*, and *Jenny and Meggy*, formed the two first scenes, and the whole was published in 1725, with a prose dedication by the author, and a poetical one by Hamilton of Bangour, to Susanna Countess of Eglington. The name prefixed to the Comedy was *The Gentle Shepherd*, adopted from the Gentle Shepherd in Spencer's Twelfth Æglogue. A second edition was printed by Ruddiman in 1726 for the author, whose shop, as a bookseller, was in the High Street, opposite to Niddry's Wynd; and, besides number-

less editions since, the tenth was printed by the elegant types of R. and A. Foulis at Glasgow in 1750. Another was executed by the same press, for Mr David Allan, painter in Edinburgh, who was bred under the Foulises in their painting academy in Glasgow, and was published by him in 1788, which, however, far surpasses all the other impressions, in consequence of the admirably just and characteristic aquatint plates, with which he has illustrated and realized Ramsay's scenes. The dresses, characters, and expressive humour introduced into these designs of Mr Allan's, etched, and aquatinted by himself, are in the true Scottish taste of the times, and the genuine spirit of the author.

In 1726, he removed his house and shop from opposite to Niddry's Wynd, to that now occupied by Creech the bookseller, at the east end of the Luckenbooths, looking down the High Street; and changed his sign, from the figure of Mercury, to the two heads of Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson; in allusion to Jonson's pedestrian journey from London, to converse with Drummond at Hawthornden, on the North Esk, below New Hall. Being near the Cross, which it fronted, it was much frequented by the wits of Edinburgh. He was here visited by Gay, who, from the door of his shop, had remarkable characters pointed out to him; and

often retired into it, that Ramsay might explain to him the language of the *Gentle Shepherd*, which he observed would enable him to do the same to Pope, who was likewise, he said, a great admirer of it. Gay is represented as being a pleasant-looking little man, with a tie-wig. Gay's size, figure, temper, and genius, seem to have been extremely like Ramsay's; so that it is not surprising that Ramsay, who was never backward in making the first advances, should court his acquaintance. They were both little, lively, honest, inoffensive men; equally gay, good-humoured, and inclined to corpulency. Ramsay, in his epistle to him, calls him "sonsy Gay." In Pope's letter to Gay of 11th September 1722, he says, "Pray consult with Dr Arbuthnot, and Dr Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters." Gay as well as Ramsay, like most favourites, was often used as a butt by his best friends, as well as his foes, to break a jest upon. Gay like Ramsay was a fabulist, and compared himself to a *hunted hare*. Gay wrote *The Shepherd's Week*; Ramsay *The Gentle Shepherd*. Gay *The Fan*; and Ramsay *The Plaid*. Gay published his poems in 1720, and Ramsay his in 1721, both by subscription, the former gaining a thousand, and the latter four hundred pounds by his popularity. Soon after Gay's visits, Ramsay cultivated his

friendship, by his poetical epistle to him, “ On hearing the Duchess of Queensberry commending some of his poems.” It is evidently written from Pennecuik House, where Ramsay had been while the Duke and her Grace were there on a visit to Baron Clerk. He seems to have been particularly delighted with the *Blouzelinda* and *Bowzibeus* of “ *The Shepherd’s Week* ;” and informs him of the place from whence he wrote it, thus,

“ To thee, frae edge of Pentland height,

“ Where fawns, and fairies take delight,

“ And revel a’ the live-lang night

“ O’er glens, and braes,

“ A bard that has the second sight,

“ Thy fortune spaes.”

In consequence, as it is said by his biographers, of Swift’s proposal, in his letter to Pope of 30th August 1716, that Gay should write a set of Quaker-eclogues ; or a porter, footman, chairman, or “ Newgate pastoral, among the whores, and thieves there,” he produced *The Beggar’s Opera*, in 1727, after Swift’s whim must have lain eleven years dormant in his brain. However this be, it may, or may not, have arisen from his perusal of Ramsay’s Comedy and Songs published in 1725, whilst he was preparing to write his Opera, but the partiality shown in it to Scots tunes is obvious. In 1729,

Gay went to reside with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he continued till his death. On his going to live with them, Swift, in his letter of 19th March 1729, after rating him for his carelessness, and want of economy and foresight, and wishing he had “a little villakin,” near Pope’s, where he could give a friend a pint of port, says, “but you are yet too volatile, and any lady in a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.” But, the humorous, and humorsome Dean of *St Patrick’s* had forgot, that, besides the whole length of our continent, there were two *seas* between Great Britain and Japan, so that it was beyond the power of horses or horsemanship, to enable the beautiful, and accomplished Duchess to carry his friend from the one, to the other. Her Grace, however, for the Duke, though a worthy man, seems to have been considered as nobody, in her “coach and six horses,” carried him to Scotland, and to the neighbourhood of Pentland Hills; and, to the same enviable conveyance Ramsay doubtless refers, when, in his Epistle to Gay, he addresses him as follows.

“ Thus sing—while I frae Arthur’s height,

“ O’er Cheviot glowr wi’ tired sight,

“ An’ langing wish; like raving wight,

“ To be set down

“ Frae coach an’ sax, baith trim and tight,

“ In London town.”

It must have been after 1729, therefore, when Gay visited Ramsay in Edinburgh.—The attention paid to Ramsay by Lord Somerville, introduced him to Somerville the Warwickshire bard, another kindred, though likewise more cultivated genius, author of the Chase, Rural Sports, Hobbinol, Tales, Fables, Songs, &c. In 1728, Ramsay commenced a correspondence with him by a letter which concludes with desiring him to

“ Accept this offering of a muse,

“ Who on her Pictland hills ne’er tires;”

and, it appears from the answer, Lord Somerville had sent him his own picture, with Ramsay’s Works. After Ramsay’s reply, he received another letter from Mr Somerville, congratulating him, “ on publishing his second volume of poems,” in 1729; to which Ramsay wrote an answer. Somerville died in 1742. Among Ramsay’s poems, are some verses “ Wrote on Lady Somerville’s Book of Scots Sangs.” Drum, many generations the country seat of Lord Somerville’s family, till it was sold lately, lies about three and a half miles from Edinburgh, south-eastward.—Ramsay had now improved his ear, and his taste, by the delight he took in studying the works of Dryden, Pope, Addison, and others; and he had refined and enlightened his mind, as well as

polished his numbers, by his personal acquaintance with some of the ablest critics, and best poets of his age.

The *Pastoral Dialogue between Patie and Roger*, was written about the year 1716, or 1717; and published in a single sheet in 1718. It was reprinted, and appeared among his collected poems, in the quarto volume of 1721. In the same year was produced the excellent “Ode to Mr Forbes,” and the Epistle to his cousin Mr Aikman. The Ode is in the lively familiar strain of one friend addressing another, for whom he has a sincere regard, in the manner of Horace to *Sestius*, on the arrival of spring. The incidents in the original, which he has so naturally improved into a succession of rural Scottish pictures attendant on the season, and expressive of the departure of winter, are adapted with much dexterity, and described with great originality, humour, truth, and spirit. In such appropriate illustrations, from common life, happily applied, and strikingly represented, his merit is conspicuous. It is in couplets. The rhymes are exact, and the versification is smooth, and correct. After telling his young friend to observe, that,

“ Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,

“ That, late, were clad wi’ snaw, and frost ;”

he desires him to

“ Be gratefu’ to the guiding powers,
“ And blythly spend” his “ easy hours.”

He reminds him of the uncertainty, and shortness of life, and, like his model, advises him to banish care, and enjoy it while he is in his prime ; for, when “ ill-bred” death comes, that all must

“ Bid fair good day to pleasure syne,
“ Frae bonny lasses, and red wine.”

At the same time, he composed his admirable Ode in imitation of Horace’s *To Thaliarchus*, on the return of winter. The enjoyment of youth while we have it, with the charms of women and wine, are again recommended ; and it begins with these appropriate lines,

“ Look up to Pentland’s tow’ring taps,
“ Buried beneath great wreaths o’ snaw,
“ O’er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, an’ slap,
“ As high as ony Roman wa’.”

The Epistle to Mr Aikman is in quatrains, of eight and six syllables. It is more serious, ceremonious, and elevated ; but the numbers are likewise flowing and regular.

The year following, in 1722, he wrote a poem of condolence to Baron Sir John Clerk, “on the Death of his son John Clerk, Esq.” It is obviously written with great care, each stanza consisting of a triplet in heroic measure; but the monotonous languor of this structure of verse, is heightened by the labour bestowed on its composition. At any rate, it is not surprising that one of his turn should excite little admiration or sympathy, when he tries to moralize in heroics; when his lamentations are conveyed through the medium of a toilsome task, and his studied grief, and fine English mournings, sit so awkwardly upon himself. Ramsay is seldom at his ease, or good company, but in his home-spun clothes.— This year, he likewise published his *Tales and Fables*, and the *Tale of the Three Bonnets*.

Next year, in 1723, in a single sheet, appeared “*Jenny and Meggy*,” a second pastoral dialogue, being a sequel to “*Patie and Roger*.” These dialogues, in the order in which they were written, are the two first scenes in the Pastoral Comedy. It is evident from a *Note* subjoined to the first scene of *The Gentle Shepherd*, in his second quarto edition in 1728, that it was not till after their publication, and in consequence of the advice of his friends then, that he determined to execute the design of adding others, to these introductory scenes, with a continu-

ation of the story, terminating happily in the union of his shepherds and shepherdesses. That the plot was previously suggested to him ; and had been in contemplation before he had begun his first dialogue, about the year 1716, though not resolved upon till afterwards, by the advice of his friends, from his success in the two introductory scenes ; is equally apparent. The dialogues were written in the order in which they appear in the Comedy. They not only refer to each other, but to its issue, and even to the places, and persons, afterwards introduced, in the sites they occupy in them. Bauldy is repeatedly mentioned. Madge is described agreeably to the relation, and character, she holds throughout the rest of the Pastoral ; and the situation of her and her niece's abode is settled, in them, according to its place in the poem, from the farmstead he had in his eye, farther down the burn than the washing-green on the " flowery howm," where her wards converse, in the *Dialogue between Jenny and Meggy*.

" *Jenny*.—Anither time's as good,—for see, the sun
" Is right far up, an' we're no' yet begun
" To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
" Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant."

The first dialogue begins before breakfast, and the second immediately after it ; as if to leave sufficient time, between and the close of the day, for what

was intended to follow. All these circumstances indicate a preconceived plan, to which, if executed, they might form the introductory part.

In the course of other two years, this scheme, at the instigation, and with the encouragement, and assistance, of his literary friends, he brought to a conclusion with unequalled felicity, by the publication, in 1725, of his inimitable Pastoral Comedy, in five acts. At the same time, he addressed "An Epistle to Duncan Forbes, Lord Advocate." The date 1722, assigned to this epistle in the last edition of his works, is erroneous. Duncan Forbes was not King's Advocate till 1725; the year in which his uncle Sir David Forbes died. Immediately on his elevation, he appointed his cousin Mr Forbes, of New Hall, to be one of his deputies. Both the Epistle, and the Fable, imitated from Mons. la Motte, with which it concludes, are excellent. He, as usual, makes a vigorous use of the energy of his native language. He is entirely in his element, and his numbers are easy, light, and lively. The poem is, in every respect, highly characteristic. In the Epistle, which is in stanzas of six lines, he compliments the Lord Advocate on his various accomplishments; and in the fable of "The Twa Books," he proves his friend's sagacity, by the preference he concludes he would give to his own "douse stanza,"

an epithet not over happily applied to his own works, when on the same shelf with another volume. He supposes the judicious customer no sooner “turns o’er his leaves,” than he “admires, and buys” “douse stanza” in his “cauf-skin jacket,” and makes the following remark :

“This book,” says he, “is good and scarce,

“The saul of sense in sweetest verse.”

His vanity, however, was justified next year, when, in 1726, it publicly appeared that his merit was as conspicuous in England, as in Scotland, by his having inscribed to him by Hogarth, if we may infer from his own exquisite transcripts from nature, no despicable judge of humour; those engravings, for the illustration of *Hudibras*, which first introduced him to fame, as the first of comic painters. Ramsay’s pastoral being likewise founded on the usurpation of Cromwell, heightened the propriety of the compliment.

He had printed, in 1723, his “Fair Assembly;” and, in 1724, his poem on “Health.” Having now sufficient materials, he published a second volume of poems in quarto, including his “Masque on the Marriage of the Duke of Hamilton,” and “*The Gentle Shepherd*,” in 1728; on which addition to

his works, he received the congratulations of Somerville in 1729. The same year, 1728, he wrote his "Ode to the Memory of Mrs Forbes, late Lady New Hall," which, for ease, tenderness, and elegance, may vie with Shenstone's most celebrated elegies. It is an unfeigned effusion of real grief, on the death of a beautiful, worthy, and accomplished young woman, whose charms, and virtues, had made a deep impression on the writer. Although it is entirely in English verse, it forms a singular exception to his general failure in that dialect, and when he attempted pathos, elegance, or sublimity. It is the best of all his serious poems. It is feelingly composed, from the heart, and, of course, excites interest and sympathy throughout; but that reader must be cold indeed, and callous to every impression, who remains insensible to the beauties, and unaffected by the eloquence, of the three concluding stanzas in particular.

" Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,
" Give loose to tears of tender love ;
" Strew fragrant flowers on her remains,
" While sighing round her grave you move.

" In mournful notes, your pain express,
" While with reflection you run o'er,
" How excellent, how good she was :—
" She was, alas !—but is, no more !

“ Yet, piously, correct your moan,
“ And raise religious thoughts on high,
“ After her spotless soul, that’s gone,
“ To joys that ne’er can fade, or die.”

It is somewhat unaccountable, that while the low humour of the poems on Maggy Johnstoun, Lucky Wood, Lucky Spence, John Cowper, and Patie Birnie, suited to the meridian of the swinish mob of an alehouse or a brothel, are not deemed unworthy of criticism, the excellent Ode on Mrs Forbes should be passed over in silence by the remarker “ on the writings of Ramsay,” formerly alluded to. This, surely, cannot be owing to its want of merit.

In 1729, our author wrote the last of those prologues and epilogues which he had been successfully in the practice of writing from 1719, by composing an epilogue when his *Gentle Shepherd* was acted, after Otway’s celebrated tragedy of the *Orphan*, in January 1729, at Edinburgh.—He published “ A Collection of thirty Fables” in 1730.—In 1731, his works were printed in London; and in 1733, in Dublin, for the booksellers; which spread, and established his fame.

He now, again, directed his partial regards to his rustic friends and models in the country, the “ Farmers of the Dales, and Storemasters of the Hills;”

and, with an excellent dedicatory letter, dated 15th October 1736, "To the Tenantry of Scotland," prefixed to it, published for their amusement and edification, arranged alphabetically, "A Collection of Scots Proverbs." Why this curious and valuable collection of Scottish maxims has been omitted in the late edition of his Works in 1800, which professes to be complete, it is not easy to discover; since it appears, from his letter, that he collected them "with great care," and by restoring many of these "*Wise Sayings*," and "*guid auld saws*, to their proper sense," has, in some measure, rendered them his own. Amidst all his observations, and bustlings in town, he never lost sight of his beloved hills and dales.—About this time, tempted by the uncommon beauty of the rural prospect, he erected for himself a showy octagonal house on the north side of the Castle Hill, now called Ramsay Lodge, which, from its former use, gives the name of Ramsay-Garden to a row of buildings since reared on the plot of ground, eastward, which had been attached to it. Of this piece of architecture he was extremely vain. Unluckily, however, the wits, and "cits" as he called them, found out some resemblance between it and a goose-pie, which they took care incessantly to remind him of.—This year, the following characteristic letter was written by him to Mr John Smibert portrait painter, dated Edinburgh May 10. 1736.

“ My Dear old Friend,

“ Your health and happiness are ever *ane* addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant. Half a century of years have now row’d o’er my *pow*, that begins now to be *lyart* ; yet, thanks to my Author, I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years *syne* ; yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty upon as ever ; fools, fops, and knaves, grow as rank as formerly, yet here and there, are to be found good and worthy men, who are *ane* honour to *human* life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world : then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good *auld* wife is still my bed fellow ; my son Allan has been pursuing his science since he was a dozen years *auld* ; was with Mr Hyffidg, at London, for some time, about two years ago ; has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael ; sets out for the seat of the beast, beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away about two years. I’m *sweer* to part with him, but *canna* stem the current, which flows from the advice of his patrons, and his own inclination. I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, and one of twelve years old, and no *re-wayled dragle* amang them, all fine girls. These six or seven years past, I have not written a line of poetry. I een gave over in good time, before the

coolness of fancy, that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

“ *Frae* twenty-five to five-and-forty,
 “ My muse was neither sweer nor dorty ;
 “ My Pegasus *wad* break his *tether*,
 “ E’en at the *shagging* o’ a feather,
 “ An’ *throw* ideas scour like *drift*,
 “ *Streaking* his wings up to the lift ;
 “ Then, then my *soul* was in a *low*
 “ That *gart* my numbers safely row ;
 “ But eild and judgment *gin* to say,
 “ Let be your *sangs*, and learn to pray.

“ I am, Sir, your friend and servant,

“ ALLAN RAMSAY.”

Although this letter is referred to in the Life prefixed to the late edition of his Works, the insertion of it is omitted ; whilst the most execrable poetry ever he, unguardedly and hastily, wrote, is exposed, in full display, at the end of it, in order to show, by a *fac simile* of the author’s handwriting, the badness of his penmanship ; and, uncouth as it is, the mechanical form of his writing is made to supplant its spirit. *Fac similes* are however fashionable among biographers, and therefore, in a saleable life, must be adopted ; for, agreeably to a homely pastoral proverb, *When one sheep louns o’er a dyke, all the hirsels must follow*. But he knows little of the duties of a biographer,

to keep alive the subject of his memoirs, in his modes of thinking as well as acting, and to introduce him to his reader's most intimate acquaintance exactly as he is, who considers his letters, if not written for publication, as of small importance in exciting interest, and developing his character. A single one will often do more towards introducing him to the acquaintance of posterity, than all the studied splendour of a partial panegyrist, whose dazzling ceremonious finery keeps us equally at a distance from himself, and the subject of his history. Indeed, of the two, the writer is frequently the most conspicuous ; like the bookseller, when advertising for sale, a new publication in the papers, who used to get his own name, printed at top, in much larger characters, than that of either the author, or the work beneath. After perusing one of these ostentatious biographical histories, by its master of ceremonies, we are as little acquainted with its hero, as we are with his Majesty after seeing him in his regalia, and hearing him read his studied second-hand speech, from his throne, to both Houses of Parliament. Ramsay's correspondent, Smibert, the son of a dyer, was born in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and bred a coach-painter. He went to Italy, and painted portraits there, and, on his return, in London, till he sailed with Bishop Berkeley, on his visionary project to Bermudas, from whence he removed to New England, where he died, at

Boston, in 1751. He was born in 1684. He drew the portrait of Ramsay prefixed to his second quarto volume published in 1728; and, it is believed, the painting from which the prefixed engraving was taken, was likewise done by him. His character is given by Mr Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," as a modest ingenious artist, and silent, benevolent man. Allan Ramsay, the painter, had a taste likewise for poetry. He was liberally educated, and, as his father's letter shows, studied his profession both in London, and Rome. He died at Dover, on his return from France, on 10th August 1784. Our author's prose letter was written to Smibert, in New England, where he died. He had previously addressed a poetical epistle to him while in Italy, which appears among his poems, entitled, "To a Friend at Florence." In the edition of his Works of 1800, to this epistle is prefixed the date 1721, although in his *Life* the same editor says of his first quarto, published in Edinburgh in 1721, "To this volume was prefixed a print of Ramsay by Smibert," who was, if the date of the epistle is right, then, at Florence. The fact is, that the print was prefixed, not to his first quarto of 1721, but to his second quarto of 1728, when his fame had rendered his portrait interesting. In a *Note* subjoined to the poetical epistle, it is added, "Allan Ramsay, the painter, was a scholar of Smibert's," which is,

likewise, so far from having been the case, that Smibert seems to have been totally ignorant of young Ramsay's genius, or pursuits, till he was informed of them at Boston, by his father, in his letter of 10th May 1736. What confidence can be placed in the statements of so incorrect an editor, when blunders, thus, jostle each other?

Ramsay was now fifty; but his practice, the same year in which he wrote to Smibert, demonstrated how much attention he paid to the pious advices of age and reflection, and how seriously and deeply he had considered, that

—“eild, and judgment ’gin to say,

“Let be your *sangs*, and learn to pray.”

In 1736, his active, enterprising, and dramatic genius, led him to build a new playhouse in Carrubber's Close, where, doubtless, his own Pastoral Comedy would not have been forgot. Unfortunately, the fatal act for licensing the stage was passed in 1737, when all our poet's sanguine anticipations of profit and pleasure were at once dismally blasted, by the gloomy scrupulosity of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, who ordered it to be shut up, leaving him no remedy or relief. To add to his mortification, his vigilant enemies among the equally

merciless wits, took advantage of his distresses, and harassed him with ridicule. Immediately appeared a pamphlet, entitled, “ The Flight of Religious Piety from Scotland, upon the account of Ramsay’s lewd books, and the hell-bred playhouse comedians, who debauch all the faculties of the soul of our rising generation ;”—“ A Looking-Glass for Allan Ramsay ;”—“ The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay ;” &c. Among other things, his low beginnings ; his upstart vanity ; and the finery of his octagonal house and furniture, were made the topics of censure, as well as of laughter. Still he could not “ let be his *sangs*, and learn to pray,” even amidst persecutions. He rather chose to have recourse to his old patrons for protection ; and to address inferior powers, more at hand ; at least in the first instance. In this dilemma, flying to his long-deserted muse, he wrote, after he had ceased writing from 1730, the last of his poetical performances in 1737. It is an Address to his friend, the Honourable Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who was appointed Lord President of the Court of Session on 21st June 1737, in order to obtain compensation for his losses. What was the effect of his address to this distinguished President, and the other Judges, is not known ; but he, now, entirely gave up writing for the public, and, in the enjoyment of his celebrity, and good humour, turned his attention, solely, to

his shop, his family, and his numerous friends. He both sold, and lent books, by keeping a circulating library, which was the first in Scotland.

His “good *auld* wife,” Christian Ross, died in 1743, and was buried in the cemetery of the Grayfriars Church, on the 28th of March that year. Of the three sons, and five daughters she had brought him, only one son, and three daughters, remained. In 1755 he gave up his shop, and, about the same time, he lost another of his daughters. He had been afflicted with the scurvy in his gums, which had deprived him not only of his teeth, but also of a part of the jaw-bone, when he died at Edinburgh, regretted by all whose attachment was of any value, on the 7th day of January 1758. He was buried in the Grayfriars Churchyard on the 9th of the same month; and in the record of mortality he is thus described, “Allan Ramsay, poet, who died of old age. He was well known for his Gentle Shepherd, and many other poetical pieces in the Scotch dialect, which he wrote and collected,” *Scots Magazine*, vol. xix. p. 670. As to his age when he died, there is still uncertainty. In the late edition of his Works, he is positively, though, as usual, without deeming it necessary to produce any evidence of the fact, said to have been born “on the 15th day of October 1686,” *Life*, p. 6.; and to have died “on

the 7th of January 1758, when," it is added, "he had passed the age of seventy-two," *Life*, p. 50., which is impossible; for, according to the common rules of arithmetic, he could only, in that case, have passed the age of seventy-one. But, waving this blunder, as the date of his burial is *proved*, unless the bare assertion of so incorrect an editor shall be held as sufficient authority, in opposition to his own, produced by this editor himself, that of his birth must be as far from the truth as his age. In a poem, first published in this edition of 1800, entitled, "An Epistle to James Clerk, Esq. of Pennycuick," dated "Pennycuick, May 9. 1755," he himself expressly writes,

"Now seventy years are o'er my head,

"And thirty mae may lay me dead."

If seventy years were o'er his head in May 1755, he must have been born in 1685, and near seventy-three years of age when he died. If his birth was referred to the 15th day of October 1685, this editor's account would then agree with his own; and he would in that case be right also in saying, that "he had passed the age of seventy-two," when he died in January 1758. Accompanied with these observations, the date of his birth has been followed, however, as it has been given by this last editor, the difference

of a year being of no great importance. After his death, an Obelisk was built to his memory by his friend Baron Sir John Clerk, as the termination to a vista from the east end of Pennecuik House; and a considerable sum has been subscribed for the erection of a Tower, on the contiguous estate of New Hall, near Pentland Hills and the North Esk, where he delighted to reside, and the scenes of the *Gentle Shepherd* were laid. It will form a beautiful, picturesque, and striking object, from the great turnpike road, along the foot of the Pentland Hills, between Edinburgh, and Dumfries, Biggar in Lanarkshire, and Crawford-moor the place of his birth.

He left behind him, his son, and two daughters, Christian and Janet. Christian died a few years before her sister Janet, who outlived all the rest of his family, and at last yielded to old age, only two years ago, in 1804. Allan Ramsay, the painter, had one daughter by his first wife, who died young; and two daughters, and a son, by a second marriage. One of his daughters was married to the late General Sir Archibald Campbell of Inverneil, in Argyleshire, K. B.; and the other to Colonel Malcolm. His son John Ramsay, is now Lieutenant-Colonel of the third regiment of foot-guards.

Besides his own poems, Ramsay published a collection of songs in three volumes, the last of which appeared in 1727, under the title of "The Tea-Table Miscellany;" of which a great number, he says, were written by himself, and his friends. A fourth volume was afterwards added, the collector of which is uncertain. The Miscellany passed through twelve editions in a few years.—In 1724, he published "The Evergreen," "being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600;" which is, however, rendered of little value, from his ignorance of the ancient Scottish dialect; from the liberties he took, and the alterations and additions he made in the poems; and from his even inserting counterfeits of his own, and others, as old compositions, some of which have since been detected. "The Vision," said to have been "compylit in Latin *anno* 1300, and translatit in 1524," is found to have been a Jacobitical poem of his own writing; and the same discovery has been made as to "The Robin Red-breist." It has the signature likewise AR. Scot., corresponding to his initials and country, which seems to have been his excuse from any intention to impose, and his contrivance for entertainment, and work, to himself, and Scottish antiquarians. Much conjecture and research it accordingly has produced, till at last, after deep groping and labour, a wiser wight than common,

has had the penetration to restore these poems to their true author, by finding out that the letters AR. are the initials of Allan Ramsay, and that Scot. is a contraction for Scotus, in reference to his country. The beautiful fragment of "Hardyknute," has also been traced to Elizabeth Lady Wardlaw, daughter to Sir Charles Hacket of Pittferran, Bart., and wife to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitretrie, Bart., both of Fife. She was born in 1677, married in 1696, and died in 1726 or 1727, and was buried in the family vault in the church of Dunfermline. A second edition of "The Evergreen," which is the last, was printed at Edinburgh in 1761, literally from the first, without any alteration.—In 1736, was published his "Collection of Scots Proverbs."

As Ramsay's fame rests so much on his celebrated Pastoral Comedy, it deserves particular notice; especially in a work, the chief design of which is to illustrate its scenery. Its other beauties have been zealously and fully pointed out, by one who appears to be a scholar and Scottish antiquarian, in "Remarks on his Writings," prefixed to the late edition of his works of 1800, already so often, unavoidably, criticised. The following observations shall principally be directed to its *plot* and *scenery*. In addition to the errors already detected, some very unaccountable mistakes as to these are inserted in this edition,

which justice and truth require should be rectified. The most groundless and absurd assertions, unsupported even by any pretensions to a shadow of evidence as to any one fact, are advanced in it ; in opposition to which, nothing shall be stated without *proof*. A mode of proceeding so unjustifiable, unwarranted, and disrespectful to the public, shall be commented upon, as hitherto, with freedom, but without asperity ; and full credit shall be allowed to such mere declarations as are not contradicted by *testimony* ; which is more than any writer is entitled to, or, especially where so many other blunders have occurred, most readers will give. Even as to the writings of Ramsay himself, this edition is not genuine. The arrangement of the poems is altered ; their characteristic and explanatory titles are abridged, mutilated, and modernized ; and their equally appropriate mottos are omitted. These liberties, were they even judicious, no editor has a right to use. In his table of contents, or index, such an arrangement as he has made, into “ Serious,” “ Comic,” &c. might be proper ; but every editor is bound to present his author to the public as he is, without variation, as exactly as possible, otherwise he is not entitled to call the work by his name. These affected improvements in this modern production, are like those of an engraver, who should favour the world with a new impression of Hogarth’s plates, in which all the

figures were taken out of their present apparently confused state ; furnished with more modern head-dresses ; and placed, according to their expressions, and physiognomies, in companies, or divisions, with the titles Serious, Satiric, Comic, &c. over each detachment, according to its character, lest none but his editor could, of themselves (to their, and the work's credit) distinguish the one, by their features, from the other. Modernizing the titles, resembles the officiousness of a conceited painter, who, wishing to improve his portrait, and show Ramsay to advantage, should produce it with a periwig on, agreeable to the mode of 1800, instead of the night-cap, or fair, bushy, short wig which he wore. Instead of endeavouring, by every possible means, to make Ramsay unlike himself, his panegyrist's zeal might perhaps have been as profitably employed in correcting errors. Let any one try what sense he can make of the words " Glau'd's onset," in the prologue to Act 4. Scene 1, in his edition of the Comedy.

But, it is to the *plot* and *scenery*, of this exquisite Scottish picture of rural nature, that the attention of these pages is peculiarly directed.

A story, to be impressive, must be probable. The characters must coincide in their conduct with experience ; and their sentiments must find its echo in

every bosom. If nothing is recalled from it by the memory, it cannot raise sympathy. It never comes so forcibly home to our feelings, and excites so lively an interest, as when it is authenticated by the importance of reality, and exhibits what actually happened. To history, and tradition, the poet, and the painter, has had recourse, in every age, for assistance, in order to give consequence to the highest efforts of genius. But, as in architecture, the materials of the most splendid structures, to be durable, must be, primarily, collected, by the most careful observation, from nature. The most powerful effects, from the most enviable productions of art, have always arisen from the masterly application of faithful transcripts from real objects, to real events. Even the energy of music is increased, by using it, not only as a stimulus to action, but in reference to history. These positions require no confirmation, to such as are acquainted with the fine arts in the slightest degree. To give instances, would be to enumerate almost all the noblest works of poetry, painting, statuary, and music.

The story being communicated to Ramsay, he had, likewise, sufficient penetration to foresee the advantageous effects produced by such combinations. His great work too, is the result of the ingenious use of appropriate objects, taken from individual na-

ture, to illustrate a real occurrence. It is evidently one of those popular narratives arising from Cromwell's usurpation and death, which were handed about the country after the Restoration, wrought, most dexterously, into a beautiful fable for his Pastoral Comedy. His characters and scenery are all originals, because they are drawn with truth, exactly as they were observed: The word original, in poetry and painting, being thus applied, in compliment to the superiority of nature over the highest efforts of art, the utmost perfection of which consisting in the imitation of her objects and effects. A copy from nature, stands as an original in art. His underplot ingeniously varies, without confusion, and assists in the interest and probability of the story: and the restoration of his Knight, who had fought for royalty under that popular character the enterprising Marquis of Montrose, and, after the murder of the King, who had followed the fortunes of his agreeable son and successor, is artfully associated with that great and important historical event, so familiar and affecting to every inhabitant of Britain, the Restoration of Charles the Second to his crown and kingdoms. In Ramsay's day, many were alive who had witnessed, and felt the effects of Cromwell's usurpation, and Monk's administration in Scotland; and the country was full of well-authenticated stories, produced by the circumstances attending those na-

tional incidents, many of them already fabricated into fables, by the exaggerating embellishments of circulation, much more romantic and wonderful, than the genuine one, so judiciously adopted in the Gentle Shepherd, and told with so much engaging and artless propriety.

“ The whole of the *fable*,” says the writer of the “ Remarks” in the edition of 1800, “ is authorised by the circumstances of the times, in which the action of the piece is laid. The æra of Cromwell’s usurpation, when many a loyal subject, sharing the misfortunes of his exiled sovereign, were stripped of their estates, and then left to the neglect and desolation of forfeiture ; the necessity under which those unhappy sufferers often lay, of leaving their infant progeny under the charge of some humble, but attached dependent, till better days should dawn upon their fortunes ; the criminal advantages taken by false friends in usurping the rights of the sufferers, and securing themselves against future question by deeds of guilt ; these circumstances, too well founded in truth and nature, are sufficient to account for every particular in this most interesting drama, and give it perfect verisimilitude.” *P.* 123.

That one of those stories communicated to Ramsay, was wrought into a drama by the counsel of his

literary friends, is acknowledged by himself. The following note is subjoined, in his quarto of 1728, to the first scene of the comedy : “ This first scene is the only piece in this volume that was printed in the first : having carried the pastoral the length of five acts, at the desire of some persons of distinction, I was obliged to print this prelude scene with the rest.” By whom the narrative which he chose was communicated, and, along with those persons his note refers to, recommended for the plot of his pastoral, tradition has handed down to us, though he is silent as to names himself. Tradition is seldom altogether groundless ; but in this case it is supported by strong and authentic circumstantial evidence. The preface to “ Ancient Scottish Poems,” 1786, has preserved the report, in the following words : “ Alexander Pennecuik wrote a few Scottish poems of no value, published with his account of Tweeddale. He is said to have given Ramsay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd.” *Pref. p.* 136. Whether his poems are of no value, or otherwise, it is not to our present purpose to inquire ; but, owing to a total ignorance as to the history of this Alexander Pennecuik, the following precious remarks have been made on the latter sentence of this quotation, in a *note* at the end of the *Life* of Ramsay, 1800, which demand notice.

“ The two Pennecuiks were confounded by the editor of the *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786. ‘ Alexander Pennecuik,’ says he, ‘ wrote a few Scottish poems of no value, published with his account of Tweeddale. He is said to have given Ramsay the plot of the *Gentle Shepherd*.’ (Pref. p. 136.). The said editor seems not to have known the famous Pennecuik, whose undoubted rivalry disproves the unauthorised assertion, that he gave Ramsay the plot of the *Gentle Shepherd*. Alexander Pennecuik, the rival of Ramsay, was buried in the Grayfriars Churchyard on the 28th of November 1730. (Record of Mortality.). He is called on the register, ‘ Alexander Pencook, merchant ;’ as Ramsay was also called by it, merchant, because he was a bookseller.” *Life*, p. 57. By the way, “ the unauthorised assertion” here, had such been its character, should have been treated with more respect by one who so often has recourse to unauthorised assertions himself. To this brilliant note, is appended a shining list of Ramsay’s and Pencook’s poems on similar subjects, placed opposite to each other, as proofs of their rivalry. But, even admitting the rivalry of Ramsay and Pencook, what has this to do with the assertion, that Dr Alexander Pennecuik of New Hall gave Ramsay his plot. “ The two Pennecuiks,” if this with propriety can be said of persons of different names, professions, and ranks in

life, “ were confounded,” not “ by the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems,” but by the editor of Ramsay’s Works, 1800. Had the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems said, that Alexander Pencook, merchant, gave Ramsay the plot, the proof of rivalry might have been adduced as at least a presumption against the probability of the circumstance. But, in the name of wonder ! what concern has Ramsay’s obligation to the physician, with the “ rivalry” between him and the merchant ? The fact is, that Pencook, though a younger man, survived Dr Pennecuik, who lived, till 1722, only eight years ; so that the latter was Ramsay’s contemporary, as well as the former, and his claim is so far from being objectionable, on the head of rivalry, that, as we have fully shown, he was most intimately connected with Ramsay’s chief patrons, the families of Forbes, and Clerk. With Mr William Clerk, advocate, he carried on a poetical correspondence, (see Appendix), as has been already mentioned, so late as 1714, which is to be found in his Works. The friendship that subsisted between him and Mr John Forbes, advocate, after the purchase of one of his estates by his father Sir David Forbes, advocate, is equally well established ; for, it is proved, from Nicolson’s “ Scottish Historical Library,” p. 8., that he was assisted by Mr Forbes in writing the “ Description of Tweeddale,” which he published in

1715. That he was on the most amicable terms with "the famous Pencook," as the merchant is called, and that he was also his cotemporary, is likewise ascertained. This "famous" poet, however, does not seem to have thought Dr Pennecuik's "few Scottish poems of no value." In a poetical complimentary address "To the ingenious and worthy Author of the following *Description and Poems*," in Dr Pennecuik's Works, signed "Al. P. mercator Edinburgensis," he writes to him thus :

" <i>Crawfoord</i> , of late, the <i>British Ovid</i> grew,	
" And you prove, <i>Sir</i> , the <i>British Ovid</i> now.	
" I wish my worth did equalize my will ;	}
" That I in nature's secrets had thy skill ;	
" And could express them with thy matchless quill.	
" Happy that people whom thou dwells among,	}
" No wonder they're contented to live long ;	
" Their <i>health</i> comes from thy hand, their <i>pleasure</i>	
" from thy song.	

" Al. P. *Mercator Edinburgensis*."

At the age of fifteen, or sixteen, in 1701, when Ramsay passed New Hall, on his way from Crawford-moor to Edinburgh, Dr Pennecuik was then its proprietor, and his brother, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, to whom one of the best of his poems is addressed, resided in the metropolis. In 1715, when Dr Pennecuik published his *Description*

of the pastoral shire of Tweeddale, and his poems, Ramsay was twenty-nine, or, according to his own account, thirty years of age; had been fourteen years in Edinburgh; had been several years known as a writer of verses; and had, at least two years before that, appeared as an author, under the patronage of the Easy Club, who had printed his *Elegy on Dr Pitcairn*.

In 1703, New Hall was acquired by Sir David Forbes, Dr Pennecuik still residing at his other estate of Romanno, in the neighbourhood. Between New Hall and Romanno, Coldcoats, now Macbiehill, was the seat of Jonas Hamilton, who is often noticed by Dr Pennecuik with great regard. The intermediate property of Whitefield too, was possessed by his friend Sir William Drummond, whom he so often mentions in his works, son to the celebrated poet of Hawthornden, whose head Ramsay chose for his sign as a bookseller. Dr Pennecuik had engrossed the whole business in Tweeddale, and the southern district of Mid Lothian, as a physician. Captain Armstrong, in the "*Companion*" to his "*Map of Tweeddale,*" or Peebles-shire, when describing *Romanna*, writes, *p.* 75. "It was the seat of Dr Pennecuik; a gentleman to whose distinguished abilities as a physician, poet, historian, genealogist, and botanist, it would be doing an injus-

tice to offer a panegyric from my pen." His acquaintance was likewise much courted, as an agreeable, sociable companion, possessed of much humour and information. Captain Armstrong, in describing the parish of *Newlands*, in which is situated *Romanno*, observes, *p.* 73., "*Newland's Kirk* is an ancient structure, surrounded with a few lofty trees; near which is *Cant's Walls*, a public house, where Dr Pennecuik and the neighbouring gentry held their convivial meetings, to lull the cares of life to rest in a cup of nappy ale, and listen to the lively witticisms of that friendly humourist." His estates, profession, and pleasantrv, led to his intimacy with every family in these districts, and made him acquainted, familiarly, with all their histories and anecdotes. In a peculiar manner he was induced to cultivate the society of the family who had succeeded him in the property to which he was, naturally, above all others attached; not only from his regard for it, but from their own rank, literary talents, taste, accomplishments, political influence, and connection with his friends. Accordingly we find, on the high authority of Archbishop Nicolson, that Mr Forbes, his and Ramsay's common friend, assisted him in writing his "*Description of Tweeddale*." In the "*Dedication*" of his Works to the Earl of March, in 1715, as to Tweeddale, he writes, "My employment, as physician, obliged me to know, and

observe every corner thereof: So, what I advance, in this description, proceeds not from hearsay and second-hand, but from ocular inspection, and proper knowledge." Thus intimately connected both with New Hall and the metropolis, with the families of Clerk and Forbes, with his places of residence and patrons; to suppose, in such circumstances, that a brother author and poet like Ramsay, should be unknown to him, would be ridiculous. He had besides the same cast of genius with Ramsay; and also a propensity like him toward pastoral poetry. Among his verses, are, "A Pastoral Dialogue between *Amorella* and *Celander*, to the tune of *Bonny Dundee*;"—"A Translation out of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*;"—"A Translation out of the same author;"—and "A Pastoral Elegy on the death of William Douglas elder of Dornock, who departed this life the — day of July 1715," entitled, "*Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.*" This last must have been written after July 1715, and, of course, at least four years later than the period at which Ramsay, when twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, was known to the public as an author. Dr Pennecuik's death did not happen till seven years after this, in 1722.

New Hall was purchased by Dr Pennecuik's father, two years before Charles the First was behead-

ed, in 1648. He himself was contemporary with Cromwell, Montrose, Monk, and Charles the Second; all of whom make so prominent a figure, and their actions so necessary a part, in the plot of Ramsay's comedy. His companion and neighbour, Hamilton of Coldcoats, is elogized in his poems thus,

“ Valiant he was, at Worcester fight, and town,

“ Where, with much bravery, he threw severals down,” &c.

He resided on his paternal estate of New Hall, while, a few miles below on the same stream, Monk governed Scotland, at Dalkeith House. Sir William Drummond, of Hawthornden, midway between these, his other neighbour and friend, was knighted by Charles the Second: And his own political principles are sufficiently evident throughout his works. In his “*Poem on the Union*,” he says,

“ The month of May did monarchy restore,

“ By Charles, when we in bondage groaned before.”

In his “*Description of Tweeddale*,” p. 7., he writes, concerning the inhabitants: “ Of their loyalty they gave sufficient testimony, at the fight of *Philiphhaugh*, where severals of them were killed by *David Leslie's* army, and others, the most eminent of their gentry, taken prisoners.” The Earl of Traquair was, af-

fectedly, much attached to the royal cause ; and Traquair House, below Peebles a few miles, on the other side of it from Romanno, was the first place to which the gallant, but restless, unsteady, and unfortunate Montrose, fled from Philiphaugh, sixteen miles distant. He, then, slept a night in Peebles itself, still nearer. See *Wishart's Life of Montrose*.

What else is the history of “ *Sir William Worthly*,” who had fought under Montrose, against Cromwell, and recovered his estate with the Restoration of Charles the Second, by Monk ; but that of one “ of the most eminent of the gentry,” referred to in the “ *Description of Tweeddale*,” communicated by Dr Pennecuik, to his brother humorous and pastoral poet Ramsay, for the groundwork of a comedy ?

“ The two Pennecuiks,” therefore, as Ramsay’s editor ignorantly alleges, are so far from being “ confounded by the editor of the *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786,” that the tradition he has preserved, of the obligation Ramsay lay under to “ *Alexander Pennecuik*,” author of the “ *Account of Tweeddale*,” for “ the Plot of the Gentle Shepherd,” is authenticated by strong circumstantial evidence, completely disproving the charge of its being an “ unauthorised assertion.” Ramsay, however, had the

merit of adapting the story to his pastoral, the characters to the fable, and the scenery to the persons introduced. Whatever may be the opinion of his late editor, it is no more derogatory to his genius to owe the basis of his plot to the information of Dr Pennecuik, than it is to the immortal Shakespeare to be indebted to histories, and novels, for the subjects of his noblest productions.

By a singular coincidence of circumstances, the *plot* and the *scenery* of the Gentle Shepherd, appear to have originated from the same quarter ; the one from the proprietor, and the other from his place, after it had passed into the hands of the father of his associate in the description of the adjoining county of Tweeddale to which he had retired, the common friend of him and Ramsay. He seems to have been indebted to Dr Pennecuik for the fable ; to Sir David Forbes, Knight, for the model of the character and manners of his “ Knight ;” and to his estate for the shepherds, and scenery of his pastoral.— That Ramsay, in compliment to Sir David Forbes, ascribed his character and behaviour, though not his history, to his “ Knight, *Sir William Worthy*” there are many reasons to believe. His respectability is adverted to under the name “ Worthy ;” William being placed before it, merely for the sake of the alliterative melody of the sound. His title of Knight

is so often repeated, and with so much industry and emphasis, as to render the design sufficiently apparent, both to himself and his son. His taste, by which both he and Mr Forbes were peculiarly distinguished by their buildings and improvements, is made a prominent feature in Sir William's character, whose eagerness to survey the state, and whose regrets on seeing the ruinous condition, of the very individual objects with which Sir David Forbes had ornamented his place, are so legible and appropriate, as to prove their intended application beyond a doubt. The "Mansion House" built by Sir David Forbes, and many of its appendages, still exist as they are described. The others were all entire about thirty years ago, as they are preserved in the poem.

The proofs of the adoption of the *scenery*, around the "Mansion-House" with its "gallery," and "tapestries," and "pavilions," "stables," "avenues," and "gardens," are full and decisive. Between the objects and their pictures there is the most exact coincidence, both in their relations to each other, and as the *illustrations* prefixed to this correct edition of the pastoral show, in their minute resemblances. This agreement is explained by Ramsay's regard for the family, and residence at the place while he was writing the comedy; both of which facts are authenticated. The *views* were faithfully copied from

nature, on the spots which they represent. On comparing them, and the *plan*, with the descriptions in the poem, the connection will be obvious.

But the evidence as to the reality of the *scenery* of this beautiful drama, from coincidence, however satisfactory, when joined with Ramsay's attachment to its proprietors and his residence at New Hall, is not merely circumstantial: It is confirmed by the testimonies of such as had the best opportunities of information, from personal knowledge both of the parties and the place.

“ While I passed my infancy,” says Mr Tytler in his edition of King James's poems, “ at New Hall near Pentland Hills, *where the scenes of this pastoral poem were laid*, the seat of Mr Forbes, and the resort of many of the literati at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramsay recite, as his own production, *different scenes* of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the *two first*, before it was printed.” Among these literati, was Dr Pennecuik, its former proprietor, then residing at Romanno, his other estate, on the farther side of West Linton village, south from New Hall. This is proved from his having received the assistance of Mr Forbes in writing his “ Description of Tweeddale.” To these “ literati,” Ramsay himself evidently refers in his *Note*,

subjoined to the first scene of the pastoral in his quarto of 1728, formerly quoted, when he says, he carried it “ the length of five acts, at the desire of some persons of distinction.” How soon Ramsay became a favourite in the related families of Forbes and Clerk, is uncertain ; but it appears, from this intelligence, that he must have been admitted a visitor, and made welcome at New Hall, before the year 1716, or 1717, about which time the first scene of his pastoral seems to have been written, before it was, about 1718, printed in a single sheet. From this, it is likewise manifest he had here been in the practice of reciting to Mr Forbes, and his literary relations and friends, Sir David Forbes ; Duncan Forbes, afterwards President of the Court of Session ; Baron Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik ; Mr William Clerk, advocate, his brother, and Dr Pennecuik’s correspondent ; Mr William Aikman, who, with President Forbes, patronized Thomson, before 1722 ; Dr Pennecuik, &c. ; not only the first scene, and, to most of them, the second, also, before it was next separately printed in 1723 ; but the other succeeding scenes, as they were added ; till, finally, the finished drama was published complete in 1725 ; the same year in which Sir David Forbes died, his nephew was made King’s Advocate, and his son was appointed his deputy. That Thomson, who was patronized by Mr Forbes’s relatives, President For-

bes and Mr Aikman, improved his taste here, amidst such society and scenery, is highly probable ; and that it was visited by Gay afterwards, when accompanying her Grace to Pennecuik in the vicinity, the seat of Baron Clerk, Mr Forbes's cousin, is not unlikely. It was extremely natural in Ramsay to repay his benefactor's kindnesses, and the attentions of those " persons of distinction" his relatives, who had desired him to carry the pastoral " the length of five acts," by borrowing the manners of his *Sir William Worthy* from the head of the family Sir David Forbes, and the *scenery* of his pastoral from his estate. Thus, it not only owed its existence and corrections to his attentions from the family ; but the beauties of its scenery to the truly pastoral district of New Hall, including the upper divisions of the North Esk and Pentland Hills, whether fortunately suggested to him by these literati or not, which is so admirably suited to his purpose.

In evidence of what he writes, Mr Tytler produces a witness of the highest respectability. " I believe," continues he, " my honourable friend Sir James Clerk of Pennecuik, where Ramsay frequently resided, and who, I know, is possessed of several original poems composed by him, can give the same testimony.—*P. S.* The above note was shewn to Sir James Clerk, and had his approbation." Baron

Clerk's eldest son dying before his father, was lamented, in his Elegy, by Ramsay ; and his second son, to whom "the above note was shown," succeeded to the estate and title, and built the present house, offices, &c. at Pennecuik.

In the Life of Baron Sir John Clerk, written, it is believed, by his youngest son, in the Scots Magazine for June 1802, vol. lxiv. p. 453 ; at the end of the *Note*, we find the following corroborative sentence on this subject. "The environs of the *Esk*, are the *Tempe* of Scotland, *where*, if *fame* and *probability* may be credited, her poets have been *inspired*, and gained immortality. See Ramsay's Preface to his Gentle Shepherd."

Sir James Clerk, in his pleasure tours through Scotland and England, used frequently to be accompanied by the late Reverend Mr Bradfute, minister of Dunsyre, a few miles west from New Hall, a respectable, ingenious, man, and an agreeable companion. He wrote the Statistical Account of *Dunsyre*.; and an *Essay on the Fisheries*, published in the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. He has likewise given his testimony, in a poem in the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xvii. entitled, "*A Morning Walk, at New Hall in Mid Lothian, the Seat of Robert Brown, Esq; Ad-*

vocate," in which he points out, and celebrates, as such, many of the original scenes of the pastoral comedy. It is now reprinted in the *Appendix*.

In the Account of the Parish of Pennecuik in the tenth volume of the Statistical Account of Scotland, a short description of New Hall was given as connected with Ramsay's pastoral. Soon after its publication, the minister of the parish received a letter from the late Sir David Rae of Eskgrove, Baronet, Lord Justice Clerk, stating some inaccuracies, and additional circumstances, at the same time advising a more full and correct account, for a succeeding volume. Agreeably to this letter, the description was written which is published in the Appendix to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History. Sir David Rae, as formerly mentioned, was maternal grandson to Sir David Forbes, and to Lady Forbes, sister to the first Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik; and nephew to their son Mr Forbes of New Hall. —In *The Beauties of Scotland*, article *Mid Lothian*, collected by a lawyer, Sir David Rae is said to have been a most strenuous advocate for the existence of the original scenery of the poem at New Hall; and none certainly had a better opportunity of knowing the truth of the fact.

In 1786, an unexpected visit was paid at New Hall House, by Mr David Allan, painter in Edinburgh, accompanied by a friend, both of whom were unknown to the family. His object was to collect scenes and figures, where Ramsay had copied his, for a new edition of the pastoral. Mr Allan was an intelligent Scottish antiquarian, and well acquainted with every thing connected with the poetry and literature of his country. His excellent quarto edition was published in 1788, with aquatinta plates, in the true spirit and humour of Ramsay. Four of the scenes at New Hall are made use of with some figures collected there; and in his dedication to Hamilton of Murdiston in Lanarkshire, the celebrated historical painter, he writes, “ I have studied the same characters,” as those of Ramsay, “ from the same spot, and I find that he has drawn faithfully, and with taste, from nature. This likewise has been my model of imitation, and, while I attempted, in these sketches, to express the ideas of the poet, I have endeavoured to preserve the *costume* as nearly as possible, by an exact delineation of such scenes and persons as he actually had in his eye.” Considered in this light, his plates may be held as necessary appendages for the understanding of Ramsay’s meaning with any degree of correctness; and had the landscapes been equal to the figures, the following illustrations would have been superseded.

The evidence of Ramsay's obligations to New Hall for his pastoral comedy, is therefore decisive ; both from the most unexceptionable direct, as well as the most obvious circumstantial proofs.

“ About the period of the Union,” says the writer of the *Life of President Forbes*, in the *Scots Magazine* for July 1802, “ Sir David Forbes, Knight, became proprietor of New Hall in the county of Mid Lothian. This place may now be regarded as classic ground, from its being the favourite haunt of Allan Ramsay, and from its having been chosen by him for the scenes of his exquisite pastoral poem, the *Gentle Shepherd*. Sir David married Catharine Clerk, a sister of the first Sir John Clerk of Penne-cuik. His property, which he much improved and enlarged, devolved, at his death, on his eldest son Mr John Forbes. This gentleman was also a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and inherited his father's professional abilities. He acted as one of his cousin Duncan Forbes's deputes while the latter occupied the situation of Lord Advocate. Mr Forbes's muscular vigour seems to have corresponded with the energies of his mind, for it is recorded of him, that he walked from Edinburgh to Glasgow, (44 English miles), and returning on foot the same day, danced at a ball in the evening.”—“ Fond of rural scenery, the Lord Advocate, Duncan Forbes,

took frequent opportunities of escaping from that noise and confusion naturally attendant on a great city, and spent most of his leisure hours at his cousin Mr Forbes of New Hall's country residence. Here he was regarded as an inmate of the family, and in the house there is an apartment which is still called the Advocate's Room. In this romantic recess, his Lordship not only relaxed from the arduous studies of his station; he likewise enjoyed the pleasures of good society. Mr Forbes of New Hall, being himself a man of letters, consorted with such as were attached to similar pursuits, insomuch, that his house was the occasional rendezvous of the literati of his time. He was the friend and patron of Allan Ramsay; who frequented his table, and was peculiarly attached to the surrounding scenery. We have already observed, that the rural scenes, so exquisitely pourtrayed in the *Gentle Shepherd*, were copied from these grounds; and, among the best of the poet's minor productions, are an Ode to Mr Forbes, and another to the memory of Mrs Forbes, the late Lady New Hall, as she is styled, according to the modes of address current in those times.— But Ramsay was not the only poet in the social circle at New Hall. It is well known, that the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry patronized the celebrated Gay, and that the poet occasionally attended his friends in their excursions to Scotland. The Duke

and Duchess were in intimate habits with Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik ; with Mr Forbes they must of course have associated. It is therefore highly probable, that the scenes depicted in the Gentle Shepherd, of which Gay was a great admirer, as well as the congenial spirit of Ramsay, with whom he was well acquainted, must have disposed him to visit New Hall. It is, moreover, to be observed, as a coincidence not a little remarkable, that while Mr Forbes of New Hall patronized the Scottish Theocritus, the immortal poet of the Seasons found in the Lord Advocate, an early protector, from whom he derived his chief support, long before the public at large recognised his merits, or acknowledged his admirable talents. Thomson, it is therefore reasonable to believe, often accompanied his friend in his retirement to New Hall, and enjoyed these beauties of nature which himself has delineated in such glowing colours, and with such an inimitable pencil." *Scots Magazine*, vol. lxiv. *Biographical Memoir of President Duncan Forbes of Culloden*.

These proofs have been the more fully stated, in order to prevent any doubt as to the authority on which the *illustrations* are founded. As Mr Tytler justly observes, in his edition of King James's poems, when defending Ramsay's right to *The Gentle Shepherd*, "merit will always be followed by detraction."

This remark applies to places, as well as persons. The merit of producing the pastoral was long ascribed to such as never wrote any thing bearing the most distant resemblance to it ; and, in a late anonymous, but splendid edition of his Works in 1800, the merit of producing its scenery is given, without support, upon the mere unauthorised assertion of the editor, to a place with which, or its proprietor, Ramsay had no apparent connection, and which is in every respect at variance with the poem and its descriptions.

Of all the errors in this edition, those as to the scenery of the comedy are the most extraordinary and unaccountable ; for the history of Sir William Purves, Baronet, and the objects about his estate of Woodhouselee, flatly, themselves, contradict the possibility of their having been Ramsay's models, even had he been acquainted with them. The family of Purves had left Woodhouselee long before he was born ; and during his life, it was possessed by a Mr James Deans. See *Scots Acts of Parliament* in July 1678, &c. That Ramsay had any knowledge of Sir William Purves, Baronet, or his family, there is not a shadow of evidence. Had it been otherwise, he could not have been his model ; for it now appears from an account of him published, and replied to, in the *Edinburgh Magazines* for

February, and *March*, 1802, that he neither fought under “Montrose,” nor did he go “abroad;” although Ramsay has accidentally, for the sake of the alliteration, happened to give his Sir William Worthy the same Christian name. Even had the *new-built* tower, at Woodhouselee, existed either in Sir William Purves or Ramsay’s day, with its solitary avenue and garden, it could not possibly have been alluded to as the mansion of Sir William Worthy, which is repeatedly called a house, and characterized by its gallery as being of a different form, and also as having more than one avenue, or one garden. Glaud’s onstead, in the poem, is furnished with at least *two* peat stacks, and Symon’s with a clear peat ingle; but, unfortunately, there is not a peat dug for fuel within six or seven miles of Edinburgh, or in the whole parish in which Woodhouselee is situated. The manners and conversations of the shepherds themselves are equally inconsistent with so short a distance from the metropolis as six or seven miles. At New Hall, nine Scots miles from Edinburgh, as in the pastoral, every farm-stead is characterized by its peat stack, and its peat ingle; and the mansion has its gallery, its avenues, and its gardens. The spot called Habbie’s How in this edition, though united with it, is so far from having any thing to do with Woodhouselee, that it is at least three miles

from it, on another property, with a third estate, that of Castlelaw, between the two. It is in a different parish, and even the old mansion, of the estate of Lodging-House in which it lies, once a royal hunting seat, is situated about a mile and a half below it on the water of Glencross, directly between it and Woodhouselee; neither the house, nor grounds of which, have any connection either with the Esk, or that stream. Were this spot, however, attached to, or in the vicinity of Woodhouselee, whether or not it would, notwithstanding of this, have been entitled to the name, the following comparison, between it and Ramsay's description, by a person who has repeatedly examined the place with the greatest accuracy, will show.

Act 1. Scene 2.

PEGGY.

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,"

This part of the ravine, formed by the meeting bases of two of the Pentland Hills, through which the water of Glencross runs, makes a turn here, but is not marked out by any contractions above and below, or in any way distinguished, except by the waterfall on one side of it, from the rest of the ravine. No cir-

cumstance appears, to give the smallest propriety to the name Habbie's How,

"Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow."

A great part of the declivities of the hills on each side of the ravine, consists of dry crumbling bare loose whinstone chips, entirely destitute of vegetation. Not a tree, and, saving a bush of heath, fern, or juniper, scarcely a shrub is to be seen elsewhere.

"Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,"

The whole place is altogether in want of every kind of wood; and the lin is so far from being "little," that it is at least thirty feet in depth.

"The water fa's, and maks a singand din;"

The rill glides down a gutter between two rocks, and is scarcely visible in summer. No sound whatever is heard, till it comes to the bottom, when it makes a low, indistinct, splashing noise, first upon some flat rocks, and then among a heap of large pointed fragments from the craggs above. All is bare, sequestered, silent, and solitary, wild, and rugged.

"A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glass,"

Instead of having a pool "breast deep beneath," this small rivulet trickles into a collection of rugged masses of stone, filling, and choaking up, and denying access to the lower extremity of the lin, from a considerable distance in front of it, and occupying the whole space between the rocks on each side of its channel. The water is reddish moss-water.

"*Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass.*"

Not a blade of grass grows within several yards of the foot of the descent; nothing appearing for a considerable way out from the lin, but confused fragments of rocks fallen from above, and bare blocks of whinstone among which the water is received, and hid.

The editor of the *Beauties of Scotland* could only in his imagination have seen, as he thinks he did in reality, "a few years ago," a couple of birches above, and a bathing pool beneath this water-fall. Another "poetical pedestrian pilgrimage" would convince him of his mistake. See a poem upon it, in the *Appendix*. Had it been purposely sought for, a spot running more diametrically counter to the Habbie's How in the pastoral, or to the character required for it, could not have fallen in his way, to induce him to conclude that Ramsay's descriptions

were altogether imaginary. Its aspect is only adapted for the *Robbers* of Schiller, or *Salvator Rosa*.

Yet we are told by the editor of his Works of 1800, that from individual nature “ Ramsay’s landscapes are drawn with the most characteristic precision ;” *p.* 152 ; that Sir William Purves of Woodhouselee was his model for Sir William Worthy, *p.* 153 ; that the present proprietor of Woodhouselee “ happily possesses the *supposed* scene of the Gentle Shepherd,” *Advertisement*, at the beginning ; that the “ peasantry of the *Pentland Hills*, within six or seven miles” from Edinburgh, being “ cast in a finer mould” than more distant rustics, “ their copies, as drawn by him,” (can this apply to such as find fault with the vulgarisms of Glaud, Symon, Madge, Bauldy, &c.) “ do not offend by their vulgarity,” *p.* 149 ; and, that, here, “ the hinds and shepherds of the *Pentland Hills*, to all of whom this delightful pastoral is as familiar as their catechism, can trace the whole of its scenery in nature, and are eager to point out to the inquiring stranger—the waterfall of *Habbie’s How*,” &c.

In evidence of these facts, let us hear what “ the inquiring stranger” himself says as to the eagerness of the hinds and shepherds to point out—“ the waterfall of *Habbie’s How*,” &c.—within six or seven

miles from Edinburgh; since this edition was printed in 1800.

“When the editor of this work, a few years ago, with some friends, visited the spot,” on Glencross water, “he made inquiry at some country people, whom he found cutting grass at no great distance beneath the waterfall, whether Habbie’s How was in that neighbourhood? But to the no small mortification of the whole party, who had gone thither on a pedestrian poetical pilgrimage, it was found that these rustics had never heard of any such place.” *Beauties of Scotland*. Edinburgh 1805, vol. i. p. 248. *Mid Lothian*.

This is somewhat strange! and was, certainly, the less to be expected, when so much indefatigable pains had been taken in teaching “the hinds and shepherds,” in that part “of the Pentland Hills,” their new “catechism.” A trifling hut of sticks and straw, with a modern tower, likewise new built, had been copied, and thrust into notice by a small engraving, stuck, without connection, into the edition of his works 1800; and, as a part of this new “catechism,” the public at large, for their information, had been favoured, in a *Note* to Ramsay’s *Life*, with a curious poetical Inscription, said to be

placed in this “temple,” as it is called, beginning thus,

“ALLANO RAMSAY ET GENIO LOCI.

“Here midst those scenes that taught thy Doric Muse
“Her sweetest song ; the hills, the woods, and stream,
“Where beauteous Peggy stray’d, list’ning the while
“Her Gentle Shepherd’s tender tale of love ;” &c.

Peggy must have “stray’d” indeed ! if she was found “here,” on the other side of the Pentland Hills ; and the houses of Glaud and Symon, and Habbie’s How, were at the remote head of Glencross water, amidst the lonely, bleak, and distant wastes, beyond the venerable mansion of Lodging-House.—To secure yet farther against the ignorant simplicity of “the hinds and shepherds,” this summer, 1806, an inscribed stone has been placed near the waterfall, which, at the same time that it renders all the absurdities attending these unauthorised assertions the more ridiculously permanent and conspicuous, flatly contradicts the inscription in the “rustic temple” on the other side of the hills, and more than three miles distant, which informs “the inquiring stranger,” that not *There*, but “*Here*,” Ramsay’s “Doric Muse” was “taught” her “sweetest song.” The poor perplexed pedestrian poetical pilgrim, like the ass between his two trusses of straw, thus puzzled which side to turn to ; at last, discovers that what he wants,

is neither *Here*, nor *There*, but *elsewhere*.—As the Edinburgh Magazine for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803, has as completely restored the characters and scenery to their genuine parents, as the pastoral itself had formerly been to its real author ; with these corroborations, it may be safely left to those of Lodging-House and Fulford, now Woodhouselee, a name assumed from a celebrated place on the North Esk, to reconcile, if they can, their own differences, as well as those from Ramsay, confirmed by the evidence of their senses, if they will use them. Such impotent contradictions cannot even excite a doubt ; but they can diminish the value of the publications into which they are inconsiderately admitted, and destroy their authority.

These errors, in this edition of Ramsay's Works of 1800, resemble that in the Statistical Account of the parish of *Glencross* as to the discovery of *The King's Quair*, which is, there, transferred to the publisher, and the name of the real discoverer *Mr Warton*, as mentioned by Dr Henry in his history, is entirely omitted. Not a word is here hinted at of Ramsay's connection with New Hall, or its proprietor then, either in his *Life*, or the *Remarks* which follow ; but, as we are told in the *Advertisement* prefixed to them, that both were written “ by the neutral pen of a stranger,”

this notice, equally disclaims any interest in the statements or omissions, and accounts and apologizes for so many mistakes. What else, but error, can be expected, where none, but strangers, appear ?

It is hoped, that a fair reference to evidence, will sufficiently apologize for the fullness of these proofs, and the length of this discussion as to the plot, characters, and scenery of this exquisite transcript from nature ; when it is considered that the value of the *illustrations* to follow, depends on the authenticity, which they will confirm, of the models from which they were copied.

Even these models themselves are beginning to change, and to lose their minute coincidences with their copies. The characters, appearances, and modes of life of the inhabitants, are altering : buildings are decaying, and others are rising in a different style of architecture : plantations and inclosures, walls, hedges, and corn fields, separate, shut out from each other, and give a new face to many spots formerly connected, and occupied in common by shepherds and their flocks : and several of the scenes are, consequently, beginning to assume a less pastoral aspect. In the days of Ramsay, excepting the gardens, avenues, and a few plantations, and inclosures, still named The Family Parks, immediately

about Sir David Forbes's mansion, with the hills in front and the Esk behind, the whole estate was open pasture; and *Habbie's How*, *Glaud's Onstead*, *Symon's House*, *Mause's Cottage*, and all the other scenes, were, with the Esk and its tributary streams the Carlops; Lin, Harbour Craig, Monk's, burns, &c. in the midst of undivided sheep-walks, of which the Pentland Hills made a part.

The design of these *illustrations*, is, to arrest the original appearances of the objects alluded to by Ramsay, before it is too late, and they have been irrecoverably lost. Accommodations, dresses, employments, manners, customs, and modes, gradually yield to new ones; and these, with their effects upon the inhabitants, affect the scenery of the country, as well as the undisturbed operations of time. The characters and *costume*, have already been faithfully preserved by Mr Allan in his excellent edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*; and, with the same view, the models from which the poet copied his beautiful landscapes, are offered to the public by means of engravings executed from drawings taken on the spot, with descriptive and explanatory observations accompanying each plate, and a map, or plan prefixed to them, that the general and relative situations of the objects may be known. In addition to Mr Allan's *aquatintas*, these *illustrations* may be considered as

necessary appendages to this celebrated pastoral; since it is impossible, without their assistance, to enter fully into the spirit of the poem, or to understand its meaning, unaided by an acquaintance with his allusions, and the genuine scenes to which he refers, and from which he copied. The usefulness of such illustrations may be exemplified by the lights they would have thrown, had the advancement of the arts, and the waste of ages permitted of it, on the Iliad of Homer. What a rich treasure to the republic of letters would the preservation of his characters, and scenes, to the eye, have been; and how much vain travel by sea and land, or over pathless tracts of print and paper, in order to ascertain his obliterated sites, on the now altered and desolate plains of Troy, would this have saved!

AN
INQUIRY
INTO THE
PROPRIETY OF THE RULES
PRESCRIBED FOR
PASTORAL POETRY.

IN the progress of society, its characteristic stages are, what may be called the *Brutal*,—the *Pastoral*,—the *Agricultural*,—and the *Commercial*, or enlightened, ingenious, and learned.

The Romans became in some degree refined; or more properly rich and luxurious, by the plunder, and knowledge they acquired, from the extent of their conquests over nations whose attainments, along with their wealth, they appropriated; although they despised foreign trade: But the Greeks, their masters in every thing, but in power from superiority of numbers, were a commercial people. In proportion to the extent of its intercourse with others through its commerce, it is evident must be a nation's enterprize, liberality, compass of mind, inge-

nuity, and information. Commerce has none of the disadvantages of war, to counteract its means of observation, and intelligence ; nothing is hid from it, or laid waste in its progress ; and it enjoys all the benefits and blessings arising from friendship, imitation, and rivalry. To its unprecedented encouragement and extent, we owe our infinite superiority over the ancients ; and to it Great Britain, in particular, is indebted for its being able to boast, at this moment, of its containing the most liberal, generous, ingenious, enterprizing, brave, learned, worthy, and happy people ; as well as, beyond example or competition, the best hunters, breeders and feeders of cattle, gardeners, agriculturists, and merchants, that are, or ever were in the world ; uniting within the compass of one island, at once, unparalleled excellence in all the pursuits which have, hitherto, singly, constituted the characteristic stages in the progress of society. The chase is freed of its ferocious brutality ;—horses, cattle, and flocks, are bred, pastured, and fed, without indolence and inactivity ;—gardening has risen to elegance—agriculture is released from stubborn prejudices, coarseness, ignorance, and superstition ;—and trade is followed on honest, and enlarged principles. Unbounded commerce has enlightened all the previous steps of advancement ; and even assisted each in its progress to that perfection at which it has arrived. The wi-

der is its compass, the more extensive is the field of information, and the stronger becomes the stimulus to discovery and improvement, in every art, and in every science. Its seamen and ships are, at once, the means, and the guardians of an island's prosperity.

In the first *Brutal* state of hunting for mere subsistence, men are the rivals, and foes of their fellow-beasts of prey ; whom they resemble in suspicion and solitude. They feed on the spontaneous herbs, roots, and fruits of the soil, with the graminivorous animals ; and hunt these with the carnivorous, to devour their carcasses, and clothe themselves with their skins. Instinct is their guide ; like monkeys, sticks and stones are their weapons ; trees and rocks their houses ; and they are only a superior kind of brutes. If men in the outset, contrary to the opinion of some, are not monkeys with tails, they are little better than apes without them ; though endowed with immensely higher powers of improvement.

On surprising, or ensnaring their prey with young, when they are easiest caught, they are kept alive for a future feast. In the mean time their milk suggests their preservation ; and their fecundity, aided by indolence, instigates to an increase of subsistence from their multiplication, as more certain, conveni-

ent, and every way preferable to the acquisition of aliment by their destruction. They are tamed and domesticated ; they are defended against their common enemies ; and hunting, and extirpation, is chiefly restricted to such only as would interfere with the gains of their masters, and rob them of their property. Their herds and flocks multiply. Additional, and regular supplies of food, raiment, and comforts, prevent the necessity of dispersion, keep individuals and families together, unite them in a common interest, and introduce the *Pastoral* age.

Now, plenty succeeds to poverty, ease to toil, care and affection to rapine and cruelty, happiness to the misery of uncertain supply, society to rival ferocious solitude, and love to brutality. Insensibility, engendered by want, and hardened by habitual necessity and warfare, yields from competence, leisure, and social union, to agreeable impressions. Sympathy is felt; and it becomes a pleasure to please. Benevolence is the offspring of benevolence : it acts and re-acts : it both gratifies itself, and others : it at once delights, attracts to, and heightens its pleasures, by the returns it ensures.

Abundance, independence, health, and felicity, produce, instinctively, the external expressions of such a state. Men become fond of dancing, whist-

ling, and singing, in this vernal season of society; as naturally, as their herds and flocks frisk and frolic, birds unite their musics around them in a similar condition, or, as even the plants, they feed on, send forth vigorous shoots and luxuriant lively flowers, in a rich soil and comfortable situation, in the spring of the year. On whatever is the object of their attachment, like other animals, they bestow their gayety. They wish that every thing, even irrational and inanimate objects, should partake in and increase it, by joining their joy to the involuntary effusions of their own happiness. They invite them by adding their praises to their songs, and, in reality, assisted by imagination, sympathy aids their efforts. Gladness is caught, and communicated. Their companions are excited to mirth; and all nature seems to smile in unison with their feelings. A rich young shepherd, full of health, and fire, and spirits, whilst amusing himself with his pipe, and his tune, in tending his flock, instinctively attaches the recollection of his favourite shepherdess, to the irresistible overflowings of his own light-hearted cheerfulness. He extols her charms by comparisons drawn from the most beautiful objects around him, each of which seems to join in chorus with his melody. The sun, moon, stars, skies, streams, woods, flowers, dews, meadows, with his ever-present supported and supporting herds and flocks, are called in, to assist in the celebration

of his dulcinea; all acquiring new beauties, and additional properties from the connection. His words suit themselves to his notes; and, by this means, he at once enjoys his music along with the image of his mistress, gratifying himself with both the sources of his delight together, aided and heightened by allusions to the surrounding charms of nature, and the objects of his care. From their insensible union with the *melody*, the words necessarily become musical, and give rise to the *song*, which, at first, it seems always to have accompanied. Thus music, the instinctive expression of gayety, from its inevitable effects on language, imperceptibly rendered it melodious, and produced a *poem* which might be afterwards detached from it, recalling to his remembrance, the rise of his passion, his transporting interviews, and the unrivalled beauties of his mistress to the enamoured shepherd. From irregular frolic, and wild melody, like beasts, and birds; love, in man, has regulated, by *music*, sport into the *dance*, and verbal sounds, into the *song*. Hence the primitive poems have always been held to have been pastorals. Hence rivalry in love, music, and poetry, naturally produced those challenges, and prize competitions which have ever since formed the chief subjects of these compositions; and, by repetition, have contributed to their triteness, and insipidity. This, however, is the less to be wondered at, when the remains of the prac-

tice itself, yet, continue to countenance these stale imitations. *Improvisatori* still abound in Egypt, Sicily, and Italy ; where shepherds contend for the superiority in song, and the reward of victory ; as in the idyllia of Theocritus, and the eclogues of Virgil.

Agreeably to this description of the origin of melody, dance, and song, Dr Gregory observes, in his “ Comparative View of the Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World,” that “ Music has always been an art of more real importance among uncultivated, than among civilized nations. Among the former we always find it intimately connected with poetry and dancing, and it appears by the testimony of many ancient authors, (see Plato and Athenæus), that music, in the original sense of the word, comprehended melody, dance, and song. By these almost all barbarous nations in every age, and in every climate, have expressed all strong emotions of the mind.”—“ The country, and particularly the pastoral countries, are the favourite recesses of poetry, and music.” This account of the pastoral age, and its connection with music and poetry, is likewise confirmed by the elegant mythology of the Greeks. Apollo, the sun ; the harbinger and producer of the spring ; one of the most amorous of all the heathen deities ; and the god of eloquence, music, and poetry ; was sent from heaven to be a shepherd : and was

said to have invented the lyre, when tending the flocks of Admetus king of Thessaly.

David, raised to be king of Israel "from the sheep-cote, even from following the sheep," and so deeply susceptible of the passion of love, was an adept in music, including melody, dance, and song. He danced, and played before the ark; and, on the day he brought it up to its place in Jerusalem, he delivered, to be sung in divine service, "into the hand of Asaph and his brethren," one of his psalms or holy songs. In this divine poem, he exclaims,

"Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth.

"Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein.

"Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, because he cometh to judge the earth.

"O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

1 Chron. xvi.

It is not likely, when a bold ardent young shepherd at Bethlehem, though in a lively strain, that his pastoral love-songs accompanying his harp, would be less animated, than his psalms afterwards.

The first pastoral poem on record is, that of his no less poetical and still more amorous son, "The

Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." It is full of allusions to the shepherd state, and rural scenery. The beloved object of it is thus characteristically addressed :

" O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."

The Song of Solomon, c. i.

From this eclogue, in the opinion of some, Theocritus, who is generally held to be the father of pastoral poetry, borrowed several passages of his idyllia.

" The rustic poems of Theocritus," says Johnson, in his *Life of Ambrose Philips*, " were so highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose Eclogues seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind ; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

" At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty ; because the conversation of shepherds excludes profound or refined

sentiment ; and for images and descriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call ; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, supplied variety, which having a natural power to sooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

“ Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Æglogues*, by which he meant to express the talk of goatherds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by subsequent writers, and amongst others by our Spenser.

“ More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan published his *Bucolics*, with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into schools, and taught as classical.”—“ The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, and censured the corruptions of the church ; and from him Spenser learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

“ The Italians soon transferred pastoral poetry into their own language : Sannazaro wrote *Arcadia* in prose and verse ; Tasso and Guarini wrote *Favole Boschereccie*, or Sylvan Dramas ; and all nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrsis* and *Damon* and *Thestylis* and *Phyllis*.” — “ The work which procured Philips the first notice from the public was his Six Pastorals, which, flattering the imagination with arcadian scenes, probably found many readers, and might have long passed as a pleasing amusement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.”

“ Not long afterwards, Pope made the first display of his powers in four pastorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenser, and Pope took Virgil for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.”

Pope's pastorals were written in 1704, and printed in 1709 : Gay's six pastorals, which Johnson says he is supposed to have produced by the incitement of Pope, to ridicule Philips for imitating nature, were published in 1713, or 1714, under the title of *The Shepherd's Week* : And Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was begun about 1716, or 1717, completed in 1724, and published in 1725.

From the effect of contrast, on the first happy advance in the progress of society to the shepherd

state, and the natural propensity in a poetical imagination to proceed, in its course, beyond the bounds of moderation and truth, it became celebrated under the name of *The Golden Age*, directed by a fabulous mythology, and fictitious manners; and under this delusion, though unauthorised by the Idyllia of Theocritus, the Eclogues of Virgil, his imitator, were written. On these classical fables, and precedents, have been built the rules of succeeding critics, and the consequent practice in Italy, France, and England, of the authors of idyls, eclogues, æglogues, bucolicks, sylvan dramas, and pastorals, as they have now been traced, from Sicily to Scotland, from Theocritus to Ramsay. Here, it is to be hoped, that the rules have, at last, been rendered useless, and the farther progress of examples stopped, by the triumph of nature over art, through the spirit, and genius, and judgment of our countryman.

As it has been described in the preceding pages, such was, no doubt, the comparative state of the *Pastoral* age, in reference to the poverty, and cheerless *Brutal* winter that preceded it. But to suppose that shepherds, then, enjoyed a condition of uninterrupted, and absolutely perfect ease, innocence, and felicity, is altogether preposterous; and it is, therefore, no less unnatural and absurd, to compose poems under the name of pastorals, representing

that stage of society in this light. In the primitive pastoral song, every appearance, and sentiment, must have been exhibited exactly as it was seen, and felt, by the shepherd himself. With the state which gave rise to them, these, however, have been entirely lost sight of. An imaginary period, called The Golden Age, has been invented ; the woods and meadows, then, have been filled with gods and demigods, goddesses and nymphs. Mortals, then, have been endowed with visionary perfections, elegant manners, and poetical sentiments. Pastorals, founded upon this chimerical era, have been refined, and doubly refined, by imitator after imitator, till they have become the most silly, sickly, insipid compositions imaginable, incapable of reviving any thing to the memory ; deservedly called by Pope, in his letter to Walsh, the “ lowest poetry :” And, as if to prevent their elevation from this unmerited debasement, rules, which, if followed, would for ever obstruct their interest or importance, have been prescribed for their composition, equally at variance with nature and common sense.

The *propriety* of these RULES, and the claims of the MODELS which produced, and support them, therefore, call for *inquiry*.

On examination, it will perhaps be discovered, that the latter are founded on childish fiction ; and the former on base servility, equally inimical to every kind of poetry, and to every effort of genius, as to pastoral in particular : That the radical defect of those arises from their having recourse to fable ; and of these in their blind veneration for antiquity, absurdly thus recommending the imitation of trifles rendered still more uninteresting from their unnaturalness : That the copies these precepts produce are, of course, like all others, cold, stiff, and insipid : That the prejudices against rural manners, which have, hitherto, rivetted their fetters on both critics and poets, are urban, and groundless : And, that Ramsay's merit arose, whether from his ignorance or contempt of those rules, from his imitating, not these counterfeit copies, but the conduct of the first real shepherds of the ancients from whom the pastoral song originated, in applying the effects from nature, upon his own head and heart, to his pictures, and sentiments ; and in rescuing rural poetry from its degeneracy to the " lowest," that it may hold its legitimate rank among the highest and most interesting productions of genius.

Before scrutinizing the superstructures, the soundness of their foundations should first be ascertained. If the ground is insecure shifting sand, and the props

that rest upon it are weak, and faulty ; what is reared upon them, however sufficient of itself, can never be strong, nor durable. All the rules constructed for pastoral poetry are built on the variable, and imperfect productions of art, in the practices of Theocritus, and Virgil. Whatever therefore is inconsistent, silly, or defective in them, must affect and depreciate what they support.

Rapin, in his treatise *De Carminē Pastoralī*, p. 3. writes thus : “ ’Tis hard to give *rules* for that, for which there have been none already given ; for where there are no footsteps nor path to direct, I cannot tell how any one can be certain of his way. Yet in this difficulty I will follow Aristotle’s example, who, being to lay down rules concerning *epics*, proposed *Homer* as a pattern, from whom he deduced the whole art : So I will gather from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, those fathers of *Pastoral*, what I shall deliver on this account. For all the rules that are to be given of any art, are to be given of it as excellent, and perfect, and therefore ought to be taken from them in whom it is so.” In this Mr Pope acquiesces in his *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, in these words, almost copied from Rapin. “ Since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is there-

fore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of pastoral), that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it."

Before proceeding to the rules to which they have given birth, it deserves to be ascertained, whether or not the merits of these infallible *guides* are, in fact, so great as to entitle them to so much confidence as models of perfection; and if so, whether or not those servile *rules* are as justly drawn from, and consistent with their patterns, as they pretend to be.

It would be unfair to include under objections to the pastorals of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, those not strictly such; as neither the word *idyl*, nor *eclogue*, authorises the supposition, that they were all considered as belonging to this class of poems by their authors themselves. The unnatural, and disgusting, empassioned panegyrics on a boy's beauties, shall, likewise, be passed over, in both authors, without animadversion.

"Theocritus," says Mr Pope in his *Discourse*, "excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral." The excellency to be attained by adhering to nature, is, here, candidly, though unguardedly, acknowledged,

and, at the date of his *Discourse*, the observation was justly applied to Theocritus. Yet it still may be doubted if, or not, the merits of the idyllia, when impartially considered, reach high in this respect.

Reality, truth, and nature, are inseparable friends ; and at perpetual, irreconcilable variance with fiction, and falsehood. They, invariably, obstruct, and paralyze each other's powers ; and no art, or address, can bring them to unite, in concert, towards the same end. No sooner is the amiable simplicity and chastity of nature violated, by the introduction of fable, with its meretricious ornaments, than the dream of reality vanishes, and truth immediately disappears, with all her attendant attractions, interests, and recollections, to awake attention, and secure confidence. The magic spell is dissolved, and the charming charm, which endears itself to us by its appeals to our own hearts and heads, to our feelings and experience, is broke by its intrusion, with ignorance, distrust, and indifference, if not disgust, in its flimsy, childish train. These reflections are suggested by the first idyl, in which a goat-herd says he is afraid to sound his pipe, lest he should disturb Pan when he lies down to sleep, after he has finished his huntings.

THYRSIS.

“ And will you, by the Nymphs, grant our desire,
Will you to neighbouring shady banks retire,
And sit and pipe? Come, shew thy wond’rous skill;
I’ll thank thee for’t, and feed thy goats the while.

GOAT-HERD.

“ I dare not, faith, I dare not pipe at noon,
Afraid of Pan; for when his hunting’s done,
And he lies down to sleep by purling streams,
He’s very touchy if we break his dreams.”

CREECH.

The introduction of Pan, here, as a real personage, is altogether inconsistent with the definition of a pastoral, as being “ the imitation of the action of a shepherd;” destroys all reference to nature; and shows that Theocritus had no intention that his poem should be tried by the test of experience.

Were it less founded on fable, it would be unnecessary to take notice of the second idyl, relating to the infidelity of a wrestler to his mistress, a sorceress, who has recourse to her art, seriously, to recall his affections; as it is any thing but a pastoral.

In the third, a goat-herd is, unsuitably, represented as being as intimately conversant with the stories of Atalanta and Hippomenes, Melampus, Bias, Venus

and Adonis, Endymion, and Jason, and sings of them as familiarly, and as learnedly, as Theocritus him el. could do.

The fourth contains a conversation betwixt two clowns, as to the imprudent carelessness, and the muscular strength of one of their masters, which runs to the other extreme, of gross vulgarity. In driving away a cow from some olives, their proprietor unfortunately gets a thorn into his foot; about which he makes a hideous outcry before he pulls it out, and shews it to his companion, who sagaciously advises him, in future, never to walk barefoot on mountains where thorns and prickles grow.

The fifth gives a still more degrading picture of pastoral manners. Comatas, and Laco, a goat, and sheep herd, charge each other with direct thefts; railing, and scolding, like two modern tinkers or sturdy-beggars. Their foul language ends in a singing match for a wager, before a faggot-maker, who, by mutual consent, is called in as he passes, and at last decides the contest.—In these two idyls there is, doubtless, sufficiency of low “nature and simplicity,” though not much of the Golden Age. The rule-makers seem to have forgot the thorns, thefts, and ribaldry contained in them, when they founded the ease, innocence, and tranquillity of the

shepherd-state, on the “excellent and perfect” representations of Theocritus.

In the sixth he loses sight of nature altogether ; and has again recourse to fable. The one-eyed monster Polyphemus makes the subject of it, whom a shepherd personates.

If the seventh, which is properly a panegyric upon himself, can be called a pastoral ; it is too elevated in sentiment, and diction, for the character which he assumes in it.—In the eighth, containing another prize competition, the thoughts and language are equally refined, unnatural, and improbable.—The ninth exhibits a third stale trial of skill, no less remote from, and raised above the attainments, expressions, and simplicity of rustic life.—And the eleventh, the only remaining idyl, out of the thirty, that can be denominated a pastoral, has again recourse to the trite fictitious story of Polyphemus, for its little plot. In it, his example, as a real character, is recommended ; and it has scarcely any claim to be admitted, as it has been, among such of the idyls as are allowed to be pastorals.

These idyls, or short poems, when the time they were written in is considered, possess great merit, and discover many beauties ; though it seems not to have formed any part of their author’s intention to

confine himself to a faithful exhibition of actual existence. Where he has done so, he, indeed, has shewn so little judgment and taste in his selection, both of incidents and sentiments, that his deviations appear the more excuseable, especially as in these he has, in general, kept much more within the bounds of probability and truth than his followers, who have copied and refined upon him, and have adopted, under the pretence of his authority, an ideal age, and fictitious manners of their own; in part, to favour their indolence or ignorance of real rural life, excuse their absurdities, and free them from the sure and troublesome, because obvious and accessible, test of observation and experience, in judging of their compositions,

Of the ancient fanciful division of the ages of the world, into the *golden, silver, brazen, and iron*, the first, introduced by Saturn into Italy, has been appropriated to the shepherd-state. Virgil added this conceit to his polished plagiarisms from Theocritus, and, thus, as he advanced in elegance and majesty, receded from simplicity, nature, reality, and truth. In his fourth eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, he has described, with his usual taste and correctness, those halcyon days of universal tranquillity, spontaneous abundance, pure justice, benevolence, and happiness; and it has, since, been laid down by the great

est critics, and followed by the most distinguished poets, as an indispensable rule, that, in all good pastorals, every thing should be represented according to the genius of the golden age. Virgil, as an improver upon Theocritus, has been joined with him as the other “excellent and perfect” model; upon whose practice, without farther inquiry, the critics have built their contracted and convenient maxims, within which, excluded from the liberty of observation and experience, to confine their servile successors. Every writer of pastorals must now bid adieu to truth and nature, drink of the waters of Lethe, and allow himself to be hoodwinked, and led, blindfold, by these infallible guides only, to the temple of fame; and every reader, in their rear, is called upon to follow them up hill, without recollecting or reflecting upon what he has hitherto seen or heard, and to wander with them through their cold, insipid, unsubstantial scenes, without either interest or knowledge of his own to direct him, or to point out their mistakes.

The seven generally allowed to be pastorals, out of Virgil's ten eclogues, or select poems, are all written in a style of correctness, purity, and poetical elevation, far above the station of shepherds, and even the pastoral simplicity of Theocritus. The reader is never deceived, nor forgets the author in his dialogues. Virgil himself is always present, writing

in the polished language of the court of Augustus. As his eclogues were, probably, not all intended as pastorals; none of them seem to have been designed as imitations of real life. He copies plots, and thoughts, and the names even of shepherds, from his master, and like him is not ashamed to celebrate an unnatural passion; but his shepherds are only shepherds in masquerade, introduced to render more delicate and palatable, under the veil of learned allegories and fictions, the recital of his own good or bad fortune, or his flatteries to his patrons, with allusions to the civil war, the planting of colonies, and the murder of the emperor.

Such are those poems, of Theocritus and Virgil, that have any claim to the name of pastorals. To have included all the idyllia and eclogues, would have been still farther to have removed their general character into the regions of fable and allegory. Yet by the same critics who hold up Theocritus and Virgil as “excellent and perfect” models, it is most distinctly stated, in explicit and unqualified terms, that, as a picture imitates the features of the face, so poetry doth action; that pastoral poetry is the imitation of a pastoral action, either by bare narration, or by action, or both, being narrative, dramatic, or mixed; and that the definition of a pastoral is, *The imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one taken under that character.* See Heinsius in

his notes on *Theocritus*, Rapin de *Garmine pastorali*, Dryden, and Pope. Rapin farther observes, “not only Aristotle, but Horace too, has defined that poetry in general is imitation. I mention only these two; for though Plato in his second book *de Rep.* and in his *Timæus*, delivers the same thing, I shall not make use of his authority at all. Now as comedy, according to Aristotle, is the image and representation of a genteel and city life, so is pastoral poetry of a country and shepherd’s life; for since poetry in general is imitation, its several species must likewise imitate.” A definition, and remarks, so just, and unexceptionable, were not to be expected from the same pens that borrowed their artificial and contradictory rules, from artificial and fabulous models. But, nature, and common sense, will, at times, burst through the thickest mists of precedent and prejudice, that can be raised to conceal them.

Having attempted to characterize the *patterns*; it now deserves inquiry, if the RULES founded on them, are equally at variance with the models, as with the definition furnished by the critics and authors themselves who have collected the precepts, and established them as laws.

In criticising these *rules*, it will be sufficient to take notice of those last laid down by the most celebrated writers; as they not only contain all the

preceding ones, with their own additions, but likewise prove that they still remain in their full force, unobjected to, and unaltered. Indeed the ancients themselves have, unfortunately, left no precepts upon the subject ; though it is extremely probable, that, had they done so, they would, like those we are possessed of, have referred to the poetical golden age, and the precedents founded upon it. However, it has been thought to be enough, that Theocritus has produced examples ; and that these have been refined upon by Virgil. Theocritus, and Virgil, notwithstanding of the defects of the one, and the want of originality in the other, all succeeding writers of pastorals are ordered to imitate, as excellent and perfect models, in preference to nature, to which they considered fable and allegory to be superior ; and, as Virgil copied and borrowed from Theocritus, Pope, equally polished and correct, copied and borrowed from Virgil.

M. Boileau, in his *Art Poétique*, after cautioning writers of pastorals against the introduction of bombast, splendour, pomp, and noise on the one hand ; and the use of low and mean language on the other, making shepherds converse

“ ——— comme on parler au village ;”

observes, that between these two extremes, the path is difficult, and adds, somewhat inconsistently, when the gross vulgarity of language, clamour, and outcry, in the fourth and fifth idyllia of Theocritus are recollected,

“ Suiver, pour la trouver, Theocrite et Virgile.”

Not adverting to these two pastorals of Theocritus, he, in effect, ridicules the supposed impropriety of representing shepherds as speaking in the way they are found to converse in their own villages. But, if they are not to be allowed to talk to their companions in a style originating from, and suitable to the ideas which their habits necessarily generate; upon the same principle, it would be proper to free these genteel swains of the low servile offices which unavoidably attend their vocations, and also to separate them from their flocks, as it will be shown has actually been proposed by a first-rate critic. Mr Dryden, in the preface to his translation of Virgil's pastorals, calls this agreeable writer, “ one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight.” Whether or not this decision is just, or the reason assigned for his accuracy is well founded in this instance, it is unnecessary to investigate farther. The latter at least accounts, and apologizes for his inattention to the ef-

fects of nature, truth, and propriety. All these are sacrificed to the manes of antiquity, that, in imitation of Virgil in his fourth eclogue, he may render

“ — dignes d'un consul la campagne et le bois.”

Among the rules laid down for this kind of representation by *Dryden*, in his *Preface to Virgil's Pastorals*, not one is to be found enjoining the study of the originals. Although he remarks, that “all sorts of poetry consist in imitation,” and defines pastoral to be “the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character ;” instead of proposing the study of the occurrences, and the modes of acting and thinking connected with the shepherd life ; as if no such employment had existed since the first four thousand years of the world, he refers these writings to an age, with the manners of which we are unacquainted, and which, of course, it is impossible to “imitate.” In his fifth rule, indeed, he requires “some competent skill of the subject-matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced ;” but it is not easy to see in what way writers are, now, to acquire skill, as to that which made the characters of shepherds in Arcadia, near four thousand years ago ; and it would certainly not be expected that modern manners should be introduced, when the scene is laid in the middle of ancient Greece ; nor would

such be consistent with his other rules, and with the practices of Theocritus and Virgil, the patterns which, instead of a "shepherd," he holds up for imitation. His definition, and his rules, contradict, and are incompatible with each other ; and it is impossible, by any dexterity of adaptation, to reconcile them.

Mr Addison, in The Guardian, NOs. 22. 23. 28. 30. and 32., though biassed towards Philips, by the rival jealousy subsisting between himself and Pope, with his usual easy, graceful simplicity of style, delivers his opinions, on this engaging subject, as follows. "Pastoral poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of Fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams ; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens ; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true."

"In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world : For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the

manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise, it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.”—“An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound.”—“When a reader is placed in such a scene, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth

not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased. The first reason is, because all mankind love ease.”—“ We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure. A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects, are the growth of the country ; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in paradise ; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their elysium.” Finally, after having conveyed his “ reader into the Fairy, or Pastoral Land ;” blamed the modern Italians for being so profound and abstruse in their poetry, fond of surprising conceits, and far-fetched imaginations, and labouring chiefly to say what was never said before, which he exemplifies from the *A-minta* of Tasso, and *Pastor Fido* of Guarini ; contemn-

ed the French for their common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c., and for not thinking at all ; and laid down precepts, with examples, chiefly from Philips ; he adds, “ It is easy to be observed, that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen, Spenser and Philips, have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend.” When this recommendation is given, it is not adverted to, that it is incompatible with his former advice, that a writer of pastorals “ should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound.” The manners of this Fairy-land, are so inconsistent with the general “ manner of thinking” of Theocritus and Virgil, that to follow both recommendations is impracticable. This is sufficiently evident from what Mr Pope writes in his celebrated ironical *No.* 40, in which he personates, and continues the criticisms of, Mr Addison. “ I have,” says he, “ laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence: it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that design, degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view, it will appear, that Virgil can only have

two of his eclogues allowed to be such : his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent ; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second ; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord ; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and by the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals ; and, even out of that number, the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned."

If " pastoral," and " Fairy-land," are the same ; if pastoral poetry " is a dream, is a vision ;" and the pastoral " way of life is not now in being ;" how are we to " inquire into the manner of it," a dream, a vision, in a Fairy-land ! " when it actually did exist." Or if it did once actually exist, and we could inquire into the manner of it ; would this be compatible with the recommendation, " above all things" to follow the ancients ? When the directors and guides, thus, entangle and embarrass themselves amidst their dreams and visions, by taking an indistinct road in-

to an unknown country, what information is to be expected from their blind followers.

Inconsistent and unnatural as it is, Mr Addison's theory falls infinitely short of his pattern's practice. If Johnson is right, in saying Philips even "endeavoured to be natural," he has been very unsuccessful in his attempts. On examination, however, as his competitor Pope explains, he has only "given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books," by taking his whole third pastoral from the fifth of Virgil, and his "contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale," from Strada. In order to do full justice to the silly conceit as to the harmless simplicity of the first ages, *Philips* is so far from endeavouring, in his *Pastorals*, to be natural, that, to remove all doubt as to their connection with those distant and happy periods, he has made his shepherds resemble changelings, and has given them the actions and language of the nursery. In his fifth pastoral, entitled *Cuddly*, he has even so fully authorised Mr Addison's idea of the pastoral being a "Fairy Land," as to outrage possibility itself, by his imitating, from Strada, a foolish unnatural story, as if founded in fact, of a long musical competition between Colin Clout, and a Nightingale. By changing his instrument, from a pipe to a harp, and thus introducing harmony, Clout, after being defeated with the former, at

last proves victorious. What the effects of this triumph on the high-minded nightingale, and her tender-hearted rival, on its fatal consequences, so well calculated to please the taste and credulity of children are, he describes thus. Speaking of the poor vanquished nightingale,

“ How shall she bear a conq’ror, who before
“ No equal through the grove in music bore ?
“ She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
“ And fetcheth from her wings melodious groans :
“ Oppress’d with grief at last too great to quell,
“ Down breathless on the guilty harp she fell.
“ Then Colin loud lamented o’er the dead,
“ And unavailing tears profusely shed,
“ And broke his wicked strings, and curs’d his skill,
“ And best to make atonement for the ill,
“ If for such ill atonement might be made,
“ He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
“ Then adds a verse, and sets with flow’rs the ground,
“ And makes a fence of winding osiers round.
“ A verse and tomb is all I now can give,
“ And here thy name at least,” he said, “ shall live.”

“ Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
“ And by his tale unenvied praises won.”

That Cuddy won praises for such a tale from cuddies like himself, and that they were unenvied by shepherds of sense, is likely enough ; and, it is not to be wondered at, that the writer who exults upon

the adoption of it, from his inability to invent one so good himself, should have exclaimed in his second pastoral,

“ Ah silly I ! more silly than my sheep,

“ Which on the flow’ry banks I wont to keep.”

The nightingale’s “ melodious groans,” and these “ from her wings ;” the “ guilty harp,” and its “ wicked strings,” are only to be exceeded in absurdity by the infantine story itself. Nothing but his jealousy of, and wish to mortify Pope by the elevation of his competitor, could have tempted a man of Mr Addison’s taste to extol, and even draw his rules and illustrations, from such puerile productions as the pastorals of Philips.

On the same principle, *Gay* has followed an opposite course. In his *Shepherd’s Week*, he tries to set off these maxims by contrast ; and burlesques nature, as if to deter from imitation. Although such seems to be his object, he hardly appears, however, to be conscious of any himself. It is only to be discovered, in his preface to these pastorals, by the preponderance of two affirmatives over one negative. At the beginning of this *proeme*, after mentioning that “ such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth ; and the manners also

meetly copied from the rustical folk therein ;” he says, “ My love to my native country, Britain, much pricked me forward, to describe *aright* the manners of our *own* honest and laborious ploughmen.” The singular way in which he is to prosecute this undertaking, is, by ridiculing Theocritus, imitating Spenser, and by assigning, as he afterwards informs us, such language to his shepherds, as “ is neither spoken by the country maiden, or the courtly dame ; nay not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past ; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country ; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come.” Lastly, he concludes this curious introduction, as he began it, with the following sentence : “ Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of *thine own country*, limned by the painful hand of thy loving countryman, John Gay.” What to make of these contradictions it is not easy to know ; unless we endeavour to reconcile them, by adding fiction to imitation ; by admitting that the plots and sentiments in the *Shepherd’s Week* are representations of the most coarse clownish nature, rendered still more gross by

the debasements of ludicrous and uncouth artificial language ; all with the general design of giving an unfavourable view of real rustic life. Their more immediate object, originating in literary politics, is thus accounted for by Johnson in his *Life of Gay*,

“ Next year he published *The Shepherd's Week*, six English pastorals, in which the images are drawn from real life, such as it appears among the rustics in parts of England remote from London. Steele, in some papers of the *Guardian*, had praised Ambrose Philips as the pastoral writer that yielded only to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, who had also published pastorals, not pleased to be overlooked, drew up a comparison of his own compositions with those of Philips, in which he covertly gave himself the preference, while he seemed to disown it. Not content with this, he is supposed to have incited Gay to write the *Shepherd's Week*, to shew, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it. So far the plan was reasonable ; but the pastorals are introduced by a *proeme*, written with such imitation as they could attain of obsolete language, and by consequence in a style that was never spoken nor written in any age or in any place.

“ But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to shew them grovelling and degraded. These pastorals became popular, and were read with delight as just representations of rural manners and occupations by those who had no interest in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of the critical dispute.”

If, however, this “supposed” origin of these pastorals is well founded, it was certainly very impolitic in Pope, and Gay, when their aim was “to shew, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it,” to flatly contradict the fact, as to their copying nature, and completely to defeat their own intention, by, themselves, declaring in their *proeme*, that the language of the *Shepherd's Week* is “not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future;” and, after such a declaration by Gay himself, his biographer is equally inconsistent, in ascribing its popularity to “the effect of reality and truth,” at the same time that he admits, to its utmost extent, even when shown “grovelling and degraded,” the irresistible “delight” which a “just representation of rural manners and occupations” always affords. To that portion of nature which

these pastorals contain, aided by humour and novelty, may, indeed, rightly be placed their popularity ; but, if only a partial, grovelling, and degraded representation can raise delight, how much more exquisite, of course, must that be, which should flow from a full, genuine, pure, and agreeable exhibition of reality and truth. From this unaffected source, in a great measure, as being drawn from observation, though chiefly of common life, springs the pleasure which arises from the poems of Gay, as well as of his friend Ramsay, who addressed his poetical epistle to him as “ Author of the *Shepherd’s Week*, on hearing her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry commend some of his poems.”

In the *Shepherd’s Week*, of the *proeme* the prominent feature seems to be irony, if amidst such contradictory confusion any can be distinguished ; and of the *pastorals* themselves, the drift is to burlesque and caricature rustic life, so as at the same time to deceive, such as knew as little of it as Johnson, into the conviction, that “ nature” was copied “ with minuteness,” and on this supposition to excite, not, as it turned out, the “ delight” arising from the “ effect of reality and truth,” but the laugh of disapprobation and contempt.

Mr Pope, himself, though in a serious strain, in the preface to his own elegant pastorals, is little less unintelligible and contradictory. His ideas in this classical *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, are grounded on the practices of Theocritus and Virgil ; and he refines upon nature, till his inconsistencies announce that she is no longer his guide. Like the latter, whom, as he confesses, in his letters to Walsh, he not only imitates, but borrows largely from, he does the same in his *pastorals* themselves. Having, from his predecessors, defined a pastoral to be “ an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character ; if we would copy nature,” says he, “ it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age : So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been ; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life.”

Thus, we are to imitate “ the action of a shepherd,” and to “ copy nature,” by “ an image of what they call the golden age,” and by describing “ shepherds,” not “ as shepherds at this day really are, but, as they may be conceived then to have

been ;” although it is evident, that to figure or conceive, and to imitate, are very different operations ; and that it is impossible to “ copy nature” without actual observation, or to borrow the interest she invariably excites, without the aids of experience and recollection. By the patient and agent, or reader and writer, alike, her impressions must first have been received directly from herself by the senses, before her lively effects can be either produced upon the one, or copied by the other. “ The reason,” says Mr Addison, in the *Guardian*, NO. 30., why such changes from the ancients “ as the introduction of modern rustical superstitions of fairies, goblins, witches, proverbs, dresses, sports, &c. should be introduced into pastorals is obvious ; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs that are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.” So that, in fact, the following Mr Pope’s injunction, “ not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are,” is to deprive this species of poetry of its character, its value, and its interest as an imitative art. Of the three kinds of imitation ; that of the objects before us : of those recalled by the memory : and of those exaggerated and distorted by the fancy : it may still retain its

claim to be called the imitation of the last : yet, as these secondary images are at best but the phantoms, the flimsy superstructures of the imagination, indebted to those primarily communicated by the senses, for their existence and support, however wild and eccentric ; and are only to be found in their author's brain ; of course, except himself, as none can have access to, or be acquainted with, his originals, concerning such, “ no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.”

Poetry, through the medium of words, can imitate and bring to our recollection thoughts and expressions, and describe appearances and actions, either singly, or in succession. Painting, her sister art, by the more direct and universally intelligible means of colours, can bring the objects and actions, and thoughts likewise, before us, which she has imitated, either singly, or by a succession of pictures, like those of Hogarth, till the story is concluded. Monsieur de Piles, in his excellent volume on the Art of Painting, in his reflections on the works of Poussin, who, like Pope, was too much attached to the ancients, observes, that “ he was a skilful anatomist, and acquired a consummate habitude of design, after the antique gusto, yet, even in his designs, he did not consider nature, as the origin of all beauty, so much as he should have done ; he thought sculp-

ture was to be preferred before her, though she is the mistress of all arts, and always valued the imitation of the ancients more than the life." As in the cold imitations of art in poetry, "by this means," continues he, "the naked of his figures, in most part of his pictures, has something in it resembling painted stone, and is rather like the hardness of marble, than the delicacy of flesh, full of blood and life." In another place, which also applies to poetry, it is remarked, from the same cause, that Pousin, "by neglecting to imitate nature, the fountain of variety, fell often on very apparent repetitions, both in the airs of his heads, and his expressions." This observation is preceded by one almost equally applicable to the sister art, the addition of which will be sufficient to illustrate their connection. "His chief aim," says this able critic, "was to please the eyes of the understanding, though, without dispute, every thing that is instructive in painting ought to communicate itself to the understanding only by the satisfaction of the eyes, by a perfect imitation of nature; and this is the whole duty, and ought to be the whole aim of painting." In confirmation of this parallel, it is equally evident, that no man can be delighted, or instructed, with the imitations in poetry, alluding to a golden or fictitious age, of characters, manners, actions, and sentiments, with which he has no connection, or knowledge of.

Of all the modes of imitation, that from the objects themselves being the most faithful and exact, must unquestionably be the most valuable, instructive, and interesting. Next in place, of course, must be that from their blunted, decayed, and shadowy impressions remaining in the memory; the truth and correctness of which depend upon their original accuracy and force, and their degree of unfaded vigour. Farthest removed from the models, and consequently the most unlike, uninformative, and insipid, is that from copies, or from the incongruous, phantastic images raised by the fancy, on what it has collected from the senses, by means of the materials they furnish, and on which only it can work. To imitate the first, is to copy the work of the Creator, in its primitive original fitness and purity; and to choose the last, is to mimic the derivative, extravagant efforts of his creature, in destroying its symmetry, and disfiguring its beauty. Dr Beattie, a philosopher, and like Dryden, Addison, and Pope, a critic and a poet, in one of his letters, on the subject of Oriental Poetry, writes to his correspondent in these words, which shall conclude the reflections occasioned by Mr Pope's *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, and support them by the additional aid of his authority.

“ I have never seen Mr Jones’s imitations of the Asiatic poetry. From what you say of them, I am sure they will entertain me ; though I am entirely of your opinion, that, if they had been translations, they would have been much more valuable, and the more literal the better. Such things deserve attention, not so much from the amusement they yield to the fancy, as for the knowledge they convey of the minds and manners of the people among whom they are produced. To those who have feelings, and are capable of observation, that poetical expression and description will be most agreeable, which corresponds most exactly to their own experience. I cannot sympathise with passions I never felt ; and when objects are described in colours, shapes, and proportions, quite unlike what I have been accustomed to, I suspect that the descriptions are not just, and that it is not *nature* that is presented to my view, but the dreams of a man who had never studied nature.”

Notwithstanding of these glaring absurdities, into which all his predecessors in criticism had fallen, owing to their ignorance and contempt of nature, from its supposed disgusting inelegance, and their servile, superstitious preference of the ancients, as their models in pastoral poetry, *Dr Johnson*, though in general no blind imitator of others, has adopted

their sentiments on this subject, and has reasoned on their maxims, as if they had been altogether incontrovertible. This inadvertent oversight is the more remarkable, as these very principles, and consequent practice, have occasioned the antipathy, which in his last celebrated biographical work, he shows, on every opportunity, to pastoral poetry. In his *Life of Cowley*, including an account of the metaphysical poets, he observes, that “the basis of all excellency is truth;” that Cowley, “while he was yet at school, produced a comedy.”—“This comedy,” says he, “is of the pastoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world; and, therefore, the time at which it was composed, adds little to the wonders of Cowley’s minority.” In his remarks on the metaphysical poets, of whom Cowley was the last, he adds, “If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, an imitative art, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated any thing: they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.” In his *Life of Shenstone*, on his Pastoral Ballad, he expresses himself thus: “I cannot but regret that it is pastoral; an intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the crook, the pipe, the sheep, and the kids, which it is

not necessary to bring forward to notice ; for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to shew the beauties, without the grossness, of the country life." Thus, in the same sentence in which pastorals are censured for their dissimilitude to " the scenes of real life," are their subjects, the poor shepherds, at last, stripped of their *crooks*, their *pipes*, their *sheep*, and their *kids*, after being prohibited, by *Boileau*, and others, from acting agreeably to their situations, and speaking according to the dictates of nature, as they are accustomed to do in their villages : Yet still it is resolved that they shall remain shepherds, and that the poem into which they are introduced shall be called a pastoral, although without flocks, and deprived of those manners and sentiments which the pastoral state necessarily produces. The *crook*, the *pipe*, and the *flock*, are as intimately connected with a pastoral, as the *sword*, the *trumpet*, and the *horse*, with a heroic poem ; and the use of these in the one is attended, many may think, with a greater degree of " grossness," than of those in the other. Nevertheless, it is believed, it would be considered as somewhat novel and extraordinary, to apply the same rules to the latter, by discarding from it, as gross and inelegant, the manners and language of the camp, all instruments of slaughter, martial music, and horses.

Under these impressions ; the belief that “ the scenes of real life ” were incompatible with pastoral poetry ; and with such pastorals before him as were alone to be met with, previous to the appearance of Ramsay’s comedy, which his prejudices kept him ignorant of ; it is not surprising that this able, and splenetic biographer should conclude his life of *Gay* with the following observations, on his pastoral tragedy of *Dione*.

“ *Dione* is a counterpart to *Aminta*, and *Pastor Fido*, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians call comedies, from a happy conclusion, Gay calls a tragedy, from a mournful event ; but the style of the Italians and of Gay is equally tragical. There is something in the poetical *Arcadia* so remote from known reality and speculative possibility, that we can never support its representation through a long work. A pastoral of an hundred lines may be endured ; but who will hear of sheep, and goats, and myrtle bowers, and purling rivulets, through five acts ? Such scenes please barbarians in the dawn of literature, and children in the dawn of life ; but will be for the most part thrown away, as men grow wise, and nations grow learned.”

All this is perfectly just ; but, after acknowledging the “delight” invariably produced from “the effect of reality and truth, even when the intention was to shew them grovelling and degraded,” in the *Shepherd’s Week* ; it is astonishing to find, instead of advising the obvious remedy, and confining his reflections to the poets and critics who have deviated so remotely “from known reality and speculative possibility,” a proposal to deviate still farther from “known reality,” by the exclusion of those instruments and objects which form the characteristic attributes of the shepherd state, in his *Life of Shenstone*. I was not to be apprehended, that so acute a critic and poet would mistake the object of his censures, by directing them against pastoral poetry itself, in place of its poets, and legislators ; or would counteract them, and “sicken at the mention” of the few remains that were left to it of what is appropriate in nature.

Boileau, Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson, ascribe too much to art and culture, as the ancients did before them. They resemble the philosophers, and their successors, from Aristotle to Bacon ; who thought every thing was to be accomplished by reason alone, without descending to observation and experiment. The consequence has been the same in both cases. Syllogistic ingenuity has ended in ri-

dicule, and pastoral elegance in disgust. Such are the dangers of losing sight of nature and experience, in pursuit of ideal superiority.

Of a piece with these despotic rules, are their puny spiritless offsprings. Lest they should shock good company by their honest open-hearted rusticity, shepherds have been brought to town by city poet after poet, and taught by their preceptors to act and speak with becoming delicacy. They have been introduced to new acquaintances ; instructed in arts and sciences they never heard of before ; and have been polished and urbanized by artificial refinements, till they have at last retained nothing either rural or natural, but, in some cases, their names. Of this, all the pastorals, and pastoral dramas, that have been seriously written, from the age of Theocritus till that of Ramsay, are sufficient proofs.

A blind and convenient veneration for the ancients ; and an ignorant prepossession against rural nature ; will sufficiently account for the diseases that have crept into this kind of poetry, and the consequent disgust which at last it has excited. The habitual ascendancy of precedent, with the servile vanity of learning, introduced them ; and indolence cherished their growth, by the more easy access to books than to an acquaintance with country life. Hence, in the

language of painting, like all those in that art who mimic a favourite master, instead of nature, the pastoral writers, till the time of Ramsay, have been *mannerists*. Their characters being drawn from the same patterns, and their own general vague ideas founded on these, are thus necessarily cast in the same mould, and are unavoidably cold, uniform, and tiresome in their effects. Hence, too, from the same bigotry of adoption, the frequent incongruity of the names, persons, sentiments, and language they introduce. A disgusting, and discordant medley of these is drawn from Greece, Italy, England and Scotland, stuffed with stale topics, and thread-bare common places ; a hotch-pot of incongruities ; an affected jumble of erudition, elegance, and rusticity ; a dish of ingredients, that in fact never were, or ever will be found to assimilate, and which no art of cookery can render palatable to a good taste.

If astronomy, theology, philosophy, and refinements, must be connected with the country to show the writer's learning and politeness at the expence of his judgment, let astronomers, divines, philosophers, and courtiers, be brought into it for the purpose ; but why outrage probability and truth by giving such attainments to shepherds ! We find, indeed, as Mr Dryden observes, from the writings of Moses, and the poems of Homer, that, in the first

ages, shepherds were often kings ; those that drew and brought water from the wells for domestic uses, princesses ; and, in the ninth *Æneid* of Virgil, that a block-cleaver was master of the horse to king Latinus ; but, as to civilization, they seem to have been almost on a level with the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands at present, as the servile offices, and mean employments in which they are frequently engaged evince. Of this, the description in the same *Æneid*, which Numanus, the brother-in-law of Turnus, gives of his countrymen, is a farther proof, concluding with the following lines.

“ Canitiem galea premimus ; semperque recentis

“ Conportare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.”

Such occupations, thus applied, in Homer, and Virgil, are natural and proper ; because they are agreeable to the state of society when their heroes and heroines are represented to have lived. But, it is as unwarranted to attach to one of these shepherd kings the taste and learning of a civilized monarch, as it would be to ascribe the sentiments and manners of the first consul, now emperor, of France, to the plain and honest Cincinnatus, who was called to his rank and command from ploughing his four acres of ground. When kings were shepherds, from analogy, we may believe their pursuits would lead

them into a corresponding mode of acting and speaking, with what we find the offsprings of similar habits at present. Theocritus violated truth in this respect ; Virgil deviated still farther from it ; Spenser and Pope lost sight of it altogether ; the one misled by the Roman poet's allegories and learning, and the other by his superfluous elegance. The refinements of Virgil have been more attended to, than the stage in the progress of society and manners in which men of comparative rank and dignity follow their herds and flocks, and thus absurdly has been applied to persons of eminence in the first ages of the world, the unsuitable graces and attainments of the most accomplished characters in their own times. Every impropriety has become proper under the sanction of the ancients, and the accommodating history of the golden age ; and degeneracy, conducted by precedent, has brought pastoral poetry at last, as an imitative art, within the narrow limits of mere example. Webb on painting, in treating of *design*, observes of modern statuary, what may justly be applied to these pastoral poets. “ In the production of the moderns, their greatest merit is a servile imitation of the antique ; the moment they lose sight of them, they are lost. In the elegant, they are little ; in the great, charged ; character they have none ; their beauty is the result of measure, not idea.”

Says Horace to Mæcenas, in one of his *epistles*,

“ Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile proh ! si

“ Pallerem casu, biberent ex sanguine cuminum.

“ O imitatores, servum pecus ; ut mihi sæpe

“ Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus !”

He seems to have had as many imitators in his own time, as since ; and even his vanity, though so highly flattered, was insufficient to overcome the disgust they excited. It did not, however, deter himself, in his celebrated work *De Arte Poetica*, from being the follower of Aristotle, as Virgil was of Theocritus. But he was not one of the *servile herd*, who lose the ability to produce any thing of their own, in their indiscriminate endeavours to resemble others.

The *prejudice against rural nature*, is no less preposterous than that *in favour of antiquity*.

Though there is, undoubtedly, much less grossness and brutality, and of every thing corrupt, disagreeable, and disgusting, in the country than in towns ; there can be no stronger proof of city prejudices, and ignorance on the subject, than to suppose that truth and elegance are inconsistent, in describing the real manners, and in copying the sentiments and language of peasants. It might as justly be pretended that they are inconsistent with faithful imitation,

in a landscape, of the artless scenery which surrounds them. There are different degrees of characteristic beauty in the objects, and of native taste among the inhabitants of the country, as well as among those that have been starched by the ceremonies, and smoothed and brightened by the agitation and bustle of a town. Their effects, too, are proportionally more agreeable to an unperverted judgment, in their appearance, and on behaviour and conversation ; as there is much less affectation, and more independency, originality, vigour of thought, energy of expression, sprightliness, ease, and innocence, than in crowded and sickly situations. By a proper choice of models and incidents, of thoughts and words, dignity and grace, both in dialect and diction, in description and sentiment, are therefore perfectly within the reach of rural nature, and compatible with the most striking likeness of it, without obliging us to have recourse, as critics and authors, with the exception of Ramsay, have unfortunately supposed, to a visionary golden age, beyond the sphere of our knowledge, or to any other age but that in which we live, the manners of which only it is in our power to imitate. *The Cottar's Saturday Night* of Burns, who was himself a peasant, is most faithfully exact, both in language and costume, and is at the same time so far from exhibiting any thing low or coarse, that, in sublimity and tenderness, it bids de-

fiance to the most delicate taste, and, as a picture, would adorn any pastoral drama however polished.

Had Spenser, and his imitator, Philips, attended to real life in a pastoral district, the former would not have been driven to eke out his eglogues with allegories, and the latter to make his shepherds speak the language of the nursery in order to seem natural: He would have found actual shepherds possessed of more observation and shrewdness of remark, perhaps, than he was able to ascribe to them. By studying nature in the country, had Gay's observations been sufficiently numerous and correct, he might have produced, in his *Dione*, not "a counterpart" to the affected, artificial, fabulous, and uninteresting scenes of the "Amynta, and Pastor Fido," but to *The Gentle Shepherd* of his friend Ramsay. He might have added to it the importance and value of historical truth; left a curious fund of useful entertainment to posterity, in a rural picture of the times; and thus have avoided the just censure which his biographer has bestowed on this pastoral tragedy, as being, in common with such of "the poetical arcadia" as he was acquainted with, "so remote from known reality, and speculative possibility."

Picturesque grace, it is well known, in the sister imitative art, may, with the most scrupulous adhe-

rence to nature, be given to a clown, in so far as ease is essential to it, with more propriety than to a courtier. Callot has even contrived to bestow grace upon his beggars, without diminishing the wretchedness of their appearances. These observations are equally applicable to the poet. In description, he possesses the same powers over his imitative sister art, of rendering his figures and scenery only the more powerfully and universally attractive and interesting from their commonness and want of art, by the elegant simplicity of his resemblances. Dolce, in his *Arete*, calls him a speaking painter.

“ Ut pictura poesis erit ; similisque poesi

“ Sit pictura ; refert par æmula quæque sororum,

“ Alternantque vices et nomina ; muta poesis

“ Dicitur hæc, pictura loquens solet illa vocari.”

Du Fresnoy, De Arte Graphica.

Deviations from nature, observation, and experiment, in proportion to their distances, have equally produced error, insipidity, and at last disgust and contempt, in all the fine arts as well as in philosophy. In sculpture, painting, gardening, music, poetry, and eloquence, according to their degrees of remoteness, their powers are weakened, as resemblance yields to refinement, truth to affectation, reality to fiction, effect to difficulty of execution, pathos to a display of science and labour, expression to ingenui-

ty, simplicity to glitter and ornament, attention to the passions and the heart to the raising surprise and wonder, conviction to the subtilties of learning, and, as authority, prejudice, and fashion encroach on the evidence of the senses, and the unperverted feelings of the mind. In every case, "the basis of all excellence is truth," and its end the production of effect. Imitation without truth is impotent and dead; and is less or more active and powerful, as it recedes from or approaches towards it. Degeneracy and affectation are the results, when effect on the senses, the passions, and the understanding, is relinquished for the ostentation of art and execution, and the punishment and remedy, in the end, is contempt. Although a strong likeness is necessary to produce a strong effect, and the more strikingly characteristic it is the deeper will be the impression; although truth is infinitely superior to every other recommendation; to make a picture agreeable, as well as faithful, the most perfect models, however, should be selected, and even these should be copied in their most graceful attitudes, and with the strongest lights upon their greatest beauties.

The preceding observations have been chiefly confined to such poems of the primitive and simplest kinds, in imitation of the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil, as consist of a single rural scene, in which

one or more shepherds, by a soliloquy or dialogue with corresponding actions, conduct an apologue, or little plot. Each of them forms a pastoral drama, of one act, and one scene. They seem to have been the earliest of all dramatic compositions. Virgil merely refined upon Theocritus ; and, unless we admit the *Cyclops* of Euripides, with Rapin, none of the ancients ever extended them farther, so as, by a succession of acts and scenes with a greater number of characters and a more important story, to excite a higher interest and raise them to the rank of other plays ; or, which would have produced the same effect, gave these a pastoral character, by laying their scenes in a grazing country among shepherds and peasants.

This elevation of the pastoral, or new application of the drama, was reserved for the moderns ; but the same rules were still retained, and the same principles practised, in the pastoral drama, that the idyls and eclogues had given birth to, and, as might be expected, the same mischiefs ensued.

The introductory act of the *Orfeo* of Politiano, which was written about the year 1475, is entitled *Pastorale*. It was a preliminary step to what followed.—In 1553 the first complete pastoral drama attempted for the stage, according to Dr Burney, was

the *Sacrificio Favola Pastorale* of Agostino de Beccari. It is published in *Il Parnaso Italiano*.—The *Aminta* of Tasso appeared in 1573.—To this the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini ;—and then the *Filli di Sciro*, of Bonarelli, succeeded.—The fabulous age, with the sylvan theology of the Greeks, is retained ; and Pan with his attendants and subjects, still keeps possession of the woods. The most celebrated English pastoral dramas, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Masque of Comus*, by our two great poets Shakespeare, and Milton, equally disregard the propriety of truth ; but they have the merit of originality, and their wild extravagant impossibilities are hid by a blaze of invention and poetry, that astonishes and interests, in defiance of every objection. They are no less uninstrusive, and incredible ; but novelty, boldness of fancy, richness of ornament, and greatness of style in their composition, irresistibly attract admiration, and force them into that value and importance which they have obtained.

The *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro*, have been accounted the best of all the pastoral plays of the Italians ; and of these the *Aminta* is allowed to be the first in merit as well as date, and the *Pastor Fido* the second.

Mr Addison in *The Guardian*, NO. 28. *Monday*, April 13. 1713, informs us on this subject thus : “ The Italians were the first among the moderns that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini’s *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the sylvan gods, the dryads, and the satyrs appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, are like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia, in Tasso’s poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, “ *she doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.*” In the

Pastor Fido, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, "*for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.*" Whoever can bear this, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

"The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write most accurately, fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. "*The shepherds,*" saith he, "*are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.*"

From the order in which they are placed, and the manner they are quoted and spoken of, Mr Addison evidently prefers the *Aminta* before the *Pastor Fido*.

“ Tasso, in his *Aminta*,” says Mr Pope, in his *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, “ has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country.” This is likewise held to be undisputed by *Walsh*, whom *Dryden* calls the best critic of his age. In his letter to Pope of 24th June 1706, he writes thus: “ I mentioned somewhat to you in London of a pastoral comedy, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find *Menage* in his observations upon Tasso’s *Aminta*, reckons up fourscore pastoral plays in Italian : and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many pastoral and piscatory plays, which, I suppose, *Menage* reckons together. I find also by *Menage*, that Tasso is not the first that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I.” (This seems to be the *Sacrificio Favola Pastorale* of *Agostino de Beccari*). “ But as the *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli* are the three best, so, I think, there is no dispute but *Aminta* is the best of the three,” &c.—“ I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with success. *Racan*’s *Bergeries* are much infe-

rior to his lyric poems ; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits."

To this *Pope* answers in his letter of the 2d of the next month, " I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing : Conceit is to nature, what paint is to beauty ; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit : insomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the pastoral," &c. By the way, *Pope* here evidently contradicts himself. What he writes, obviously, places epigrammatic below pastoral, whilst he calls the latter the lowest poetry. Besides, if pastoral poetry requires, as it certainly does, " simplicity," and if " in simplicity" " there is a certain *majesty* which is far *above* all the quaintness of wit," how can it be " the lowest," or even low poetry. Who ever heard of low majesty ! or of the lowest in degree being far above a higher in the same scale ! It is thus that learning often creates prejudices, its artificial arrangements, too, involving themselves in confusion, and

absurdities, when inconsistent with the spontaneous recollections of experience, and conclusions of the judgment. It frequently repeats errors for truths; and an ounce of good sense is worth a pound of it.

After the decisions of three such critics and poets, published about a hundred years ago, it is curious to find the remarker on Ramsay's writings in 1800, as if it had been yet left to his decision, still pondering, ruminating, and balancing the merits of the *Pastor Fido* against those of the *Aminta*, and at last, with an air of importance and discovery, taking the penetration entirely to himself of giving the preference to the latter.

That Pope did not write a pastoral comedy is perhaps not much to be regretted. In the subsequent part of his letter, he says, he would imitate Tasso if he were to do so, which would be only to add to the number of extravagant tinsel conceits, fabulously childish incredible incidents, affected scenery, unnatural characters, forced far-fetched thoughts, and artificial unsuitable expressions, which have, deservedly, sunk such puerile productions into contempt. Besides a deficiency of invention, and his ignorance of rural life, his veneration for the ancients would only, at the best, have led to the production of an elegant and classical trifle, equally

“ remote from known reality, and speculative possibility.” We should scarcely, however, have expected that one who in his letters, containing his genuine and undisguised sentiments, free from prejudice and authority, lays so much stress on the beauties of nature and truth, should deviate so far from both, in every circumstance of his pastorals ; should advance, or rather repeat, such doctrines as he does in his *Discourse* prefixed to them ; and, in case of his writing a pastoral comedy, should propose to imitate the conceits of Tasso.

But the precepts of the critics, in general, were probably formed from the practices of Theocritus and Virgil, less from conviction, than convenience to suit the only models with which they were acquainted ; and, in like manner, the poets mimicked them, always at hand, because they were, in fact, unable to give just and agreeable representations of rural life, with conformity to truth and nature, the beauties of which they were, in reality, so sensible of, had they been within their reach.

That this was Pope’s case, besides his letters, as well as Gay’s, we have evidence ; for, as has been mentioned in the *Life of Ramsay*, notwithstanding of the doctrines in his *Discourse*, and his never having been in

Scotland, so as to enjoy either its likenesses or its language, he was delighted with *The Gentle Shepherd*. Led away by his secret attachment to it, Gay has introduced into his *Shepherd's Week*, insensibly, even more of actual life, from the little he had observed of it in the country, than he appears to have intended, or was consistent with its design.

But, of those who, by residing among them, have advantages denied to him, none can be thoroughly acquainted with the manners of shepherds and peasants altogether free from disguise, unless such as have risen from their own level; have seen them without reserve or restraint; and, from early usage, can act and speak like themselves, amidst the scenes peculiar to them.

In this respect, the lots of Ramsay and Burns were extremely fortunate. Indeed, the appearance of a genius taught solely in the school of nature, would seem to be a providential mean of recalling taste to its proper standard, and a remedy for its disgusting diseases of urbanity produced by learning and refinement. Genius is seldom associated with much erudition, or a strong memory. It generally disdains to learn, what it often despises; or to follow, when it can lead. No man with good legs, will have recourse to a mechanic for crutches. The most exalted

genuises have, usually, been indebted merely to their own powers and observation. Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Ossian, and other self-taught favourites of heaven, have furnished examples for rules and imitation; but owed little to those that went before them. *Qui sibi fidit dux, regit examen.* The acute-ness of their perceptive and communicative faculties, in Ramsay and Burns, enabled them, from the advantageous opportunities they had of minute observation, to paint the characters and scenes they had seen with a force of colouring, a strength of effect, and an irresistibly impressive appropriate beauty, of which city learning, wit, and refinement, with every aid they could muster from the ancients and their imitators, were altogether incapable. No wonder, therefore, when the originals were so far removed from them, that town-bred writers should substitute artificial rules, and authorities, as their guides, and patterns, for their own ease, and to give value to their productions.

An attachment to a fictitious age, in such pastoral romances as those of Tasso and Guarini, is thus, too, easily accounted for, on the same principles as are applied by The Rambler, NO. 4., to the heroic romances once so prevalent. “We cannot wonder,” says he, “that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it,” this species of

writing ; “ for, when a man had by practice gained some fluency of language, he had no further care, than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention and heat his mind with incredibilities : a book was thus produced, without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.” Notwithstanding of his acquiescence in its rules, and his proposal even to refine upon them by discarding from pastorals, as gross, the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*, which in nature are the characteristics of the shepherd state, in NO. 37., the same writer inadvertently observes, as if in spite of himself, that the authors and critics of latter times have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties in writing or judging of pastoral poetry, “ by advancing principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a species of composition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.”

Theatrical compositions, in their usual form, were divided into the *old*, the *middle*, and the *new*. The Greek dramatists, at first, introduced real facts, and actually existing characters even by their proper and usual names, *non sine multa laude*, in the opinion of Horace: Afterwards, the subjects continued real, but

the names were fictitious. In the *new* comedy, all is imaginary.

Tasso, Guarini, and others, followed the beaten tract of pastorals. The Grecian mythology, fabulous characters, ideal manners, affectation, and conceit, excluded imitation from the pastoral drama, and rendered it, in every part, a mixture of incredible absurdities. Even with regard to Arcadia itself, truth continued to be violated, not only by the imaginary, but by the foppish finery of the real characters introduced into it; for, according to Polybius, the Arcadians, owing to the mountainousness of their country, and the severity of the weather, were very rugged and unsociable. They neither could interest, nor deceive; for their scenes recall nothing to the memory; and are like nothing, but each other.

Ramsay has struck out a path, in the pastoral drama, altogether new. It corresponds to that of the *middle* comedy, in which the subjects continued real, and only the names were fictitious. Instead of these

“ — versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ,”

from what he has achieved, he might have said

“ Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quis

“ Speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret

“ Ausus idem.”

He has thus restored it to its place among the imitative arts, requiring for its excellence an intimate acquaintance with the living world ; and has raised pastoral from what Pope calls “ the lowest,” to a level with the highest kinds of poetry. “ Knowledge of the human heart,” says Dr Beattie in his Letter on Ossian’s Poems, “ is a science of the highest dignity. It is recommended not only by its own importance, but also by this, that none but an exalted genius is capable of it. To delineate the objects of the material world requires a fine imagination, but to penetrate into the mental system, and to describe its different objects, with all their distinguishing (though sometimes almost imperceptible) peculiarities, requires an imagination far more extensive and vigorous.”—“ If this accurate delineation of character be allowed the highest species of poetry, (and this, I think, is generally allowed), may I not ask whether Ossian is not extremely defective in the *highest* species of poetry ?” No reader would ever think of asking any such question with regard to Ramsay. With the strictest adherence to nature in the most exquisite choice of appropriate scenery, he has beautifully delineated “ the objects of the material world ;” and his penetration, judgment, and powers of expression in the “ accurate delineation of character,” “ the *highest* species of poetry,” with the

nicest adaptation of place, action, sentiment, and language, to each person, are equally admirable. In imitation, and deception, his pastoral comedy is unrivalled; as the unexampled interest which it universally excites, especially among such as are acquainted with his originals, undeniably proves. The characters are all varied, accurately discriminated, strongly marked, artfully contrasted, suited to their situations, and equally and ably supported throughout. His Sir William Worthy, Symon and Glaud, Patie and Roger, Bauldy, Peggy and Jenny, Elspa, Madge, and Mause, are as distinguishable by their peculiarities, in behaviour, thought, and expression, as by their names. His practice was perfectly conformable to the excellent advice of his favourite and congenial poet, whom he often imitated.

“ *Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo*

“ *Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.*”

When Pope, in 1706, called pastoral “the lowest” poetry, he had no conception of what it was capable, and how it was to be applied in Scotland afterwards. If, with Johnson, “truth,” and exactness of “imitation,” are to be the criterions by which we are to judge of poetry, Ramsay should stand high in the ranks of merit, and be well entitled to the name of poet; since he has with equal accuracy

“ painted the forms of matter,” and “ represented the operations of intellect.”

The only direct, and the most certain and effectual way of insuring truth, “ the basis of all excellence,” and a “ right to the name of poet” by successful imitation, is, unquestionably, to select and copy *individual* nature, agreeably to the method in the *middle* comedy: To adopt the practice of the most celebrated painters, as the only road to lasting fame: To follow the mode Hogarth and Allan found indispensable, in order to give just pictures of English and Scottish scenes, characters, and manners: To lay the plot in a suitable place; draw the descriptions from its objects; and the language, dialogues, and modes of acting and thinking from its inhabitants.

On reflection it will be found, in fact, that our feelings, spontaneously, point out to us the superiority of this plan above all others. We are so conscious of the impotency of invention, and so impressed, involuntarily, with the advantages arising from individual imitation, that no sooner a scene or character, in a picture or a poem, appears unusually and strikingly natural, than it is instantly felt and declared at once, with the fullest conviction and confidence of its being so, to be a portrait, by every person of taste and penetration, and frequently even by

such as have little of either, although unacquainted with the prototype in nature. Even in England, the truth of Ramsay's pictures deeply affect, with pleasure and interest, many who, like Pope, never were in Scotland. If a painter and writer were so instinctively sensible of direct imitation, when in the situations of mere spectator and reader, it is not surprising that it should be resorted to, by those of the highest celebrity, so often, in order to produce the same effects upon others, that they felt in themselves. In painting it is indispensable, in a Raphael, as well as a Hogarth; and the most impressive characters drawn with the pen, no less than with the pencil, are those from particular nature, obviously, because, of course, they must be delineated with the greatest possible degree of accuracy, consistency, and truth. Shakespeare, Moliere, Fielding, Smollet, and others, from the examples they furnish, seem to have been fully sensible of the advantages attending individual imitation. The brilliant description which Virgil gives of the introduction of Æneas into the presence of Dido, Mr Webb thinks has been taken from some celebrated picture. It is certain that his Laocoon is a representation from the famous statue of the three Rhodians, Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander, now in a court of the Belvedere garden. The beautiful Musidora of Thomson is, avowedly, a copy of the Venus de Medicis; and his Celadon and

Amelia of a real event, narrated, in a letter, by Gay. Dryden and Pope have introduced many portraits, not the least interesting parts of them, into their poems. Dr Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*, was no less indebted to the objects around him for his scenery. Says Sir William Forbes, in his *Life*, "At a small distance from the place of his residence, a deep and extensive glen, finely clothed with wood, runs up into the mountains. Thither he frequently repaired, and there several of his earliest pieces were written. From that wild and romantic spot he drew, as from the life, some of the finest descriptions and most beautiful pictures of nature, in his poetical compositions." Of this his friend gives several instances. A number of Ramsay's smaller pieces are only valuable as permanent representations of what he saw, and heard; as authentic and entertaining registers of life and manners, in former times. Most of the more elegant effusions of Burns are spirited sketches, or drawings, of such occurrences as he met with; sometimes taken on the spot, and executed with ease and freedom. Like that of Ramsay, his most beautiful and interesting poem, too, is directly borrowed from nature. The characters are evidently portraits. It is said to be a family-picture, accurately painted from what passed before him in his father's cottage. It bears, indeed, a stamp of truth directly from the originals, and ex-

cites a sympathy in the breast of every reader, which, like a faithful picture, nothing but a transcript from individual nature can produce. To this circumstance, with the happy choice of the ever-pleasing stanza of Spenser, both, common to it and *The Minstrel*, it owes most of its effect.

Since these reflections were first published, in 1802, they have this year, 1806, been farther illustrated, by the appearance of another Scottish pastoral comedy, called "*The Falls of Clyde*," advertised to be written on the plan of *The Gentle Shepherd*; and in which the two principal characters, and the descriptive scenery, are, avowedly, exactly copied from *particular* nature. It is ushered in by three dissertations, and followed by a number of notes upon each of the five acts, besides others at the bottom of the pages, accompanying the pastoral as it moves on. The three dissertations, are, likewise, succeeded by a train of learned notes upon each. In the latter half of the volume, like a little hero in the midst of a long procession of guards, pioneers, and attendants, the reader at last, after some search, finds the pastoral itself. He is then introduced to the writer's two favourites, Adam and his wife Catharine, after being desired first to look "through their window," to "see if they're to bed," when it fortunately appears this is not yet the case, and that still "they're at the book!" or family wor-

ship : If it can with propriety be said they were thus employed, when the two next lines inform us they were all *asleep* ! See *Act* 1. *Sc.* 1., the two last lines of the *Prologue*, and the two first of the *Dialogue*. The dialogue of the drama commences thus :

“ CATHARINE, (*awaking from sleep.*) Cut short the prayer,
gudeman !

“ ANN, (*who has just waked.*) He’s fall’n asleep !”

The *Note* upon Catharine’s exclamation, which, by the way, is not expressed in the manner either a Scottish peasant’s wife advanced in years, or Ramsay would have used, is as follows. “ The sublime of this exercise of piety has been given by Burns in his *Cottar’s Saturday Night*. That interesting picture, we are told, was drawn from his father and family, of which it is said to be an exact copy. The author of this scene,” “ has also painted from the life.” In his third dissertation he says, “ as to the scenery of the piece, I have copied, not from authors, but from nature ; and have more than once visited the Falls of Clyde, that I might be enabled to give to my descriptions not only natural but local truth.” One should imagine, under the authority of nature, and the protection of truth, preceded, accompanied, and followed, by such a crowd of able and notable, guards and attendants, there would be little to ap-

prehend, without the long additional caveat at the end of this preliminary discourse, under the title “Of the great Impropriety of Satirical Criticism.” Every precaution, however, has proved unable to deter the Reviewers in the *Scots Magazine* for June last 1806, from charging the writer of this pastoral with having, to appearance, “studiously and exclusively selected every thing that is mean, vulgar, and disgusting in the language and sentiments of the lowest peasantry.” He seems, indeed, not to have considered, that, pure, simple, unstained, uncorrupted nature, such as appears in the Venus, Apollo, Laocoon, Antinous, and most beautiful antique statues; the figures of Raphael, and Corregio; the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine; and in the appropriate scenery, and hero and heroine, Patie and Peggy, of Ramsay’s pastoral; is as far removed from mean, clownish, rudeness and superstition on the one hand, as from affected finery on the other. As he openly declares, in his *Notes* to his third dissertation, that he is better pleased at the sight of “the picture of a cow drinking, by Berghem, with the drops trickling from her beard,” than with one “of Apollo and Daphne,” or a beautiful male and female human figure; it is to be regretted, that he did not draw up his curtain a little sooner, before his favourites, Adam and Catharine, had gone to “the book,” and represent them at supper with the sowens and sour-milk drop-

ping from their tup-horn spoons, and trickling down their chins. It might have prevented the blunder, too, of saying they were at "the book," when it appears the *whole* family had been "*asleep*" at the time mentioned. It is somewhat unaccountable, that a writer should incur such censures, who warns his readers, in the same third dissertation itself, that "it is not enough to paint; we must make a proper selection of objects. The artist ought to compound rather than copy nature, to separate the mean from the agreeable, the beautiful from the deformed." This opposition in practice and theory, is as contradictory, as the mixture of fable with truth in the piece itself; or the introduction of fiction, to the plan of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

" Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
" Scriptor."

" servetur ad imum
" Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

Ramsay was too judicious, and penetrating, to spoil his pastoral by the admission into it of imaginary beings; and his knowledge of human nature was too accurate and extensive to require their aid. Had he resorted to any thing incredible, or even improbable, it would instantly have destroyed the effect of truth, broke the spell, and dissipated that deception

which it is the end and object of faithful imitation to produce, besides depriving it of its importance as a delightful record of facts and manners.

“ Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.”

“ The *fine arts*,” says the Abbé Winkelman, in his fifth letter on the Painting and Sculpture of the ancient Greeks, “ like the human race, have their period of infancy ; and it is highly probable, that in this early period, it happened to painting and sculpture, as to poetry, that the *marvellous* was received with greater applause, than what was truly *beautiful*, and that exaggerated imitations and astonishing images or representations were sure to succeed.” Although the exemplars of the real characters have been so injudiciously selected, as to degrade nature even lower than Gay’s *Shepherd’s Week* ; and the copies preposterously associated with incorporeal diminutive beings, “ wee green bodies,” thus preferring the infantine meretricious glitter of the *marvellous*, to the worth and temperate simplicity of truth ; it is but justice to admit that this performance indicates both learning and genius, and is supported by Mr Addison’s opinions in the *Guardian*. There is perhaps too much of Shakespeare, and Milton, in what relates to the fairies ; but the poetical descriptions of the rural scenery, which the author says

have “not only natural but *local* truth,” are “truly beautiful,” and show, unquestionably, the advantages that attend the judicious imitation of *individual* nature. It is, however, to be remembered, that, in nature, every object, and every scene, assumes an endless variety of appearances, according to the lights, attitudes, and points of view in which it is seen; all of which may be imitated with equal truth, though with very opposite effects. Even the Venus de Medicis, or the Galatea of Raphael, might be shown in such a light, and plight, and posture, as to excite aversion and disgust. The celebrated Andrew Both, in a cabinet picture in New-Hall House, has thought proper to copy his representation of the sense of *smelling* from the inside of a shepherd’s cottage, by showing “the gudewife” in the act of cleaning, at the window, her infant on her knee; “the gudeman” assisting her, with his fingers, of one hand, squeezing his nostrils together, whilst a peasant near them turns away his head for fresh air; another child easing itself in the middle of the floor; and a third, opposite to him, just risen from doing the same, deliberately pulling up his breeches, and talking to his little companion. This, is no doubt, nature; but it is nature grovelling, degraded, and in her worst aspects, attitudes, and points of view: It is selection; but it is the selection, either with malice, or without judgment, only of what is low,

nauseous, and disgusting, rendered valuable, in spite of every defect, merely by *truth*. But the same degree of truth might have been preserved, in the imitation of some other pattern from the numberless *beautiful* illustrations of the same sense which nature furnishes, for observation, and study, in all their infinite varieties of lights, attitudes, and points of view; and a peasant's cottage, as Ramsay and Burns have shown, may be entered, and exhibited when the family are *agreeably* employed.

Nevertheless, to exculpate Ramsay, entirely, from unnecessary coarsenesses, both in thought and language, is impracticable. To make the attempt would betray such a blind determination to hide his faults, as would altogether counteract the wishes of his admirers, create doubts as to their fair estimates of his merits, and do his fame more harm than good. The opinion of a writer would be of little value, who should be so foolish as to endeavour to persuade his reader that any work, however comparatively excellent, was perfect.

“ There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw

“ A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.”

Essay on Poetry.

But, to object to his pastoral comedy, because the Scoto-Saxon dialect in which it is written, is spoken

only by the vulgar now, is equally inconsiderate, and unjust. Theocritus, in his fifteenth idyl, makes a delicate citizen jeer two babbling country gossips on account of their prattle and rustic dialect, who had come to see the parade at the feast of Adonis, and in the retort of one of them, gives an unanswerable reply to this objection.

“ We speak our language, use the *Doric* tone,

“ And, Sir, the *Dores*, sure, may use their own.”

CREECH.

The Doric, or rustic dialect of Achaia, was so far from being found fault with in the idyls of Theocritus, that it was considered as a beauty ; and, for that reason, it was deemed much more difficult for the Latins to write good pastorals than for the Greeks ; because they had not some dialects peculiar to the country, and others to the city, as the Greeks had. This seems to have led Spenser, Philips, and Gay, to endeavour to produce an imaginary rustic dialect, by an uncouth jargon of their own contriving, made up of obsolete and fabricated words. Upon this principle, it should, at present, be easier for the Scots, than the English, to write good pastorals ; and those written in the Scottish, should have an appropriate Doric or rural simplicity and beauty, of which the English, like the Latin, is incapable, since, in Scot-

land, of late, the former dialect has, in a great measure, become peculiar to the country, and the latter to the city. When Ramsay wrote, the Scotch dialect was common to both. It was the oral language of the most fashionable circles in the Scotch capital ; and, with greater antiquity, purity, copiousness, vigour and energy of expression, is capable of as much elegance and pathos as the English. It has been in a great measure left to the vulgar since ; but this was not the case then. It was, and still would be, as inseparable from the persons of his pastoral, as their manners and sentiments ; or, as the *Doric* was from the *Dores* of Achaia. Although it is not precisely that which was used at the Restoration, when his shepherds are supposed to have lived ; it is the language of the succeeding century, and of his own day. It is even inseparable from his plot, which is laid in Scotland, where it was, and is spoken. To have made his shepherds, on the Esk and the Pentland Hills, converse in elegant English, would have been as preposterous, as it is for the Trojans and Arcadian swains of Virgil to speak correct Latin, and those of Tasso modern Italian.

To allege, from association, that the Scotch dialect is disgusting and vulgar, merely because the vulgar use it, is inadvertent. The same may be said of the English, in England ; of the finest Scotch

songs, because they are sung by the vulgar ; and of the poems of Ossian, because they are mostly repeated by, and were chiefly collected among the lowest of the vulgar in the Highlands, who still use, almost exclusively, the language in which they were composed. But this short-lived objection will, probably, soon be removed by the total disuse of the Scoto-Saxon dialect, even among the vulgar ; yet it were to be wished that all its expressive words were retained, to invigorate its younger, town-bred, and more fashionable brother. When dead, as usual, its loss will then be felt, and deplored. Like many who have spoken it, it will be more prized than when living, and be more praised, perhaps, than it even deserves. It will, then, be as free from pollution by the vulgar, as the Doric of Theocritus.

It is fruitless labour, and a waste of erudition, in the editor of Ramsay's Works published in 1800; to enter into a learned and misapplied defence of the Scoto-Saxon dialect, in order to free his author from the charge of coarseness, and vulgarity, from the use of it. Burns had already completely disproved this, by his poems. It is, therefore, not on the use, but the abuse of it, that the charge, if it has any footing at all, must rest. Some languages are, undoubtedly, much more musical, rich, and powerful than others; but, if the thoughts are beautiful or sublime, and

the words are well chosen and melodiously arranged, it is of little consequence, to their effect, what language or dialect they are conveyed in. If, on the contrary, the sentiments are mean or disgusting, and the expressions uncouth, awkward and rugged, their characters will be low, coarse, and vulgar, no less in the Anglo than in the Scoto Saxon dialect. Nothing in language can be farther removed from what ever is grovelling or gross, either in sound or sense, or more elegantly tender and pathetic, than our oldest admired songs, in the unsophisticated vulgar dialect of the Lowlands, much farther removed from the English than that of Ramsay in his pastoral, and constantly in the mouths of the vulgar. The Gaelic songs are equally so.

Ramsay has this recommendation, above all others, that his fable and scenery are in perfect unison with his characters, and these with his sentiments, manners, and language; and that the whole illustrates a great national joyful event, combining the importance of history with the interest of truth, and the rational charm arising from a genuine exhibition of beautiful uncorrupted nature, of the worthiest and happiest state in society, of an unfeigned *Golden Age*, and of the real *Saturnia Regna* of Scotland. A faithful, and judicious transcript of characters and scenes, always adds import-

ance and interest to the pleasures of the imagination, by transmitting an impressive and delightful history of its age to posterity. Such pictures are ever prized, and their value and effect increases with their truth. He has admitted coarsenesses into his dialogues; but, it might be said, they are not defects. They add precision, and strength to his likenesses; give variety to his characters, and sentiments; and heighten the effects of their contraries. It is believed, none possessed of much range of thought, or liberality of taste, would be so injudicious as to wish such had been removed from the works of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Butler, or Hogarth. The upper part of the Transfiguration, the finest picture in the world, is contrasted by the lower; and the beauties of nature herself, are set off, and rendered more striking and impressive, by opposition. We are so constituted, that uniformity, in pleasure itself, palls, cloy, gluts, becomes tiresome and disgusting; and, sometimes, the ennui, grows at length so insupportably sickening, as to end even in suicide.

The remarks on Ramsay's writings prefixed to the edition of 1800, conclude with leaving their merits on a very loose and slippery foundation. After so much previous labour, instead of making so bad a choice, and substituting show for solidity, his panegyrist should not have abandoned and deserted

his task, till he had furnished his author's fame with something secure and durable to rest upon. It is like an architect, who, after engaging to perpetuate the memory of a departed naval hero, should, for this purpose, erect for him a monument of painted boards, on a mount of shifting sand, within the reach of the tides. All his beauties, so neatly delineated, and brightly coloured in the "Essay," are, at last, given up to *feeling*, and grounded on her unsettled decisions. The reader finds that the preceding "Remarks" must be considered as altogether useless, by being told that he must judge entirely for himself, and that notwithstanding of all he has perused, nothing, in reality, is excellent, but what previously he, of himself, had naturally and instantaneously felt to be so : Whilst the author, Ramsay, is thus stripped of any certain benefit from the encomiums he has received, and is, finally, left at the mercy of stupidity, ignorance, caprice, whim, humour, and fashion, for the recovery of his laurels. Mere instinctive, natural, undirected *feeling*, is held, in works of genius, to be the only sure criterion of merit, and test of value.

The remarker's words in page 156, at the end of his essay, are these. "In our judgment of poetry, as of all the works of genius, there is a natural and instantaneous feeling of excel-

lence, and a disapprobation of defect or impropriety, which outruns all reasoning ; and which directs with much more certainty than any conclusions of the understanding. Informed by this unerring monitor, it may be *pleasing* to find its decisions, on reflecting on the causes and nature of our feelings, approved and warranted by the judgment ; but it is not *necessary*. Our opinion was formed antecedently to that reflection, and is therefore entirely independent of it. If I feel no pleasure in the perusal of a poem, I cannot be persuaded, by any subtlety of philosophical argumentation, that I ought to have been pleased : if I do feel pleasure, that argument is unnecessary. In a word, that species of abstract reasoning may amuse, and even improve the understanding ; and as fitted to do so, is a laudable and a manly exercise of our faculties ; but it cannot guide the taste. This quality of the mind is a gift of nature," &c.

Risum teneatis amici?—To maintain, *seriously*, that " in our judgment of poetry, as of all the works of genius," " a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence, and a disapprobation of defect or impropriety," " directs with much more certainty than any conclusions of the understanding ;" that this " instantaneous feeling" is an " unerring monitor," in aid of which, " the judgment" " is not *ne-*

cessary ;” that “our opinion” is “entirely independent” of “reflection ;” that “if I feel no pleasure in the perusal of a poem,” at first, “I cannot be persuaded” afterwards by any “argumentation that I ought to have been pleased ;” that “reasoning” “cannot guide the taste ;” that “this quality of the mind is a gift of nature ;” &c. seems, to the writer of this Inquiry, to be so obviously inconsistent both with experience, and common sense, as scarcely to deserve investigation. Sensibility, judgment, and taste, are all so confounded with each other, as to render the remarks scarcely intelligible. Sensibility is the gift of nature, and so is judgment ; no man can acquire taste without sensibility, neither can he do so without judgment ; but sensibility is not taste, nor is judgment, but the two combined. Taste is feeling, guided by the understanding. In the imitative arts, so far is mere instinctive feeling from being sufficient to ascertain their merits ; that a taste requisite to be fully sensible of their excellencies or defects, must consist of feeling, experience, memory, and judgment, all united ; and, if study has called in knowledge and science to their assistance, they will discover, and add new sources of pleasure, to those previously possessed and enjoyed.

As all excellence is *comparative*, it were to be wished the remarker had favoured his readers

with some explanation of what he means by “ a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence,” to prevent mistakes; for, if his words are taken in their usual acceptations, it seems impossible, thus arranged, to reduce them into sense. If, from them, it is to be understood, that, “ a natural and instantaneous feeling of” beauty and deformity is “ entirely independent of reflection,” “ directs with much more certainty than the understanding,” is an “ unerring monitor,” “ the judgment” being “ not *necessary*,” and “ reasoning” unable, to “ guide the taste ;” study, to improve taste, and increase its delights by the discovery of new and additional sources of pleasure, as well as to heighten the enjoyment of such as are obvious, is altogether useless, and unprofitable. It is even mischievous in its effects: by substituting for an “ unerring monitor,” and “ the only sure criterion” of merit, the results of experience and reasoning; by which taste is so often induced to admit contempt, or disapprobation and disgust, on surveying many of “ the works of genius” with which this “ unerring monitor,” and “ sure criterion” of childhood and ignorance, “ a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence,” had once charmed us; in the room of those raptures which they then excited. According to this theory, a poem, or a picture, has merit to-day, and has none to-morrow; according to the humour of the same

reader or spectator, or the sensibility or stupidity of different ones : What delights a clown, has equal excellence with what gives exquisite and refined pleasure to a learned connoisseur, who by study, experience, and judgment, can discover and feel, a thousand real and rational beauties and sources of admiration, of which the gaping, irrational, electrified dolt has no conception ; yet, in his way, he is as forcibly struck with what acts upon him “ by a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence,” as the other. Agreeably to this strange hypothesis, the ballad of Chevy Chace would hold a higher place, in the ranks of excellence, than the *Paradise Lost* ; and “ the splendid impositions,” as Mr Webb calls them, of Rubens, would infinitely surpass, the chaste, correct, simple, and elegant productions of Raphael. *Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit.* These last, though they produce the most exquisite pleasure on examination, are so far from affording it “ by a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence,” that Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was certainly not defective in feeling, confesses, in his *Notes on Fresnoy*, that he was much disappointed at the first sight of his works ; and was “ clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste which no man ever possessed, without long cultivation, great labour, and attention.” It is even a well-known fact, that many

persons, after having been conducted through the rooms of the Vatican, have turned to the keeper, and asked him for a sight of the paintings of Raffaele. But it would be superfluous to dwell longer upon so puerile, and unphilosophical a doctrine ; however agreeable it might be to assist in trying to discover an apology for the faults, and an additional recommendation for the merits of Ramsay's writings. After having, with learning and address, published his beauties ; the remarker's final drift appears to be, by holding up " a natural and instantaneous feeling of excellence," as the only sure criterion of merit, to suit this natural untaught genius ; and to ward the faults of his irregular productions from the dreaded " conclusions of the understanding."

Whatever may be the case with the generality of his poems, Ramsay's *masterpiece*, however, has nothing to apprehend from " reasoning," from " philosophical argumentation," from the scrupulosity of " the judgment," or " the conclusions of the understanding." It has no occasion to take refuge in a quicksand ; or to use a mask for the destruction of its enemies. As an imitation of general, national, local, and individual nature, it stands open, exalted, immoveable, and impregnable, on the immutable, adamant rock of truth ; the only certain and se-

cure foundation, in the imitative arts ; and in every thing else, “ the basis of all excellence.”

The only infallible way to insure this invaluable, and universally acceptable, recommendation to the drama, is to adopt *history* ; and to copy closely, but judiciously, from *individual nature*.

“ Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.”

Ramsay seems to have followed this practice, in composing the *Gentle Shepherd*, with equal judgment in the plan, and ability and success in the execution of it. From what has been brought forward in his *Life*, the Fable appears to be one of those family histories, which were the *actual* results of Cromwell's usurpation and the subsequent restoration of King Charles the Second, communicated to him, as it is credibly said, by Dr Pennecuik ; and wrought, with embellishments, into a most interesting drama. Excepting as to his adventures, taken from those of one of “ the most eminent of the gentry ” alluded to by Dr Pennecuik, his principal character, “ Sir William Worthy,” was, seemingly, borrowed from Sir David Forbes. Neither his adventures, nor manners, could have been furnished by Sir William Purves, as has been erroneously said, and repeated ; since, from the most authentic documents, it has been proved, that he neither fought under *Montrose*,

nor fled from the *island* and went *abroad*, as Sir William Worthy is represented to have done. Ramsay seems neither to have known, nor had any acquaintance whatever, with his manners, or family, or place, as has been shown to the satisfaction of every person capable of conviction. In relation to the Fable, the strongest *circumstantial* proofs of direct imitation have been given ; of Dr Pennecuik's connection with it ; and of the impossibility of its bearing any reference to Sir William Purves, Baronet, of Woodhouselee.

In his *Life* too, the most decisive *positive* testimony has been produced, of the highest respectability, that his scenes were laid, and copied from individual nature also, at New Hall on the North Esk at Pentland Hills.—The following *illustrations* will confirm the truth of this positive testimony, by the most satisfactory *intrinsic* evidence, arising from the exact coincidence between his descriptions and the objects in nature from which they are said to have been drawn, whilst he resided at the seat of Sir David Forbes, the worthy and respectable father of his accomplished friend and patron Mr Forbes.—Such a combination of circumstantial, positive, and intrinsic proofs, all co-operative and convergent, must be in the highest degree satisfactory to every disinterested and candid mind.

These ILLUSTRATIONS, therefore, have the value of confirmed authenticity. They are of importance to literature and taste, by rescuing genius from the depressing fetters of art ; by encouraging the study of nature, in preference to fiction and refinement ; by proving the advantages arising from judicious individual imitation ; thus recalling poetry, as an imitative art, to its element and province ; and by elucidating, and heightening the interest of a performance which does so much honour to Scotland.

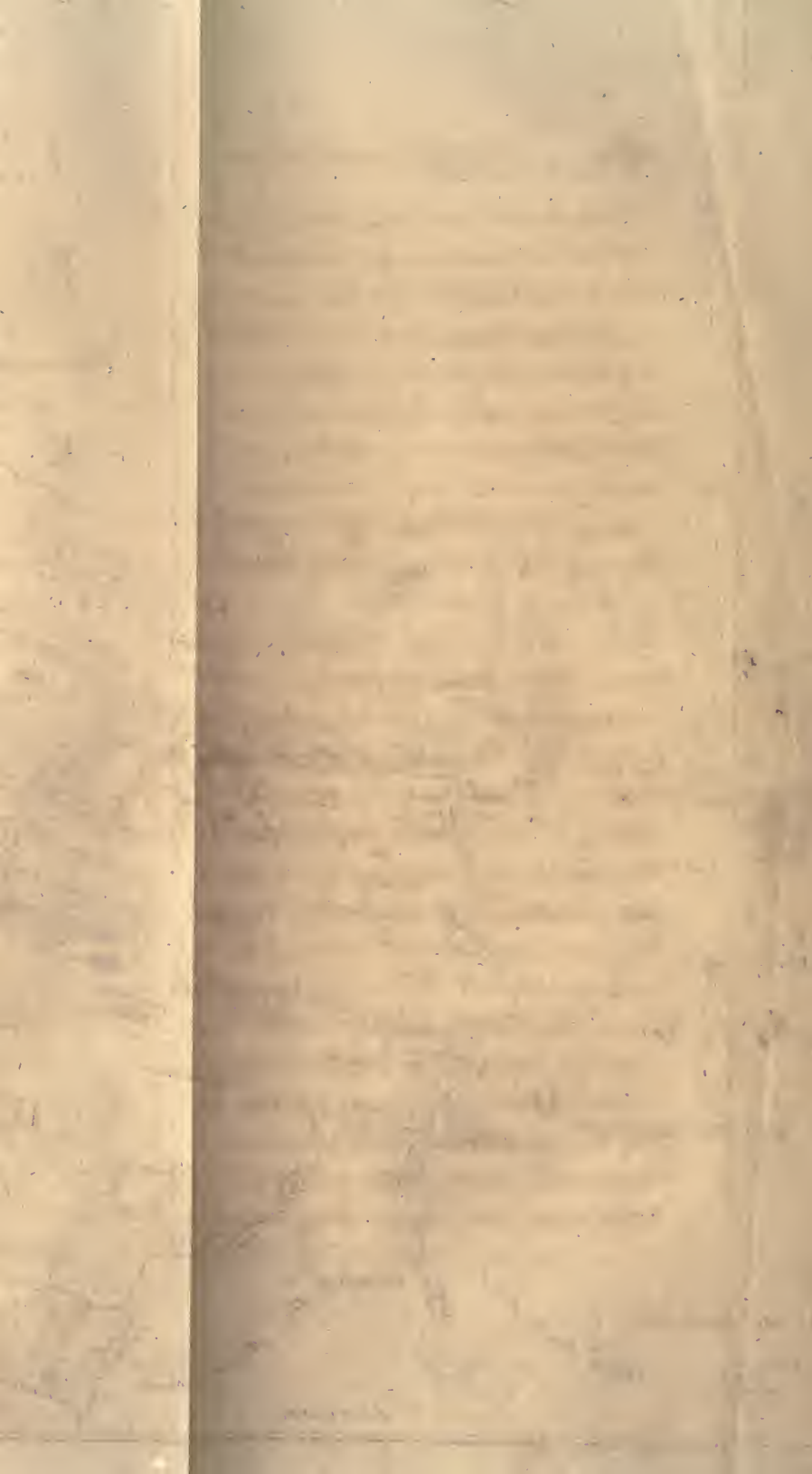
Mr Allan's aquatintas keep alive Ramsay's *Dramatis Personæ*, with great fidelity in dress, character, and expression ; and the accurate VIEWS, without show or ornament, now presented to the public precisely as they were seen, are intended to preserve and exhibit, in the plain unembellished garb of truth, their artless and genuine *places of residence*, the characteristic *originals* of his *pastoral scenery*. Without these, it is impossible to enter into the meaning and spirit of the comedy. They speak to the *eye*, with a clearness and precision, which no language, however rich, can attain ; and no imagination, however vigorous or fruitful, can supply : and their value increases with the same rapidity as the characters, and country change, from culture ; and the possibility of tracing out many of the resemblances diminishes, before they are irrecoverably lost,



With several Additions from a later Survey
1808.







ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
SCENARY
OF THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE MAP OF THE SCENARY, AND THE
ROAD TO IT FROM EDINBURGH.

“ In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
“ Where bonny lasses bleach their claes ;
“ Or trots by hazel shaws and braes,
“ Wi’ hawthorns grey ;
“ Where blackbirds join the shepherd’s lays
“ At close o’ day.”

Burns, on Ramsay.

THE north-eastern, or nearest extremity of the SCENARY included within this MAP, is nine Scots, or twelve English miles, south-westward from *Edinburgh* ; on the high-way to Dumfries and the west of England ; Biggar, Leadhills, and Crawford-moor. In a straight line, the distance is two miles less.

The road to it begins at the *West Port*, which is alluded to in the pastoral.

“ PATIE.—Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
 “ At the *West Port*, an’ bought a winsome flute,
 “ O’ plum-tree made, wi’ iv’ry virls round;
 “ A dainty whistle, wi’ a pleasant sound.”

Act 1. Sc. 1.

“ SYM.—Whene’er he drives our sheep to *E’nbrugh port*,
 “ He buys some books, o’ hist’ry, sangs, or sport :
 “ Nor does he want o’ them a rowth at will,
 “ An’ carries ay a poutchfu’ to the hill.”

Act 3. Sc. 4.

After passing through *Portsburgh*, by *Lochrin* distillery, to the *Wryte’s House* toll-bar, beyond which, on the right, is *Gillespie’s Hospital*, lately built, where the old castle of *Wryte’s House* formerly stood, the road skirts the west side of *Burntsfield Links* to the left. On these downs the citizens play at golf, an amusement peculiar to Scotland; and the troops, militia, and volunteers, are reviewed, inspected, and exercised. Ramsay with his joyous companions often left “Auld Reeky,”

“ An’ took a turn o’er Bruntsfeld Links;”
 and

“ Whan “they” were weary’d at the gowff,
 “ Then Maggy Johnston’s was “their” howff.”

At their east end, the Links are terminated by the house of Mr Martin, an eminent auctioneer and bookseller. About a quarter of a mile onward, and a little to the right, is *Merchiston Tower*, once the seat of Napier the celebrated inventor of the logarithms; close by the *Borough Moor*, an extensive tract supposed to have been granted to the citizens by David I. In 1513, certain privileges were allowed to those burghers who should build their houses of the wood growing on it. In the Borough Moor James IV. reviewed his army, in which were many Edinburgh citizens, with their chief magistrate at their head, before he marched to Flodden-field.

Half a mile beyond Merchiston, the turnpike arrives at *Morningside*, a hamlet, where "rare Maggy Johnston" kept her alehouse; and the late Judge, Lord Gardenstone resided, who built the Rotundo over St Bernard's Well on the Water of Leith, on the other, north, side of Edinburgh. Maggy Johnston kept a little farm, and was famous for brewing an agreeable intoxicating cheap sort of ale, in consequence of which, people of every station were, for amusement, often seen in her barn and yard, as well as her usual customers. Ramsay relates of himself that here

"Ae summer night I was sae fou,

"Among the rigs I gaed to spew,

“ Sync down on a green baw, I trow,

“ I took a nap,

“ An’ soucht a’ night balillilow

“ As sound’s a tap.

“ An whan the dawn begoud to glow,

“ I hirs’d up my dizzy pow,

“ Frae ’mang the corn, like wirriecow,

“ Wi’ bains sae sair,

“ An’ ken’d nae mair than if a ewe

“ How I came there.”

Maggy Johnston’s Elegy.

Thus, on the “ ale amaisht like wine, that gar’d” them “ crack,” did Allan, the “ canty callan,” and his merry associates, in Maggy’s howff, barn, or yard, get “ fou, wi’ little cost, an’ muckle speed.” Maggy died in 1711, and Ramsay’s ludicrous lamentations, under the title of her *Elegy*, if the poem on the preservation of Mr Bruce in 1710 did not precede them, were the first efforts of his muse that have obtained a place in his works.

Two miles from Edinburgh, the road crosses *Braid Burn* by a bridge. At a short distance westward, on the right, is *Craiglockhart House* on its little picturesque wooded hill ; and on the left, down the burn, somewhat nearer, though hid from the road by the steep winding banks, is the *Hermitage* of Braid, long the property of the Browns of Braid,

a family who were likewise proprietors of Fairliehope, one of the Pentland Hills near New Hall. The Hermitage now belongs to Mr Gordon of Cluny, and, on the edge of the burn, is buried amidst the woody steeps and romantic rocky eminences called Braid Hills, which press upon it from every side. Its situation is sweetly characteristic. There is next a continued ascent to the *Buck-stane*, which still remains on the summit, to show where the Kings of Scotland assembled their followers, by the sound of a horn, to attend them to the chace. The view from this westward, up the valleys of the Forth, the Almond, and the Water of Leith, to the distant mountains, including Ben-nevis and Ben-lomond far beyond Stirling, and flanked by the Ochil and Pentland Hills, is extremely fine. It likewise commands, to the south, a good prospect over the valley of the North Esk, and the village of Pentland, with the Pentland Hills on the right, and those of Morefoot, and Tweeddale, in the distance.

The third mile-stone is in the centre of a wide circular *rampart*, which the road bisects in the lands of Comiston, consisting of earth and small stones, which, in the Statistical Account of the parish of Collington, is thus described by the late reverend and respectable Dr Walker. “ On the lands of Comiston there are still the vestiges of a very large and ancient

encampment. Adjacent to this camp, and near the house of Fairmilehead, an extensive and important battle had been fought, and two very large conical cairns erected, on demolishing which, for the purpose of making the turnpike road, remains of human bones were found in them, and several fragments of old arms. Not far from these cairns there had likewise been erected an upright pillar stone, which still remains. It is a rude massy block of whinstone, of a flat shape, 7 feet high above the surface of the ground, and about 4 feet below it. It is called the Kel Stane, an old British word signifying the Battle Stone. It has also passed immemorially by the name of Camus Stone, which would seem to intimate its connection with some Danish commander." To the north-west of the encampment, near the Buckstane there is another similar upright stone; and on the other side of the house of *Fairmilehead*, beyond the rampart, the highway in descending a steep declivity facing the south, opposite to the house of *Morton* on the left eastward, has laid open, and filled with earth, several *stone-coffins*, some with the sides straight, and others contracted from the shoulders upwards and downwards; the edges of the flags they were formed of still showing their figures, and dimensions, in different parts of the road where they are exposed.—Beyond *Morton* stands *Morton-hall House*, the seat of Henry Trotter, Esq.

Between the fourth, and fifth mile-stone, the road arrives at the bottom of the *Pentland Hills*; along the south-eastern verge of which it continues, all the way, till it comes to their extremity, at the bridge over the Lyne in Tweeddale, on the south-west side of the Carlops Hill the most distant of the range. On a gentle swell, about half a mile off on the left, opposite to the house of *Hillend* near the fifth stone, is beautifully situated the *village* of Pentland, and from the right ascend the hills. This hamlet, once more respectable, commands all the lower extremity of that delightful dale, called the valley of *Mid-Lothian*, and of the *North Esk*, which terminates to the south-west at the Carlops Hill, and to the north-east in the bay of Musselburgh in the frith of Forth. Ramsay's attachment to this district led him to embrace every opportunity of introducing into his poems the "Pentland height," the "Pictland hills," "Pentland's tow'ring top," the "Pictland plains," &c.; and to inform his readers that England's northern counties were

" ————— nigh as far

" Distant from court, as we of Pictland are."

Address to Provost Drummond.

Beyond Hillend, about the fifth stone, the height of the highway above the valley is considerable.

Dalkeith, Hawthornden, Roslin, and many other objects, enliven its rich and fertile bottom, between and the hills of *Morefoot*, to the south-east, across it; and on the left, eastward, as it expands, its luxuriance increases, and displays the most beautiful, gently varied, surface, embellished with corn-fields, villages, seats, farmsteads, cottages, and plantations. At a distance, in the middle, *Craigmillar Castle* rises boldly, above the rest, between and the *Frith*. The estuary itself appears in the offskip, with the coast of *Fife* beyond it; on the left, it retires behind *Arthur's Seat*; and on the right, *Draprene Law*, *North-Berwick Law* farther off, and the *Bass Island* still more remote, balance the scene.

Near the sixth mile-stone, in a recess of the mountains on the right, with a rill passing it, is *Fulford*, or New Woodhouselee, the rural seat of the Hon. A. F. Tytler, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, in Scotland. Here an additional *Tower* has been built to the former accommodation by the present proprietor lately, with a pavilion roof and venetian windows; and, a little higher, westward, on the hill, a *Hut*, formed of a few posts covered with thatch of heath or straw, has been erected, to mark out a beautiful prospect. What connection these two, newly reared, ornamental objects, have with Ramsay's pastoral, it is not easy to see. A view of

them, in a small plate, has, however, been thrust into the last edition of his works of 1800. A note has likewise there been tacked to his *Life*, in which this hut is called a temple to the memory of Ramsay, with an inscription, on what authority is not mentioned, alleging that the poet drew his scenes from the objects round “this shrine;” and the edition opens with an Advertisement, announcing that the proprietor of Woodhouselee is “happily” possessed of “the supposed,” as it is properly termed, “scene of the *Gentle Shepherd* ; although it does not appear that Ramsay had any connection with the place, acquaintance with its proprietors, ever was at, or knew any thing concerning it.—About half a mile beyond Fulford, on the left is the *Bush*, where a handsome house has been lately built by the proprietor, Mr Robert Trotter of Castlelaw. On the right, is the estate and hill of *Castlelaw*, between the lands of New Woodhouselee and *Glencross water*, which the road passes, by a bridge, above the *house* of Glencross.

More than two miles up this *water* as it is always called, not *burn*, as in *The Beauties of Scotland*, on the side of it, above the hill of Castlelaw, and that of Turnhouse, in the midst of its own extensive estate, and under Logan-house Hill to the northwest, stands the old mansion of *Logan House*, said

to have been once a royal hunting seat. Near a mile and a half still higher, and not far from the head of the stream, where it contains very little water, is a lofty precipice over which it falls, amidst bare, uninhabited moors, mountains, and rocks, on the north side of the Pentland range. The new-built tower, and temple of Woodhouselee, are on the south side of the ridge, near four miles distant from this waterfall ; and the estate and hill of Castlelaw, with the estate, mansion, and hill of Logan House, are all directly between them and it. It is equally entertaining, and instructive, to observe the contradictions and confusion produced by error, and how it discovers, and corrects itself. In the introductory *Advertisement*, the “supposed scene,” is, *doubtfully*, said to be possessed by the proprietor of the new tower : At the end of the *Life* prefixed to this edition of 1800, the scenes of Ramsay’s comedy are, *undoubtedly*, laid round the rustic temple : At the close of the *Remarks* which follow the *Life*, the waterfall, in a different, and distant property, above Logan House, is alluded to, as “the waterfall of *Habbie’s How* :” And the *Remarks* are finally followed by a small *engraving*, again bringing back the scenes to the new-built tower and temple. The *inscription*, said to be, in the hut, dedicated, most unsuitably, in a kind of whining blank verse,

“ ALLANO RAMSAY ET GENIO LOCI,”

maintains that

“ Here, midst those scenes that taught thy Doric Muse
 “ Her sweetest song ; the hills, the woods, and stream,
 “ Where beauteous Peggy strayed, list’ning the while,
 “ Her Gentle Shepherd’s tender tale of love ;
 “ Scenes, which thy pencil, true to nature, gave
 “ To live for ever ; sacred be this shrine ;” &c.

A *Stone* placed this year, 1806, on the estate of Logan House, at the waterfall, on the contrary, asserts that this place, on the opposite side of the Pentland Hills, and more than three miles distant from the other, is

Sacred
 To the Memory of
 ALLAN RAMSAY.

It is, however, to be hoped that these jarrings will, at length, be completely settled and silenced ; as it has been proved, in the *Life* prefixed to these Illustrations, that it is as impossible the scenery could have been borrowed from *either* of these distant and dissimilar places, as from *both*. The only point in which the one resembles Ramsay’s *Habbie’s How*, is, in there being, though of an opposite character, a waterfall at it ; and on which the other claims kindred to his

Knight, *Sir William Worthy*, is, in there having once been at New Woodhouselee a *Sir William Purves*, Baronet, whose estate, in common with many other properties, was seized upon by Cromwell; but who had neither fought under *Montrose*, nor had *left the kingdom*, and with whom, or his place, or family, Ramsay had no connection. In every peculiar circumstance, they are as unlike any thing in the pastoral, as Logan House and Woodhouselee are to each other. The reverend and learned Dr Walker, once minister of Glencross; its present pastor; assisted, it is evident, by the proprietor of New Woodhouselee; were all so conscious of the fact, that, in the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xv. *Parish of Glencross*, published in 1795, they candidly confess, as to the claims of both Logan House and Woodhouselee, that “after all, however, this appropriation must be allowed to be entirely conjectural, and to rest more upon fancy, pleasing itself in clothing its own pictures in the garb of reality, than upon any basis of evidence.” Who would have expected, after such a public acknowledgment by three such unquestionable judges in 1795, resigning all authorised pretensions to the characters or scenary of the comedy, to have found such assertions, inscriptions, or engravings as are introduced without support or confirmation, in a new and splendid edition of Ramsay’s Works in 1800! On the north side of the water of

Glencross, between Logan House and Castlelaw, are the remains of *St Catherine's Chapel* and *cemetery*. The estate of Logan House, in Pennecuik parish, belongs to Mr Ferguson of Raith, in Fife; and Castlelaw, between it and Woodhouselee, to Mr Trotter. This water, and the North Esk, are the only currents that cross the Pentland range.

Above the Bridge, on the north side of the water is Castlelaw, and on the south *Turnhouse Hill*, between and which last, on a part of the ascent on the right of the road, marked by a *stone* with an inscription upon it, is *Rullion Green*, where the Covenanters were finally defeated by General Dalziel of Binns on 28th November 1666, in consequence of the religious persecutions of Charles the Second in Scotland, in favour of Episcopacy, against Presbytery.

A little below the confluence of the water of Glencross with the North Esk, stand, on a rock washed by this last stream, surrounded by woods and glens, about two miles distant to the left, the ruins of the romantic and celebrated house of *Woodhouselee*. It was once the property and abode of Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, whose lady was here turned out by the Regent Murray to the inclemency of the weather, in resentment for which he was afterwards shot by her husband, in passing through Linlithgow.

The highway takes a continued rise, from Glen-cross Bridge to *Lawhead* farmstead, near the summit of an offset from the hills that stretches into the valley. On the right edge of the road, as it ascends, opposite to Rullion Green are the remains of a small *Clachan*, or circle of stones; once a court of justice, or a druidical temple, or, as the Druids of the Gauls and Britons are said to have been both judges and priests, used, perhaps, as a place of meeting for both purposes. On the left, is the *House of Muir* market ground, where ewes big with lamb are sold on the last Monday of March, N. S.

Beyond Lawhead on the right, between and Glen-cross, or Logan Water, and Logan House, is the highest of the middle division of the Pentland range. In the Statistical Account of the parish of Collington, it is, erroneously, called by Dr Walker Logan-house Hill, and is ascertained to be 1700 feet above the level of the sea at Leith, 60 feet less than one-third of a measured mile. Its name is *Garnethie Hill*. It is of a conical shape, and has an immense collection of small stones, or a druidical cairn, on its summit. Dr Walker thought it the highest of the chain; though Captain Armstrong, in his *Companion* to his Map of Tweeddale, gives this pre-eminence to Harper-rig Hill; at the head of the North Esk westward, which, he writes, is 1800 feet above the sea. It

has, likewise, a cairn on its summit. On the *North Esk*, at the bottom of the valley, to the left, about a mile distant, is the *village* of Pennecuik, with its cotton, and paper mill, and church; and above it, farther off, on the stream, *Pennecuik House*, the seat of Sir George Clerk, Baronet; with an *obelisk* beyond it, on the highest part of the opposite bank, raised, by Baron Sir John Clerk, to the memory of *Allan Ramsay*, who was often his guest, and was much patronized by him. In his *Ode* to the Earl of Hertford, President, and the rest of the British Antiquarian Society, he thus compliments, and characterises this eminent judge, and scholar.

“ Amongst all those of the first rate,
 “ Our learned *Clerk*, blest with the fate
 “ Of thinking right, can best relate
 “ These beauties all,
 “ Which bear the marks of ancient date,
 “ Be-north the wall.

“ The wall which Hadrian first begun,” &c.

The Latin *Epitaph*, transcribed from a grave-stone in the *church-yard*, into the Statistical Account of Pennecuik parish, was written by him, and is worthy of preservation. He is condoled on the loss of his eldest son by Ramsay; and his second, the late Sir James Clerk, who succeeded him, built the pre-

sent house and square of offices, from a stratum of free sandstone, between the Marfield Loch and the North Esk, on the estate of New Hall. In the centre of the west side, or front, of the offices, is a *spire* ; and of the east, behind, raised above the roof, is an exact representation of the *Templum Termini* of Buchanan, called Arthur's Oven, in the parish of Larbert in Stirlingshire, near the Carron Works ; the demolition of which occasioned such an outcry, especially among antiquarians, against the proprietor.

After passing a pellucid stream called the *Silverburn*, which is reported to be so agreeable to horses, that having once drunk of it, they always show the strongest desire to enjoy of it again when it comes in sight, the road skirts the bottom of a farther conical hill immediately beyond Carnethie, called the *Black Hill*, from its dark heathy surface. On its pointed summit is, likewise, an immense pile of small stones ; which seem to have been accumulated by the attendants on the druidical festivals, to which each brought stones to add to their cairns, celebrated on the tops of the highest, and most conspicuous mountains. At nine or ten miles off, over the valley of Mid-Lothian or of the North Esk, in full view, the loftiest of the Morefoot ridge of hills, from the Water-loch at the base of

which the South Esk originates, has a similar cairn on its most elevated point, and is called *Dun-droigh*, or *Druid's Hill*; from *Dun*, a strong or fortified house or hill, and *Dracith* a Druid, or *Dracitheachd*, the druidical worship and sacrifice, in Gaelic. It is in Tweeddale, in the parish of Eddlestone; the cairn is 2100 feet above the sea; and from it, in a clear day, can be seen the Cheviot Hills with part of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Clydesdale, Perthshire, Fifeshire, the Frith of Forth, the City of Edinburgh, and the counties of East, West, and Mid Lothian.

Beyond the Black Hill, the highway crosses the *Harkin*, or *Eight-mile Burn*, which is eight Scots, and nine English miles from Edinburgh. It takes its rise within a mile, at the head of its valley, to the right; flanked on the east by the Black Hill, and on the west by the *Broad Law*; terminated at the upper end, by the *Scald Law*, or *Bard*, or *Poet's Hill*. The Scalds were the Icelandic and Scandinavian bards. Like Parnassus, it has two tops. It is shaped like a wedge, with one of its flat sides to the valley; and its summits are so thin, as to render it necessary to stop, and look over, as in a wall, from their sides, on arriving at them.

The Bards were of the order of the Druids, and accompanied their songs with the harp. About two

miles westward, over the valley behind, formed by the upper division of Logan Water, in full view of the Scald Law, is *Harper Rig*, according to Armstrong the highest of the Pentland Hills, with its druidical cairn on its lofty summit. From the base of Harper Rig, sometimes called Easter Cairn Hill, on the east, rises Logan Water, which, by the name of the *Kitchen Burn*, runs through peat-mosses and uninhabited moors, watering the northern base of the Scald Law, and dividing a thick bed of breccia or plumb-pudding stone ; till, in three stages, this rill glides over the high precipice, before it intersects the range above Logan House, and from thence is called *Logan Water*, till it comes near Glencross. The first fall, consisting of a number of breaks, is about 12 feet ; the second 20, at the head of which is a small puny bush of mountain ash, stunted and solitary ; and the third 10 feet, with a hole at some distance about four feet diameter, and two deep which the water fills. This is what is ridiculously called Ramsay's "*little lin* ;" and the bare deserts around it, without a bason, or tree, his Habbie's How, and *bathing pool*, "*where a' that's sweet* in spring and simmer grow !" On the west side of Harper Rig is the source of the *Lyne*, which passes the Carlops Hill at the western extremity of the chain, West Linton, Newlands, and Drochil Castle, to the Tweed above Peebles. And on the south side of it, behind

the Spittal Hills opposite to New Hall, springs the *North Esk*, which intersects the range at the east end of the Carlops Hill, and after passing the village of Carlops, New-Hall House, and Pennecuik, receives Glencross or Logan Water, above Old Woodhouselee, on its way to Roslin, Hawthornden, Melville Castle, Dalkeith, and the Frith of Forth at Musselburgh.

On the east side of the Scald Law, in a dry green hollow, between and the Black Hill, called the *Cross Sward*, is still left a large square stone with a hole in it, in which a cross was formerly fixed as a religious land-mark for passengers; and beyond the concave curve on the west is *Monk's Rig*, with an old track leading over it southward called *Monk's Road*, on the edge of which is another stone, named the *Font Stone*, with a trough in its middle, two excavations on its side as if for a person's knees, and a socket at its end for a cross, the head of which is still lying at the foot of the Rig toward the Esk. Beyond the Rig, skirting its west side and southern extremity, descends *Monk's Burn*; between and the *Easter Spittal Hill*, on the summit of which, about 1600 feet above the sea, is a deep peat-moss, in which, on digging peats for fuel, was lately laid open the trunk of a large tree; and, a few yards down its eastern, and south-eastern slopes, are two lime springs.

There are, likewise, lime springs as high up in the *Wester Spittal Hill* ; and on the east side of the *Carlops Hill*, facing it, from the farther edge of the *North Esk*. *Monk's Burn* is lost in the *Esk* at *Glaud's Onstead*, at the head of *Monk's Haugh*.

On the right side of the highway, between and the hills, near the *Harkin Burn*, on an eminence are the remains of an oval camp 84 by 67 yards within, enclosing a number of tumuli 11 yards each in diameter. It is encompassed by two ditches, each four yards wide, with a mound of six yards in breadth between them, and has an entry from the west, north, and south, but none from the east. The name it goes by is the *Castle*. *Caisdeal*, and *Caistal*, in Gaelic, signify a Fort, or Castle. It is probably of British, or Pictish, origin, for the protection of cattle, or property in general, and the defenceless part of the inhabitants in time of war, from a sudden attack. There is a similar encampment on the bank of the *Harkin Burn*, within the woods at *Pennecuik*, farther down.—To the left, by the side of the *North Esk*, about a mile distant, and nearly half way between *Pennecuik* and *New Hall*, are the ruins of *Brunstane Castle*, in the sixteenth century inhabited by a proprietor, as the date 1568 and corresponding initials upon it show, of the name of *Crichtoune*. In 1529 *New Hall* was possessed likewise by a fami-

ly called Crichtoune. They are said to have been the ancestors of the Earls of Dumfries.

After passing the eleventh, the highway comes in sight of the turnpike gate, at *Monk's* or *Nine-mile Burn*, as it is here by the old Scots computation called, between and the twelfth mile-stone. A little to the right rises *Monk's Rig*. From the other side of the burn, beyond the *Glebe Croft*, the ground ascends to the *Easter Spittal Hill*; the old *Spittal House*, with its venerable trees, being, snugly, relieved, and backed, in a beautiful group, between and the *Wester Hill*. The farmstead of *Friartown* over *St Robert's Croft*; and the *New House*, and the *White Hill*, appear above the plantations, and hamlet of *Monk's Burn*; with the gate and toll-house, in front of the highway climbing the ascent beyond them.

SCENARY*.

On the left, within a hundred yards of *Monk's Burn*, and the turnpike gate, a road leads down to the farmhouse of *Marfield*, and the east end of the

* In describing the *Scenary* and *Views*, the words *right* and *left*, refer to the *spectator*.—Forty years ago, the head of the valley of Mid-Lothian was all sheep pasture; and on the whole

Marfield Loch, where the SCENARY of the *Gentle Shepherd* begins, by a view south-westward, over the Loch, and the Glen of the North Esk, of *Symon's House*, in Tweeddale, as it is seen in the engraving of it. To the south and east, on the left, the Glen of the Esk, which surrounds three sides of the Loch, likewise intervenes, within fifty yards of it, between and the *Harlaw Moor*. This barren tract, reaches behind Symon's House, and the Harbour Craig beyond it, in the direction of the view, about six miles, terminating near Pennecuik to the north-east, and Linton, in Tweeddale, to the south-west.

From the Loch, the road continues down to the *Marfield Flax-mill* on the edge of the Esk; with the *Marfield* free or sandstone *quarry* behind it, between and the Loch. The Esk, from Marfield to its source at Esk Head, separates Mid-Lothian from Tweeddale. In ascending it, Mid-Lothian, northward, is on the right; and Tweeddale, southward, on the left. From this stratum of free sandstone, were built the house and offices of Pennecuik about three miles down the Esk, on the other side of Brun-

district included in the *Map*, there were, with the houses of the Carlops and the Spittal, but *six* farmsteads, with a few cottages. Some of the *new* farms, have got names to perpetuate Ramsay's allusions.

stone Castle ; and the front and spire of the church in Peebles, sixteen miles southward.

In following the track of the *Esk* upwards from the lint-mill, after turning the lower end of the *Marfield Wood*, on the right, between and the Loch, and having on the left the *point* on which Symon's House stands, which stretches north from the Harlaw Moor, and is formed by the glens of the *Esk* and the Harbour Craig ; the first object that presents itself is the *Fulling-mill* and *Dye-house*, on the other side of the water, near the foot of *Monk's Haugh*. Next appears, at the head of the haugh and the mouth of the burn, with the *Lins* and the *Broomy Brae* behind it, and the "loan" or "plain" over the *Esk* below the extremity of the point of the Harlaw Moor, *Glaud's Onstead*, at the upper end of the *Marfield Wood*.

At *Glaud's Onstead*, the road crosses the *Esk*, and proceeds round the extremity of the point of the Harlaw Moor ; with the "Loan" or "Plain," and then the *Green Brae Park* over the *Esk* on the right, and, hid from it by the steep above, *Symon's House* on the left. Here, looking over the plain to the *Broomy Brae*, and up *Monk's Burn*, the drawing of *Glaud's Onstead* was taken. On turning the point, a *glen* opens on the left, and, with its rivulet, unites with

that of the Esk at a *little Haugh*. Other *two* glens enter it from the opposite side, and add to the wooded variety of the banks, which, including the Esk, their four streams enliven.

On crossing the rivulet, from the left, by a *stone* bridge above the little Haugh, beyond its two tributary streams, near half a mile distant, the vista is terminated by the *Harbour Craig*, looking down with its grey tower-like front from the head of its glen.—From this, if a carriage, or horses have been used, they must be sent forward to the *village* of Carlops.

After visiting the Harbour Craig ; on returning to the Glen of the *Esk* ; immediately above the little Haugh, on the opposite side of the stream, is the *Craigy Bield* ; the view of which is taken looking down the Esk, with the opening up the Harbour Craig Glen appearing, between the right bank, and the point of the Harlaw Moor seen over the Haugh.

About a hundred yards higher on the Esk than the Craigy Bield, is the *Washing Green* ; from the lower end of which, on the south-east side of the water, the view of it was drawn. Upon the slope of the bank, north from and almost behind the *Washing House* seen in the plate, was one of the old gardens, called the *East Garden*, a wall, and some of the fruit

trees of which still exist ; and the present garden is immediately above it, with a court of offices at its head.

From the Washing House, up the Washing Green or Garden *Burn*, a path, by a romantic waterfall called the *Fairies' Lin*, leads up to *New-Hall House*, past two vaults, under the remains of the *Tower* alluded to in the comedy, which was seen, before it was filled with wood, up the ravine from Symon's House. The vestiges of the *Chapel* or *West Garden*, lie on the other side of the mansion.

At the south-west end of the house, a walk descends the bank under the Chapel, to the head of the Washing Green, and to the Esk at the *Hermitage* and *Mineral Well* on the opposite, south, side of the water at the lower end of the *Squirrel's Haugh*. Above the Haugh, on the other, west, bank, over the stream, on a high precipitous wooded rock, stands the rustic *Hut*, with a window to the glen, and its front to the lawn ornamented with the *Obelisk*. A little way farther up, on the same side, *Mary's Lin* is heard and seen, amidst its woods and rocks.

Higher on the Esk, through an opening in its banks westward appears *Habbie's House*. At the same distance, up the stream, immediately under it,

is *Habbie's How*, with its birches, bathing-pool, little lin and green,

“ Where a' the sweets o' spring and simmer grow.”

Above Habbie's How is the *Miller's How*. From a stone bridge over the Esk, at the head of its holm, the prospect up the Esk is terminated by *Patie's Hill*, one of the Pentlands, between the hills of Spittal and Carlops, and *Farmstead*, where the discovery of urns, spurs, &c. and other circumstances, render it probable there was once a *Roman Station*, or *Exploratory Fort*. The steep slope of this hill is the bank of the Esk; and out of it, high up under the Farmstead, is cut the *turnpike* road from the Monk's Burn to the Esk at the village of Carlops. It crosses the prospect from the bridge, and divides the hill and Farmstead above it, from the steep between and the Esk which is called the *Wood Brae*. In proceeding upwards; on the left, or south-east, opposite to the Wood Brae, the precipitous declivity of the *Girt Hill* forms the other bank of the stream, and its round summit the site of the Tower to the memory of ALAN RAMSAY. On its northern acclivity are still the vestiges of *terraces*, perhaps former entrenchments; and on a ridge on its south side is the farmstead of *Roger's Rig*. From its western base a haugh, with the water winding through it, leads up to the

highway at the *Carlops Bridge*, a few yards beyond the thirteenth mile-stone from Edinburgh, connecting the shire of Edinburgh with that of Peebles.

A short distance above the bridge, and fronting it, is a *mill* for spinning and carding *wool*, and fulling *cloth*. It stands half a mile below the hill and farmstead of *Fairliehope*. From the mill, the water runs with great impetuosity, amidst rugged and pointed rocks, till it gets through the arch, when it makes a little fall, almost under it, at the head of the haugh. At the farther end of the bridge is the turnpike gate at the northern extremity of the county of Tweeddale, leading into the manufacturing *village* of *Carlops*, begun to be built in 1784, which occupies a pass, or *glen*, betwixt the banks of the Esk and the *dean* of the *Carlops Burn*, southwards. In proceeding along the highway which makes the street of the village, above the acclivity on the right, between and a shoulder of the *Carlops Hill* called the *Turnip Hill*, is a gently inclined plain named the *Lead Flats*, on which it is said corn was never known to be injured by frost. The ascent on the left conceals the old *Mansion of Carlops*, appropriated by Ramsay to Roger, with the "*Blasted Tree*" on the east side of it; and, at the extremity of the village, the glen is contracted by two romantic rocks called the *Carline's Loups*, from which the hill, burn, and

district of the Carlops have been named. The southern termination of the glen, on the outside of the rocks, looks over *Mause's Meadow*, with its springs, to the *Carlops Green*, and the "open fields," southwards, beyond the Carlops Burn skirting the outside of the dean, which the highway crosses in pursuing its course to *West Linton*; and *Lyne Bridge*, three miles to the south-west, on the road to *Lead Hills*, and *Crawford Moor*. The rocks, according to popular belief, were named as the points from whence a supposed carline or witch, who resided near them, was believed at nights, with her cat and candle, on her broom, frequently, to make her lous or leaps, and to bound and frolic across the mouth of the pass or glen, when no house but her "*cruve*," and the *mansion* above it, eastward, was to be seen near them. The same spot has been chosen for the *cottage* of *Mause*, which seems to have suggested her introduction as a witch into the comedy. This is, undeniably, proved by the minute coincidence between the tradition, the site, the southern exposure, the blasted solitary tree, the spring-wells, the open fields in the same direction, with the other objects round the "*cruve*," and Ramsay's residence near the spot, and descriptions, had no other evidence existed. All the objects are still to be seen as they are represented in the view of them, which is taken from the south-west.

Within sight, downwards from this part of the dean, are the *lime quarries* of Carlops, with the *Rumbling Well* between them, and the Carlops Burn which is lost in the Esk at the Little Haugh near the Craigy Bield, where the valley of the Harbour Craig branches off. By following the dean and burn upwards, from the rocks, along the foot of the Carlops Hill ascending on the right, appear in succession, the *Little Turnip* or *Hole Haugh* Know, almost an exact cone, in the middle of the flat ; the *Lin Burn*, as seen in the engraving of it, within its rocky glen, spouting over its whinstone precipice at the bottom of the mountain ; and, beyond it, from the same bank, the *crops* of the strata of *limestone* bursting out about twenty feet up, after having accompanied, with the other secondary strata of sandstone and coal, the valley of Mid-Lothian, from the Frith of the Forth at the Bay of Musselburgh. Opposite to these lime rocks, in the middle of the dean, is *Dun Kaim* ; and above it, likewise in the centre of the flat, appears the romantic rocky cone called the *Peaked Craig*, with *Jenny Barry's Cove*, the little grotto from whence issues the Carlops Burn, near it, at the bottom of the mountain. On the other, south-east, side of the dean, is a recess in the bank called *Hell's Hole*, beside a number of craggy passages known by the name of the *Carlops' Snabs*, near the farmstead of the *West Mains* over the *highway*, which

conducts to *Dumfries* ; or *Crawford Moor* and *Lead Hills* ; or to *Glasgow*, by *Carnwath* and *Carluke*, or *Lanark* and *Hamilton*.

In returning from the Snabs by the public road ; after passing the twelfth mile-stone, and the turnpike gate at Monk's Burn, a *communication* along the *east* slope of Monk's Rig, the *west* side of the Scald Law, and then by *Bavelaw House*, leads *across* the Pentland Hills to the Water of *Leith* at *Malleny* ; and from thence, by a highway, down that beautiful stream to *Edinburgh*. This route, in going back to the metropolis, adds only two miles to its length, and gives increased variety to the ride.

The prefixed MAP is intended to give a general view of the relative situations of the *scenes in nature* from which the *plates* were taken ; that their *connection* with each other, and their *coincidence* with the pastoral, may be the more striking and easily understood. It is reduced from a large *plan* done from an actual survey in the year 1770 ; and the farms, then, annexed to the houses of *Symon*, *Glaud*, and *Roger*, are distinguished according to the best information that could be obtained. In visiting the objects, as they still exist, convenience and despatch render it advisable to follow the *track* now pointed out, and which is marked upon the *map*, from the





A. D. 1847

CRAIGY-BIELD between GLAUD'S ONSTEAD & the WASHING-GREEN from the S.

Where Crystal springs the halcyon waters yield,
Beneath the South side of a Craggy-hill,
Two youthful shepherds on the green lay
Tending their flocks as honey meen o' meen

R. Scott engr.

highway, by the Marfield Loch, to the Esk, near it, which *then* becomes the guide *upward* ; but, in the arrangement of the engravings and descriptions, it becomes necessary to adhere to the order in which the scenes appear in the *comedy*, which they are meant to illustrate and explain.

THE CRAIGY BIELD.

Act 1. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

“ Beneath the south side of a Craigy Bield,
 “ Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
 “ Twa youthfu’ Shepherds on the gowans lay,
 “ Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.”

DIALOGUE, (*at the end.*)

“ PATIE.—But first we’ll tak’ a turn up to the height,
 “ An’ see gif a’ our flocks be feeding right.”

SANG 1.

“ TUNE.—*The wauking o’ the faulds.*”

“ *THE wauking o’ the faulds,*” is the tune selected for the song at the opening of this celebrated pastoral comedy ; and the incident which produced the

choice is still related with much glee and enthusiasm, as a favourite story, among the hinds and shepherds in the neighbourhood of the CRAIGY BIELD. In the course of his many visits to New Hall, one of them paid by Ramsay was towards the end of July, after the lambs were weaned, and the ewes, at the rising and setting of the sun, were milked for the production of grease to smear with, and the making of cheese. Happening to look through one of the front windows of the house, in a fine evening, to the smooth green ascent of the Wester Hill of Spittal, when the whole flock of the farm, attended by the shepherd and his dog, from the other side, appeared on the summit of the mountain, and gradually descended to the milking faulds and bughts below the middle of the declivity; recalling the interests of his youth, he was so delighted with the scene, that he requested of Mr Forbes and his friends to accompany him next morning to the spot, that he might be present at the milking of the ewes in the bughts, before they were let out from the fold, again to replenish their udders. He was accordingly gratified next day, after sun-rise; and no sooner had the maids filled their pails, and the shepherd departed with the flock to its pasture, up the mountain, than he exclaimed, with the most rapturous enthusiasm, that, in commemoration of the sight, he would begin his pastoral with “a sang, to the tune

of *The wauking o' the faulds !*" Agreeably to this tradition, Mr Tytler, in his edition of King James's Poems, declares, that he himself had heard Ramsay recite at New Hall, to Mr Forbes and his literary friends, " different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two *first*, before it was printed."

Between the house of New Hall, and the Little Haugh about a quarter of a mile below it, where the stream from the Harbour Craig, to the south-east, incorporates with the Esk, some romantic grey crags at the side of the water, look up a turn in the glen, and directly front the south. Their crevices are filled with birches, poplars, heather, shrubs, and flowers in summer ; their tops are crowned, and mantled with trees, and copse-wood ; and the clear stream, fed by " crystal springs," puzzles its way past, amidst pebbles and pieces of rock, within a few yards, before it runs almost directly under them. In some places, projecting beyond their bases, they give complete " bield," or shelter, to whatever is beneath ; and form the most inviting retreat imaginable. In the landscape they are copied from the south, the same direction in which they are represented in the prologue ; and the light is thrown upon them as it appears in the morning, at the time of the dialogue.

On the other side of this craggy, or "craigy bield," which hides it, and a short way down, on the same border of the Esk, below the mouth of Monk's Burn, is situated "Glaud's Onstead." The "height" on which the sheep are feeding, in the distance, seems to be alluded to at the end of the dialogue. It lies between the Craigy Bield and Symon's House, forming the point from the Harlaw Moor called the Steel, on the highest part of which stands the farmstead, concealed by the wooded bank on the right, between and the intervening valley of the Harbour Craig. In passing from the Craigy Bield to Symon's eastward, Glaud's Onstead is seen, to the north, down the Esk on the left; and, on the right, the *Harbour Craig*, in full view, at the head of its glen, above the mouth of the Carlops Burn. This rock is obviously used, and alluded to in the middle of the dialogue; and, as the farms appropriated for Roger, and Symon the guardian of Patie, met at the Craigy Bield where they were separated only by the Esk, Symon's with the Craigy Bield being on the left, and Roger's with the Harbour Craig on the right side of the stream, than under this skreen, no place could have been more naturally, and judiciously chosen by Ramsay, for the interesting dialogue between his two youthful shepherds and friends, in this first scene of the pastoral.

PLANTS found on, and about the CRAIGY BIELD.

The Latin and English names are given according to the improved nomenclature of Dr Smith, in his *Flora Britannica*.

The CRAIGY BIELD is finely fringed with the *Ulex Europæus*, or Furze; *Erica vulgaris*, Heath; *Erica cinerea*, Bell heather; *Aspidium filix femina*, Female shield fern; and overhung by the *Populus tremula*, or Aspen tree; *Prunus padus*, the Bird cherry; and the *Betula alba*, or Birch, &c.

Amongst others, around it, are to be found,

<i>Holcus mollis</i> ,	Meadow soft grass.
<i>Chrysosplenium oppositifolium</i> ,	Golden saxifrage.
<i>Aspidium dilatatum</i> ,	Great crested shield-fern.
<i>Salix alba</i> ,	Common white willow.
<i>Silene inflata</i> ,	Bladder campion.
(2) <i>Epilobium angustifolium</i> ,	French willow.
<i>Alchemilla vulgaris</i> ,	Lady's mantle.
<i>Geranium sylvaticum</i> ,	Wood crane's bill.
<i>Juncus sylvaticus</i> ,	Wood rush.
<i>Geum rivale</i> ,	Water avens, &c.

A list of the *plants* alluded to, might be expected in illustrating a poem which begins, in the *dialogue* of this first scene, with the following lines.

- “PATIE.—This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 “An’ puts a’ nature in a jovial mood.
 “How heartsome is’t to see the rising *plants* !
 “To hear the *birds* chirm o’er their pleasing rants !”

Act 1. Scene 1.

A catalogue of the *birds* will be given afterwards.

THE HARBOUR CRAIG.

Act 1. Scene 1.

DIALOGUE.

“PATIE.—Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck,
“Yonder’s a craig ; since ye ha’e tint a’ houp,
“Gae till’t your ways, an’ tak’ the lover’s loup.

“ROGER.—I needna mak’ sic speed my blood to spill,
“I’ll warrant death come soon enough a-will.”

BESIDES the glen of the Esk, other two, with each its stream descending from the south-west, open into the valley between the *Craigy Bield* and the HARBOUR CRAIG, or, as it is frequently called by the country people, the *Lover’s Loup*. This remarkable rock, alluded to about the middle of the first act and scene of the comedy, forms the point of union with the most southerly of these glens, seen in the *view*, taken from the north, looking up the Harbour Craig Burn, on the right, which crosses the landscape between the figures and the rock. The other intervening glen, in the same direction, and on the same side of the valley, is that of the Carlops Burn.



HARBOUR CRAIG near the CRAIG BIELD from the N.
 Youder's a Craig since ye hae put a' heep
 Gae all' your ways, and tak the town's loup



Like that of the Craigy Bield, the whole mass of the Harbour Craig is a coarse mill-stone grit, composed of small semi-transparent pebbles. To the east, its deep channels, fissures, gutters, crevices, and perpendicular projections, resemble the old weather-beaten crumbling columns, pilasters, and niches, of a venerable tower, with the protuberances, in its gray surface, bleached by the batterings of the blast, and the dashings of the rain. On approaching it, the wild and fantastic effect of its general appearance, is heightened by the multitude of dates, initials, and names, with which every part of it is rudely ornamented; by the variety of its tints; from the dissolved minerals oozing out of its cracks and chinks, amidst the hoary mosses adhering to its parts; and by the bunches of purple heath, bilberry, and creeping moorish plants, in many places mantling, and stealing down the hollows, circling, in festoons, from one prominence to another, or waving from its brow. The glowing glitter of the morning sun, upon this side of the rock, gives additional boldness to its protrusions, by the obliquity of its rays, and is the most favourable to the spirit and grandeur of its effect. At this time, the allusion to it is introduced by the hero of the pastoral. In repairing from Symon's House, where he resided, to the Craigy Bield, to meet his companion, it terminates the vista, formed by its valley, on the left. It is on the Tweeddale

side of the Esk, within the farm assigned to Roger, which increases the naturalness of his friend's jocular advice to use it as he recommends, from its being so much under his power, and within his own bounds. The hinds, and shepherds, still give it the name of the *Lover's Loup*.

From the singularity of its situation and figure, the Harbour Craig seems long to have been an object of attention and curiosity, if we may rely upon one of the dates, which is 1191. Many others can only be guessed at ; 1612, and 1640, are sufficiently legible ; but the most conspicuous are those of 1662, and 1666, when it was probably first called the Harbour Craig, from the protection it assisted in giving, as a then unfrequented, and convenient point of rendezvous to the Presbyterians, during the religious persecutions, in favour of Episcopacy, in the reign of Charles the Second. The valley, descending from it, points to Carnethie, the highest of the middle group of the Pentland Hills. From its summit, the whole chain, on the south side, from Rullion Green westward, is in full view ; and this scene of action, where the Covenanters, on Nov. 28. 1666, were finally defeated and scattered, is directly in the line, and exactly divides the distance, between it and Edinburgh, where so many, afterwards, vainly suffered for their religious opinions on the scaffold, that

had escaped from the sword, and sheltered themselves about this rock, and its numerous glens.

In Captain Armstrong's Map of Tweeddale, the Harbour Craig is particularly noted ; and in the " Companion" to it published 20th June 1775, he gives the following account of it. In his conjecture as to its height, however, although he does not include the lofty bank from which it rises, he seems to be considerably below the truth.

" *Harbour Craig*.—A curious rock, projecting from the bank of a deep glen. Its front is perpendicular, and about 25 feet high from its base. On its face are cut several initials, with dates ; some of which are so early as 1612, and many fallen a sacrifice to the ravages of time. The remote and exalted situation of this natural production, induced many of the presbyterian zealots, during the persecution, to make use of it, not only as a secure retreat, but as an eligible rostrum for oral exhortations to their partisans before the battle of Rullion Green, 28th November 1666 ; most of the dates being previous to that period."

" *Whitefield*, had for its owner a son of the much-admired Drummond of Hawthornden."

On the east side of the valley of the Harbour Craig, lies the Harlaw Moor ; a widely-extended, flat ridge of heath, stretching north-east, and south-west, from the head of the peninsular height on which Symon's House, the old farmstead of the moor, stands, along a great part of the space, in those directions, between the villages of Pennecuik and Linton. On the lower end of its point, between the houses of Symon and Glaud, it is reported that an engagement, or skirmish, took place, with some troops, sent by Monk to this neighbourhood, whilst Cromwell was following Charles the Second to Worcester. Monk's haugh, burn, and rig at the head of the burn, are only separated from it by the Esk, and its own name of the Steel, as well as of these, is ascribed by the vulgar to this circumstance, and their connection with that celebrated general and admiral. To this occurrence Mr Bradfute, in his poem in the *Appendix*, alludes, when describing the Harbour Craig.

“ Here, sad, the preacher stood with solemn pause,
“ To mark, with outstretch'd arm, the sombre heath,
“ The field of Scottish and of English wars ;
“ Or, what more near concern'd the list'ning crowd,
“ To point the fatal spot on Pentland Hills,
“ Where many a ploughman warrior fought and fell.”

Behind this rock, to the southward, are extensive strata of coal, lime, and durable free sandstone, for which, the wants of fuel, agriculture, and masonry, occasion a constant demand ; although the sale of the coal is lessened, by the general practice, among the tenants and cottagers in the neighbouring parishes, of using peats for firing. As characterized by Ramsay, “ a peat-stack,” and “ a clear peat-ingle,” are the invariable comforts of every farmstead, and hut, in this district. Over a part of the Harbour Craig field of coal, extends a peat-moss of twelve feet in depth ; so that the colliers, in sinking their pits, are obliged to dig out one kind of fuel, to get access to another. Beyond this moss, about two miles south from the Harbour Craig, lie the farms of Upper and Nether Whitefield, between and Romanno. As noticed by Captain Armstrong, they once belonged to Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, the intimate friend of Dr Pennecuik, who so often mentions him in his works, and the son and heir “ of the much-admired” poet. In the *inscription* for the picture of Jonas Hamilton, of Coldcoats, now Macbiehill, near Whitefield, in the poems of Pennecuik, he thus introduces him among some of his other associates, with his usual playfulness.

“ Save Coldcoat, none Dalhousie knew,

“ Who Jonas could at drink subdue.

“ Brave *Nicolson*, who’s in his grave,
“ Did from him many a parley crave.
“ *Drummond*, who’s yet alive, can tell,
“ How from them all he bore the bell ;”

alluding to a bell-wedder, at the head of a flock of sheep. The poem entire, is to be found in the *Appendix*.

The west side of the HARBOUR CRAIG has the appearance of a smooth ashlar wall, tinged with red, and green, and yellow, and grey, with a bold horizontal projection running across its summit, resembling a deep cornice, blunted, and defaced, by the corroding effects of time. The rocks on both sides of its lateral glen in this direction, several of which are seen in the *view*, consist of a crumbling, white sandstone. A small stream from the south-west, after forming, between them, two little water-falls, turns into a hole, at the bottom of the western bank, continues under ground, till it comes almost opposite to the Harbour Craig, when it suddenly bursts into light, near the foot of the declivity, about a quarter of a mile below its entrance, and, after a short and rapid course of about a hundred yards, at the stand from whence the landscape prefixed was taken, mingles its waters with those of the rivulet that slowly glides along the valley, from the south-east.

The *Craig* is in the parish of Linton, in Peeblesshire. Besides the initials, and dates, there are several names scattered over the rugged face of the rock, and among others *J. Giffard*, in large characters. As this seems to be the James Giffard who shone, as a genius of high rank, in the town, and among the portioners or small proprietors about Linton, in the time of Charles the Second's religious persecutions; and makes a conspicuous figure in Dr Pennecuik's poems, we shall give the following anecdote of him, from the "Companion" to Armstrong's Map, formerly quoted.

"The Cross," of West Lintón, "now decayed, is a lively specimen of natural genius, without the assistance of art, being the entire labour of one Giffard, a small feu-proprietor in Linton; which he erected in 1666, at his sole expence, to perpetuate the memory of his beloved wife and five children. She is represented in a devout posture, on a pedestal, supported with four infants, and a fifth on her head."

The traditional account, concerning this "lively specimen of natural genius," so wonderfully reared "without the assistance of art," is, that on the supposition his wife was past child-bearing, and that he would have no more additions to his family, he erected this monument, after she had brought him four

children. The effigy of Mrs Giffard was placed on the middle of the pedestal, and a child at each corner ; by which arrangement, he was fortunately enabled to furnish the precise number of ornaments required, and, at the same time, to include all his family,

After he had contrived, and laboured, till the structure was completed, as ill-luck would have it, unexpectedly, his "beloved wife" again became pregnant, and a fifth, superfluous and unlooked-for, child, made its appearance. The naming of Tristram Shandy, could not occasion greater embarrassment, perplexity, and study, than this occurrence, attended with such a mixture of outward joy, and inward distress, to the ingenious and indefatigable portioner Giffard. On the one hand, justice, pride, and affection, all called aloud, in support of the infant's right to a place on the monument, as well as the rest of the family, in conformity to its original destination, which was to include the whole. On the other, however the public exhibition of another child, on so conspicuous a station, might flatter his vanity, how was this to be accomplished, without destroying the regularity of his building, and handing down to future ages his apparent ignorance of the most essential rule in architecture? After much profound deliberation, and research for a proper stand, every dif-

ficulty was, at length, happily reconciled, and brought to an amicable settlement, by placing the sculptured figure of this new production on its mother's head ! from whence, with perfect and sublime regularity, it rose from the centre, towering over, and crowning the "lively" fabric, in evidence of its father's ingenuity, as if, like a little Minerva, it had just sprung from her brain.

All the children have, in succession, fallen down and disappeared ; but the small portioner of Linton's wife still remains in the middle of this "sub-metropolis," with her arms raised from the elbow, and her hands joined before her breast ; thus far, in a devout posture, it is true, but otherwise decked out, excepting the coronet, in all the finery of a duchess of the seventeenth century, with lions *couchant*, in bold relief, round the frieze of the pedestal, under her feet.

Among Dr Pennecuik's poems, in "*The humble Address and Supplication of the Portioners and Inhabitants of the famous town of Lintoun, sub-metropolitan of Tweeddale, to his Highness the Prince of Orange,*"

"James Giffart, and the Lintoun Lairds,"

occupy one of the lines, which rhymes to

" ————— Hog-yards,"

the title of William Younger, who,

“ In name of all the Lintoun Lairds,”

signs the *Address*.

In *The Lintoun Cabal*, portioner Giffard is again introduced, as the most prominent character, at the jovial smith's invitation, and meeting of “ his club, to their morning's draught, whom he had made drunk the night before, after a great storm.” From his puritanical figure, and the woefully emetic effects of the nappy ale upon him, one is less surprised to find his name among those of the Covenanters on the Harbour Craig, than in the jovial smith's club, of which he seems to have been but a weak brother, from the ludicrous account given of his distresses at the end of the poem, and of his appearance in the following lines. Cries the smith,

“ Bring haggis-headed *William Younger*,

“ And *James*, that little brandy-monger,

“ Laird *Giffard* looks like cauld and hunger,

“ He may come warm his soals.

“ Their entertainment shall be good,

“ God grant they part but dirt or blood !

“ Pay but their drink, we'll trust their food ;

“ Cause *Scrogs* provide us coals.”

See Appendix.

It is said in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, that Laird Giffard's portion now belongs to Alexander Forrester, the parish minister, by whom he is represented ; but this is a mistake. Forrester's portion is a very insignificant one, even in Linton.

The numerosity, pettiness, pride, and poverty of the Linton lairds, have always been the subjects of amusement, and ridicule. It is a standing joke in the county, that at one time there were no less than five-and-forty of them ; and, that, of these, fifteen got assistance from the poor's funds, or, as it is shortly expressed, There were forty-five Linton lairds ; o' which, fifteen were on the box !

It has been supposed, that Ramsay had in his eye and recollection, the nappy ale of Linton, the nearest town to New Hall, when he made *Glaud*, in Act 2. Scene 1., on hearing of Sir William Worthy's arrival, exclaim,

“ My heart's c'en rais'd !—Dear neighbour will ye stay,

“ An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day ?

“ We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,

“ I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height :

“ I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,

“ An' bring a draught o' *ale* baith stout an' brown ;

“ An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,

“ Drink, 'till they tine the gait to stan' their lane.”

THE WASHING GREEN.

Act 1. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

“ A flowery howm between twa verdant braes,
“ Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes,
“ A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
“ Its channel peebles shining smooth an’ round ;
“ Here view twa barefoot’ beauties clean and clear ;
“ First please your eye, then gratify your ear,
“ While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
“ And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.

DIALOGUE.

“ JENNY.—Come, Meg, let’s fa’ to wark upon this green,
“ This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
“ The water’s clear, the lift unclouded blue,
“ Will mak’ them like a lilly wet wi’ dew.

“ PEGGY.—Gae farer up the burn to Habbie’s How,” &c.

“ PEGGY.—We’re far frae ony road, an’ out o’ sight ;
“ The lads they’re feeding far beyont the height,” &c.

(At the end.)

“ JENNY.—Anither time’s as good ;—for see the sun
“ Is right far up, an’ we’re not yet begun
“ To freath the graith ;—if canker’d Madge, our aunt,
“ Come up the burn, she’ll gie’s a wicked rant.”

J. S. Greenleaf del.



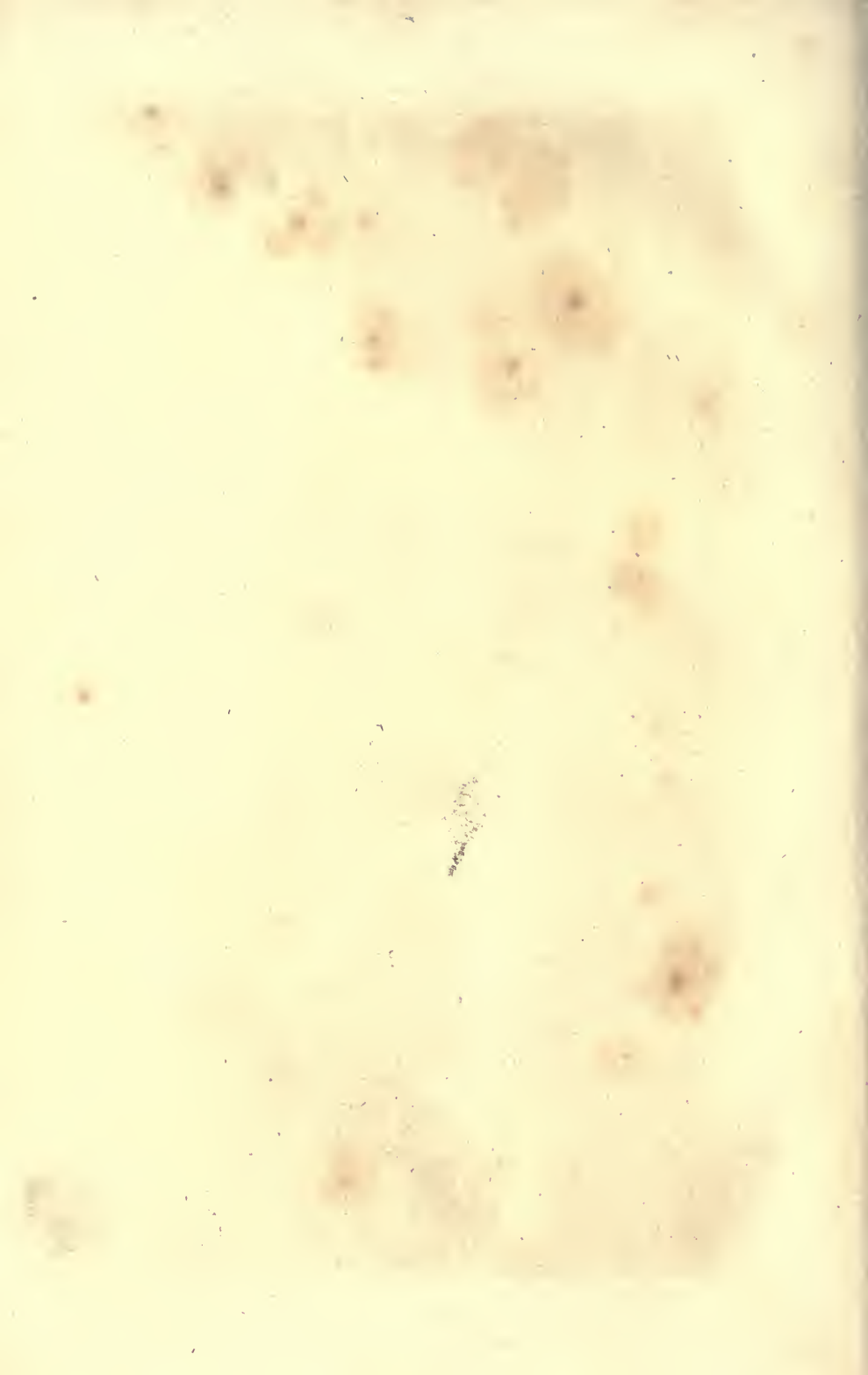
R. Scott sculp.

WASHINGTON GREEN, behind NEW HALL HOUSE from the E.

A flowerie house, between two verdant trees,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their staidis,

A trothing buene, wumping through the ground,
For charnel peckles shining smooth and round.

Gen. Shap. Act 1. S. 2. Prologue.



THE *landscape* prefixed, is taken from the east, on the Tweeddale side of the Esk, about sixty yards farther up than the *Craigy Bield*; and the effect of the light upon it is the same as it appears an hour before noon. In consequence of a turn in the glen, and the protrusion of an intervening wooded prominence, the point of which is seen on the right over the stream; notwithstanding of their proximity, the situations are completely skreened from each other, and form distinct and separate spots. “Beneath the south side of a Craigy Bield,” Ramsay introduced his two shepherds, at the opening of the pastoral; and in the second preliminary scene, he chose an adjoining “howm,” “where lasses use to wash and spread their claes,” for the other confidential dialogue, between the similarly contrasted characters of their mistresses.

Before intrusting his reader with their natural, spirited, and interesting conversation, he makes him acquainted with the WASHING GREEN, he had pitched upon for it, by an appropriate description in the prologue, where he likewise introduces him to a “view” of his “twa barefoot’ beauties, clean and clear,” and says to him, “first please your eye, then gratify your ear.” He has here, as in all his scenes, artfully fitted two strings to his bow, by first plea-

sing the eye in a prologue, in order to secure a more favourable reception towards gratifying the ear in the dialogue to follow. His actors are, thus, made known to us before they speak, and their discourse is received under a favourable impression. His judgment and skill are equally obvious. By addressing both senses at once, he has rendered his poem doubly attractive. The prologues are, indeed, no less curious, as descriptive pictures of natural scenery and rustic art, of manners, modes of life, characters, and dresses peculiar to Scotland, and the upper division of the Esk and the Pentland Hills, at the head of the valley of Mid-Lothian; than the dialogues are interesting, as the genuine expressions of corresponding sentiments, in the most appropriate language and dialect. They mutually illustrate, assist, and heighten the beauties, and effects of each other.

It is much to be regretted that such a poem as the Gentle Shepherd was not illustrated, and embellished in a suitable manner, with designs from nature, at the time it was written. Without them, such a composition is, in some degree, imperfect. An edition of Hudibras, to render it complete, should be accompanied with Hogarth's plates. The utmost exertions, and highest finishings of the pen, are altogether inadequate to the character, expression, and

minutiæ of costume ; and in such subjects as the masterpieces of Cervantes, Butler, Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, and Ramsay, the aid of the pencil or graving chisel, must be called in to give them full effect, and render them durably, as well as generally valuable ; to give them that precision, and perspicuity, which it is beyond the powers of language to attain. Although executed at a subsequent period, and, of course, with diminished advantages as to minute exactness ; when the designs of Hogarth shall have faded away, and their copies shall have lost their resemblances, the Hudibras of Butler, with all its eccentricity and wit, will sustain a real and substantial loss, which the most vigorous imagination, from the mere perusal of the poem, will be unable to repair. Instead of something real, and fixed, to rest upon, the scenes will depend on the vague, indeterminate, loose efforts of the reader's fancy, after the characteristic, and appropriate manners, and appearances, and dresses, of the objects of ridicule can no longer be recovered, or conceived. Lovers of original, and striking thoughts, new associations, unexpected resemblances, and a profusion of genuine wit, through the ear, will continue to receive full gratification ; but the engrafted humour of Hogarth will be wanting, and the eye will remain unpleased ; only the spirit of the work will then be left, unembodied, and unrealized.

The Gentle Shepherd, after being brought to a conclusion, was published in 1725; and the illustrations of Hudibras appeared in 1726, inscribed to Ramsay. The former has bestowed on its author a height in the ranks of genius, which he would never have reached, by means of any thing else he has produced; and the latter was the first of Hogarth's incomparable works that, indisputably, decided his claim to unrivalled excellence, in the just, and humorous, and boundlessly varied representation, of ludicrous and natural occurrences, and characters, with their concomitant effects in attitude and expression. Even as a painter, and of portraits too, the most insipid and fettered of all the branches of that engaging art, he has introduced more of nature, truth, and meaning into his pictures, than any other limner of likenesses to be met with. In New-Hall House, there is a full length small portrait, by him, of Mr Windham of Felbrigg in Norfolk, ancestor to the present Secretary of State, which is rendered unusually interesting, by the strikingly nice discrimination of character which it exhibits, in attitude, dress, expression, and accompaniments. Hogarth, likewise, added considerably to the interest and ridicule of Cervantes, by a set of prints, displaying the various adventures of his inimitably suited, and contrasted knight-errant, and squire.—Ramsay was so much alive to the charms, and powers of the sis-

ter arts, that he was an enthusiast in Scottish music, and bred his son a painter, who, afterwards, rose to great eminence in that elegant pursuit.

With his attention, thus; so forcibly drawn in that direction, both by Hogarth, and his own genius, to the advantages of explanatory engravings; it is surprising, in a representation of nature so peculiarly local, and of manners and modes so mutable, it should not have occurred to him, or his friends, to call in their assistance, to illustrate the truth of his likenesses, by arresting appearances, and exhibiting the originals themselves, to embellish and perfect his work. Sterne's eccentric novel, *Tristram Shandy*, was published in 1760. Although Hogarth died in 1762, four years later than Ramsay, even that short interval was embraced to profit by his genius. He has ascertained, and done full justice to Yorick's whims; and has made us personally acquainted with old Shandy, uncle Toby, Doctor Slop, and Corporal Trim, when, otherwise, we should only have known them by report. In this case, as it will be, by every man of reflection, in all others to which it can apply, the truth of Horace's practical rule was felt, and, judiciously, followed.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ

"Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

Indeed, his own prologues might have shown the utility of proper plates, to a man who thought it requisite, "first" to "please" the "*eye*," before gratifying the "*ear*;" and who desires his readers, previous to his repeating their conversation, to

" ——— view twa barefoot' beauties, clean and clear ;"

for, without an engraving, this description will apply equally well to a Swiss, an Italian, a Georgian, or Circassian beauty, as to a Scottish one ; and, destitute of such a guide, he could not be certain that the ideal picture, thus, imprudently, left at the mercy of his peruser, would at all correspond with the images in his own mind, which it was, certainly, his chief wish, and intention, that he should correctly adopt.

Mr David Allan, painter in Edinburgh, whose history is given in the Introduction to this volume ; who had studied long at Rome, after acquiring the rudiments of his profession in the Foulises' academy in Glasgow ; who possessed a considerable share of Ramsay's humour ; who was equally partial to every thing connected with his native country, to its antiquities, literary history, music, and poetry ; and who principally directed his attention, as an artist, to its peculiarities of customs, to the characteristic

features of the pastoral districts and their inhabitants, and to the representation of ludicrous home cottage scenes in particular ; observed, and endeavoured to remedy, and supply, while yet practicable, this defect in the Gentle Shepherd.

About twenty years ago, accompanied by a friend, he visited New Hall, for the purpose of collecting scenes, and figures, on the spot, for the aquatinta plates in the quarto edition of the comedy, printed at the Foulises' press, which he published in 1788.

In the engraving inserted opposite to page 19. of this edition, illustrating Act 1. Scene 2. of the pastoral, Mr Allan has given a view of the same "howm," as that exhibited in the landscape prefixed to this description. It is taken from the other, or Lothian side of the Esk, looking, south, up the glen from behind the dark trees on the right, and includes a part of the point on which the house of New Hall is placed, beyond the present Washing House. In order to comprise the whole of the scenery in this division of the poem in one plate, he has added a representation of "Habbie's How," by bringing it down to the site of the old Washing House in the days of Ramsay, so as to be seen at the upper end of the Washing Green ; although in nature, as in the dialogue, which clearly implies that it was so far

“up the burn” as to be out of sight, it is entirely shut out from the “howm,” and is about a quarter of a mile distant in ascending the stream. On purpose to give importance to the cascade at such a distance, he has, likewise, represented it in flood; by which means he has considerably diminished both its likeness, and that of the “burn,” to Ramsay’s descriptions, which, in their ordinary states, are, as to each of them, most unexceptionably exact. To mark the precise point on the “howm,” formerly,

“Where lasses use to wash, and spread their claes,”

in front of the cascade, near the remains of the original Washing House, he has enlivened his background with two women busily employed in that cleanly, and healthful occupation; one of them, in the true Scottish style, eagerly at work trampling clothes in a tub, with her petticoats drawn, and held, up to her knees.—The “Craigy Bield” had not been pointed out to Mr Allan. Thus left to himself, ingenious as this artist was, the scene in plate 1., at p. 3., is, in almost every particular, at variance with his author’s verses. Behind only one of the shepherds, by way of bield, he has erected an artificial pile of squared blocks of stone, with a small tree stuck to them on one side, and a *jet d’eau* spouting from them on the other. No “craig,” or “height,” corresponding with the allusions in the dialogue are

to be found ; the sheep are represented feeding on a plain below, instead of a height above the shepherds ; and in place of their not knowing, from the intervention of the bield, whether or not on the eminence the "flocks" were "feeding right," they are shown full in their view, they themselves being placed on the height. From the same cause, the want of the original model, the improprieties in his design of Mause's "cottage" are equally numerous. Had Ramsay neglected to lay hold of nature, he would probably have made as many false steps, gone as far astray, and have fallen into similar blunders.

Its minute attention to *costume*, impresses the stamp of value on this excellent edition of the comedy. The insides of the cottages, and the old figures, in particular, do great justice to Ramsay's drollery, and humour ; and in their actions, habits, and countenances, convey the very soul and spirit of the originals. With all their faults in drawing, composition, and effect, the plates have, in general, great merit as illustrations, in character, propriety, expression, and spirit ; and they make a real, substantial, and valuable addition, to the perspicuity, interest, truth, and humour of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

In the *view* of the Washing Green prefixed to this description, is seen part of the back front, with its

butresses, and pinnacles, and pointed windows, of New-Hall House, the north-west division, to the hills, being hid by the trees on the right ; and under the point, formed by the eastern and western ravines, on which it stands, the present Washing House, built about thirty years ago, with a large thorn in front of it. The ruins of the former are still visible, at the upper end of the " howm," " where lasses " did, and still " use to wash, and spread their claes."

Down the bottom of the eastern ravine, or, as it is sometimes called, the Fairies' Den, behind the Washing House, descends a small rivulet, in several beautiful cascades, darkened, and rendered extremely romantic, by the high, and close, and wildly-growing trees with which the recess is filled. Its lowest waterfall, about twenty yards within the den, has the name of the Fairies' Lin. It passes the near side of the Washing House, betwixt and the thorn ; and, hid by its little banks, joins the Esk, above an aller overhanging the stream. On the slope to the right, concealed by the shaded wood near the fore-ground, behind which Mr Allan has taken his drawing, are the remaining walls, and apple, and plumb trees of the east garden facing the south. Above it is the present one, with a court of offices at the head of it ; and north from these, between and the hills, is a field, which, in the memory of the oldest natives now alive, has always been called Ram-

say's Park. At the north corner of the mansion, between and the offices, overhanging the rivulet, at the upper extremity of the ravine, is the remain of a round tower, with two vaults under it, a part of the former convent, or castle built by the Crichtounes. The trees of the two avenues, north-westward, in front of the house, crossing each other, one of which reaches to the highway and the hills, are, yet, many of them left ; and beyond, to the west, betwixt and the other ravine, was the Chapel Garden, and Prison, the vestiges of which still exist.

Except, about the two gardens to the east and west, and the two avenues in front, with some rows around a few enclosures called the Family Parks, in the immediate vicinity of the house, most of the planted timber seen in the preceding *view*, as well as elsewhere, has been raised since the days of Penne-cuik, Forbes, and Ramsay. Unless where ligneous plants fringed the sides of the glens, and enriched their streams, in their natural state, all was open pasture ; though not of wood, as free from enclosures, as it is yet among the hills, where the descendants of the old shepherds, too, retain their pristine characters, and simplicity of appearance.

Leaving the highway at Monk's Rig, near Monk's Burn, the road to the east end of the Marfield Loch,

sends off, on the right, an ancient track down Monk's Burn to Glaud's House, at the head of Monk's Haugh. From thence, crossing the Esk and passing the "plain," it separates, on the height, or point from the Harlaw Muir opposite to Glaud's Onstead, to Symon's House, and to the Harbour Craig southward. The Craigy Bield, and the intervening banks, conceal from it the Washing Green; and, with the little Haugh, at the confluence of the burns below them, remove it to some distance from the road. Accordingly, Peggy observes, near the beginning of the dialogue in the scene now under consideration,

"PEGGY.—We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
"The lads, they're feeding far beyont the height."

The relative situation of the Washing Green, farther up the Esk than Glaud's Onstead, where the two shepherdesses and their aunt resided, below the Craigy Bield, likewise coincides with Jenny's reflection, that puts an end to their engaging conversation.

"JENNY.—Anither time's as guid—for see, the sun
"Is right far up, and we're no' yet begun
"To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
"Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant."

On the distant wooded bank with the Carlops Hill seen over it, in the *view*, is Mary's Bower, and Waterfall, with the covered steep declivities meeting

at the Esk under them.—A little more remote, on an eminence, is Habby's House, with the Braehead Park behind it, above the glen; and the "How," with its cascade and bathing-pool, near them at its bottom. The tempting charms of this last celebrated spot, about a quarter of a mile further up the stream than the Washing Green, occasion Peggy's proposal, and the beautiful description at the opening of the dialogue in this second introductory scene, which, conformably to its position in nature, begins thus,

"PEGGY.—Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How," &c.

The following ANIMALS, and PLANTS, are to be found on, and about, the Washing Green.

The nomenclatures are those of *Linnaeus, Pennant, Smith, &c.*

ANIMALS.

QUADRUPEDS.

<i>Equus caballus.</i>	Horse.
—— <i>asinus,</i>	Ass.
<i>Bos taurus,</i>	Ox.
<i>Ovis aries,</i>	Sheep, <i>horned, black faced and legged, short bodied, with coarse wool.</i>
<i>Capra hircus,</i>	Goat, <i>seldom seen.</i>
<i>Sus scrofa,</i>	Hog, <i>now found at every cottage.</i>

<i>Canis familiaris</i> ,	Dog, <i>shepherd's</i> .
— <i>vulpes</i> ,	Fox.
<i>Ursus meles</i> ,	Badger, <i>not common</i> .
<i>Mustela putorius</i> ,	Polecat, or fitchet.
— <i>vulgaris</i> ,	Weasel.
— <i>erminea</i> ,	Ermine.
— <i>lutra</i> ,	Otter, <i>seldom met with</i> .
<i>Lepus timidus</i> ,	Hare.
— <i>cuniculus</i> ,	Rabbit, or cony.
<i>Sciurus vulgaris</i> ,	Squirrel, <i>introduced from England,</i> <i>but now common</i> .
<i>Mus rattus</i> ,	Black rat.
— <i>Norvegicus</i> ,	Brown rat.
— <i>amphibius</i> ,	Water rat,
— <i>musculus</i> ,	Mouse.
— <i>sylvaticus</i> ,	Field mouse.
<i>Sorex araneus</i> ,	Shrew.
— <i>fodiens</i> ,	Water shrew.
<i>Talpa Europæus</i> ,	Mole.
<i>Erinaceus Europæus</i> ,	Urchin, or hedge-hog, <i>common</i> .
<i>Vespertilio murinus</i> ,	Bat.

BIRDS.

<i>Vultur albiulla</i> ,	Erne, or white-tailed eagle, <i>scarce</i> .
<i>Falco peregrinus</i> ,	Peregrine falcon, or sporting hawk, <i>rare</i> .
— <i>buteo</i> ,	Buzzard.
— <i>cyaneus</i> ,	Hen harrier.
— <i>nisus</i> .	Sparrow hawk.
<i>Strix otus</i> ,	Long-eared, or horned owl.
— <i>flammea</i> ,	Barn, or white owl.
— <i>stridula</i> ,	Screech, or ivy owl.
<i>Corvus corax</i> ,	Raven.

<i>Corvus corone,</i>	Carion crow.
—— <i>frugilegus,</i>	Rook.
—— <i>cornix,</i>	Hooded crow.
—— <i>pica,</i>	Magpie.
—— <i>glandarius,</i>	Jay.
—— <i>monedula,</i>	Jackdaw.
<i>Cuculus canorus,</i>	Cuckoo.
<i>Alcedo isida,</i>	King-fisher, <i>uncommon.</i>
<i>Upupa epops,</i>	Hoopoe, <i>one shot in autumn 1784.</i>
<i>Certhia familiaris,</i>	Creeper.
<i>Lagopus altera,</i>	Moorcock, or moorfowl.
<i>Tetrao perdrix,</i>	Partridge.
<i>Columba palumbus,</i>	Ring-dove, queest, or cushat.
<i>Turdus pilaris,</i>	Fieldfare.
—— <i>musicus,</i>	Thrush, or mavis.
—— <i>merula,</i>	Blackbird.
—— <i>torquatus,</i>	Ring ouzel.
<i>Sturnus cinclus,</i>	Water ouzel.
—— <i>vulgaris,</i>	Starling.
<i>Loxia enucleator,</i>	Pine grossbeak.
—— <i>pyrrhula,</i>	Bulfinch.
—— <i>chloris,</i>	Green grossbeak.
<i>Emberiza miliaria,</i>	Bunting.
—— <i>citrinella,</i>	Yellow bunting, or hammer.
—— <i>schaniclus,</i>	Reed bunting, or sparrow.
—— <i>nivalis,</i>	Snow bunting, or bird.
<i>Fringilla carduelis,</i>	Goldfinch.
—— <i>calebs,</i>	Chaffinch.
—— <i>montifringilla,</i>	Mountainfinch.
—— <i>domestica,</i>	Sparrow.
—— <i>linaria,</i>	Linnet.
—— <i>cannabina,</i>	Red-headed linnet.
<i>Alauda arvensis,</i>	Sky-lark.

<i>Alauda pratensis,</i>	Tit-lark.
<i>Motacilla alba,</i>	White wagtail.
———— <i>flava,</i>	Yellow wagtail.
———— <i>cinerea,</i>	Grey wagtail.
———— <i>phænicurus,</i>	Red-start.
———— <i>rubecula,</i>	Red-breast.
———— <i>atricapilla,</i>	Black-cap.
———— <i>modularis,</i>	Hedge sparrow.
———— <i>trogodytes,</i>	Wren.
———— <i>trochilus,</i>	Yellow wren.
———— <i>regulus,</i>	Golden crested wren.
———— <i>rubicola,</i>	Stone chatter.
<i>Parus major,</i>	Great tit-mouse.
———— <i>caeruleus,</i>	Blue tit-mouse, or nun.
———— <i>ater,</i>	Cole-mouse.
———— <i>palustris,</i>	Marsh tit-mouse.
———— <i>caudatus,</i>	Long-tailed tit-mouse.
<i>Hirundo rustica,</i>	Chimney swallow.
———— <i>urbica,</i>	Martin.
———— <i>riparia,</i>	Sand martin.
———— <i>apus,</i>	Swift.
<i>Caprimulgus Europæus,</i>	Goat-sucker.
<i>Ardea major,</i>	Heron.
<i>Scolopax arquata,</i>	Curlew, <i>on Harlaw Muir.</i>
———— <i>rusticola,</i>	Woodcock.
———— <i>gallinago,</i>	Snipe.
<i>Tringa hypoleucos,</i>	Sand-piper.
———— <i>squatarola,</i>	Grey sand-piper, or plover, <i>Harlaw Muir.</i>
———— <i>vanellus,</i>	Lapwing, or peewit, <i>Harlaw Muir.</i>
<i>Rallus aquaticus,</i>	Water rail.
———— <i>cren.</i>	Rail, or corn-crake.

<i>Colymbus auritus</i> ,	Little grebe, shot on <i>Marfield Loch</i> .
<i>Anas cygnus, ferus</i> ,	Swan, on <i>Harlaw Muir</i> .
—— ——— <i>mansuetus</i> ,	Tame swan.
—— ——— <i>anser, ferus</i> ,	Bean goose, <i>Harlaw Muir</i> .
—— ——— <i>mansuetus</i> ,	Grey lag goose, <i>Harlaw Muir</i> .
—— ——— <i>boschas</i> ,	Wild duck, <i>Marfield Loch</i> .
—— ——— <i>domestica</i> ,	Tame duck.
—— ——— <i>crecca</i> ,	Teal.

REPTILES.

<i>Rana temporaria</i> ,	Frog.
—— ——— <i>bufo</i> ,	Toad.
<i>Lacerta vulgaris</i> ,	Brown lizard.
—— ——— <i>agilis</i> ,	Scaly lizard.
<i>Coluber berus</i> ,	Viper, or adder, <i>Harlaw Muir</i> .

FISH.

<i>Murzena anguilla</i> ,	Eel.
<i>Pleuronectes fesus</i> ,	Flounder, or fluke.
<i>Perca fluviatilis</i> ,	Perch, <i>Marfield Loch</i> .
<i>Cobitis barbatula</i> ,	Loche.
<i>Salmo fario</i> ,	Trout.
—— ——— <i>salmulus</i> ,	Samlet, or par.
<i>Esox lucius</i> ,	Pike, <i>Marfield Loch</i> .
<i>Cyprinus phoxinus</i> ,	Minnow.

“ ROGER.—To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
 “ I’ll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 “ Keep tryst, an’ meet me there.”

Gent. Shep. Act 3. Sc. 3.

PLANTS.

INDIGENOUS.

<i>Quercus robur,</i>	Oak.
<i>Asarum Europæum,</i>	Ash.
<i>Ulmus campestris,</i>	Elm.
<i>Populus tremula,</i>	Aspen.
<i>Sorbus aucuparia,</i>	Mountain ash.
<i>Betula alba,</i>	Birch.
—— <i>alnus,</i>	Alder.
<i>Salix pentandra,</i>	Sweet willow.
—— <i>cinerea,</i>	Sallow.
—— <i>acuminata,</i>	Long-leaved sallow.
—— <i>lanata,</i>	Downy willow.
<i>Corylus avellana,</i>	Hazle-nut tree.
<i>Prunus padus,</i>	Bird cherry.
—— <i>cerasus,</i>	Geen, or wild cherry.
—— <i>domestica,</i>	Common plumb.
—— <i>spinosa,</i>	Black-thorn, or sloe.
<i>Cratægus oxyacantha,</i>	White-thorn, or hawthorn.
<i>Sambucus nigra,</i>	Elder.
<i>Rosa canina,</i>	Dog rose, or wild briar.
—— <i>villosa,</i>	Apple rose.
<i>Juniperus communis,</i>	Juniper bush.
<i>Spartium scoparium,</i>	Common broom.
<i>Ulex Europæus,</i>	Furze, or whin.
<i>Rubus idæus,</i>	Rasp-berry bush.
—— <i>fruticosus,</i>	Bramble.
—— <i>chamæmorus,</i>	Cloud-berry, <i>Carlops Hill.</i>
<i>Lonicera periclymenum,</i>	Honey-suckle.
<i>Hedera helix,</i>	Ivy.
<i>Carduus helenioides,</i>	Great soft thistle.

<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i> ,	Bilberry.
——— <i>vitis idæa</i> ,	Red evergreen bilberry.
——— <i>oxycoccus</i> ,	Cran-berry.
<i>Empetrum nigrum</i> ,	Black-berried heath, or crow- berry.
<i>Equisetum sylvaticum</i> ,	Branched wood horse-tail.
<i>Oxalis acetosella</i> ,	Wood sorrel.
<i>Spiræa ulmaria</i> ,	Queen of the meadow.
<i>Campanula rotundifolia</i> ,	Round-leaved bell-flower.
<i>Fragaria vesca</i> ,	Strawberry.
(3) <i>Hieracium paludosum</i> ,	Succory-leaved hawk-weed.

NATURALIZED.

<i>Acer pseudo-platanus</i> ,	Sycamore, now sows itself.
—— <i>saccharinum</i> ,	Sugar maple.
—— <i>platanoides</i> ,	Norway maple.
—— <i>negundo</i> ,	Ash-leaved maple.
—— <i>campestre</i> ,	Common maple.
<i>Æsculus hippocastanum</i> ,	Horse chesnut.
<i>Berberis vulgaris</i> ,	Barberry.
<i>Betula alba-pendula</i> ,	Weeping birch.
—— <i>nigra</i> ,	Black Virginia birch.
—— <i>alnus-laciniata</i> ,	Cut-leaved alder.
—— <i>incana-angulata</i> ,	Elm-leaved alder.
<i>Buxus sempervirens</i> ,	Box-tree.
<i>Carpinus betulus</i> ,	Horn beam.
<i>Cornus sanguinea</i> ,	Dog-wood.
<i>Cratægus aria</i> ,	White beam tree.
<i>Cytisus laburnum</i> ,	Laburnum.
<i>Fagus sylvatica</i> ,	Beech.
—— ——— <i>purpurea</i> ,	Purple beech.
<i>Fraxinus rotundifolia</i> ,	Manna ash.
—— <i>Americana</i> ,	American ash.

<i>Ilex aquifolium</i> ,	Holly.
— — — — <i>heterophylla</i> ,	Variegated holly.
— — — — <i>ferox</i> ,	Hedge-hog.
<i>Juniperus communis Succica</i> ,	Swedish juniper.
— — — — <i>sabina</i> ,	Savin.
<i>Ligustrum vulgare</i> ,	Privet.
<i>Lonicera xylosteum</i> ,	Fly honey-suckle.
<i>Pinus sylvestris</i> ,	Scotch fir, or wild pine, <i>sorus it-</i> <i>self</i> .
— — — — <i>strobis</i> ,	Weymouth pine.
— — — — <i>picea</i> ,	Silver fir.
— — — — <i>abies</i> ,	Spruce fir, <i>sorus itself</i> .
— — — — <i>nigra</i> ,	Black spruce fir.
— — — — <i>alba</i> ,	White spruce fir.
— — — — <i>balsamea</i> ,	Balm of Gilead fir.
— — — — <i>larix</i> ,	Larch.
<i>Populus alba</i> ,	White poplar.
— — — — <i>balsamifera</i> ,	Tacamahac.
— — — — <i>angulata</i> ,	Carolina poplar.
<i>Pyrus communis</i> ,	Pear.
— — — — <i>malus</i> ,	Apple.
<i>Quercus ilex</i> ,	Evergreen oak.
<i>Ribes rubrum</i> ,	Red currant.
— — — — <i>album</i> ,	White currant.
— — — — <i>nigrum</i> ,	Black currant.
— — — — <i>grossularia</i> ,	Gooseberry.
<i>Rosa spinosissima</i> ,	Scotch rose.
— — — — <i>gallica</i> ,	Red officinal rose.
— — — — <i>centifolia</i> ,	Dutch hundred-leaved rose.
— — — — <i>rubiginosa</i> ,	Sweet briar.
<i>Salix viminalis</i> ,	Osier willow.
— — — — <i>purpurea</i> ,	Purple willow.
— — — — <i>hermaphrodica</i> ,	Shining willow.

<i>Salix alba,</i>	White willow, &c.
<i>Sambucus nigra laciniata,</i>	Parsley-leaved elder.
<i>Spiræa salicifolia,</i>	Common spiræa frutex.
<i>Syringa vulgaris,</i>	Lilac.
—— <i>vulgaris alba,</i>	White lilac.
<i>Taxus baccata,</i>	Yew.
<i>Thuja occidentalis,</i>	Arbor vitæ.
<i>Tilia Europæa,</i>	Lime.
—— ——— <i>corralina,</i>	Red-twiggèd lime.
<i>Viburnum tinus,</i>	Laurustine.
—— ——— <i>opulus,</i>	Guelder rose, &c.

Of the *indigenous* trees, elms, ashes, mountain-ashes or rowans, birches, poplars, geens, and alders, are most numerous; and of these birches. There are likewise some oaks.—Of underwood, willows or saughs, sallows, hazels, bird cherries, white or haw, and black thorns or sloes, with some alders, are produced in great abundance in, and about, the glens.—Of those *naturalized*, besides plantations of sycamores, beeches, spruces, and Scotch pines, there are several very old lime trees near the mansion. The two avenues consist chiefly of beeches. Sycamores, spruces, and Scots pines, now, spring up spontaneously.

Most of the *indigenous* wood is alluded to in the pastoral comedy; and the lime trees in the *prologue* to Act 3. Scene 1. The elms furnish a beautiful si-

mile to the *dialogue* of Act 1. Scene 2.—The birches assist in the description of Habbie's How.—The saughs are used in Act 1. Scene 1. and in Act 3. Scene 3.—The hazles in Act 4. Scene 2.—The thorns in Act 5. Scene 1.—And the briars in Act 2. Scene 4.—“Shaws,” or woods; trees; the “merl,” and “mavis;” and “birds upon the bough;” are frequently introduced; and the pastoral, in the second couplet of the first *dialogue*, opens with a reference to sylvan scenery, which is continued throughout the comedy.

MARY'S LIN, AND BOWER.

“Behold on yonder rising ground

“The bower.”

Addison's Rosamond.

“_____ When he arrives,

“The bower, the groves, will wear a fairer aspect,

“And all be dress'd in beauty and delight.”

Henry II. ; or The Fall of Rosamond.

IN going “farer up the burn,” from the Washing Green, to Habbie's House and How distant about a quarter of a mile, three objects particularly attract the attention of the passenger. An excavated and



R.B. Knapp del.

H. Smith sculp.

MARY'S-LIN between the WASHINGTON & HARRIS HOW from the E.S.E.



perforated rock, called the Hermitage, on the other, south-east, or Tweeddale side of the Esk, opposite to the site of the old Washing House, on the Lothian side, at the head of the "howm:" A rustic ornamented Hut, on the north-west or Lothian brink of the glen: And MARY'S LIN, on the same side, above it. The remain of the BOWER, near the Lin, on the top of the bank, westward, is hid among the trees. The Lin, copied after rain, from the south-east, is shown in the *view*,

Immediately above the Hermitage is a level glade, with the Esk sweeping round the north side of it, under a lofty wooded skreen down to the perforated rock. In consequence of some of these animals having been seen upon it, it has got the name of the Squirrel's Haugh. By making a turn, to the right in going up the burn, this haugh is concealed in the bosom of the high shade under which the clear and animated current hurries on, except from the opposite remain of the old Washing House, at the lower corner of it. The Hermitage, or jutting rock of freestone, scooped, by the weather, and the rivulet in the course of hollowing out its trough, into caves and grottos, advances, with its drapery of birches, heath, crow, and bilberries deciduous and evergreen, to the verge of the current, and cuts off this flat over against the ruins of the Washing House, from the

“howm” below; the stream meets the irregularly wooded counter bank toward the south behind the Hermitage, a little way up in the channel of the stream above; and the whole of its area is only about 70 yards in length, by 40 in breadth, across its centre. A part of its skreen on the north-west, is seen, at a distance, in the representation of the Washing Green.

Opposite to the head of the “howm,” is a perpendicular concave front of stone, of a reddish hue, making a part of the sandstone point or hermitage above it. The overflowings of a mineral well, once celebrated in the neighbourhood for the cure of cancers, disorders in the blood, faintings, bowel and other complaints, trickle down its face, marking its course by a dark brown tint to the rivulet below. This natural wall forms a part of the same ruddy layer on which, overlooking the Esk, are proudly situated in succession downwards, Brunstane Castle, Old Woodhouselee, Roslin Castle, and Hawthornden. North of the glade, under New-Hall House is a subterraneous passage, at the edge of the water, that pierces the bank, leading to different holes and chambers made in following and working out a vein of coal. Since it has been relinquished by the colliers, lest their operations should endanger the house, it has often been taken possession of by the fox, as a

convenient kennel, from the surrounding cover, and the nearness of the flocks on the adjacent hills. A little to the west of north, on the summit of the steep, above a clear spring shaded by a reverend and fantastic thorn, are, an old lime-tree, and the ruins of the Chapel with its garden behind, formerly mentioned ; and, on the west side of the point from whence they look down, filled with wood, and terminating near the mouth of the coal waste, is the western ravine, descending, from the lawn with the obelisk upon it; on the south side of a walk between its edge and the garden wall.

From the Squirrel's Haugh downwards, the channel of the Esk is full of round pebbles, among which it "trots" playfully along, "wimpling" through "howms," from side to side, watering the Washing Green,

" — prærupta quod undique claudit sylvæ ;"

and passing round the Craigy Bield, to Glau'd's Onstead at the head of Monk's Haugh. It is precisely

" A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,

" Its channel peebles, shining, smooth, and round."

It meanders, frequently, from bank to bank ; shifts its lively capricious course ; and roams about, glit-

tering in the sun, amidst its "flowery" lawns, without restraint or controul, with the licentiousness of unbounded freedom. The trees have sufficient depth, and range of soil; plenty of nourishment; and grow with luxuriance. All is open, and unconfined, and cheerful; the glen is expanded; and its bold projections, rocks, and recesses, seem to retire, as if to avoid interference, and to leave the merry sparkling stream at liberty and ease to enjoy the pleasures of its excursions.

Upwards, from this sequestered flat, the glen assumes another character.

Only a path is left at the bottom of the southern precipice, leading up, along the edge of the water, to "Habbie's How," and, previously, branching off below it, to his cottage near at hand on an eminence. The high confining banks, are, in general, stern, and rocky, and threatening; in some places, almost perpendicular above the path. On this side, the precipice is chiefly composed of horizontal strata of limestone abruptly cut down, with their edges of irregular breadths, rough and broken, appearing, and sometimes projecting to a considerable distance, amidst the feathering foliage, and flowers of shrubs and copse-wood. The warmth of these enrichments is increased by the ruddy tints of the limestone rock,

which is of a yellowish red. Here, the trees often stick out constrainedly, and horizontally; assume uneasy and dangerous attitudes, in search of openings, through which to shoot upwards with freedom; and their roots appear, frequently unprotected, adventurously reaching from chink to chink over the naked rocks, forced, for a while, from their element, and from home by the cravings of want, to risk their lives in quest of a scanty pittance of food and moisture. The ivy labours up the steep, settling in bunches at every resting place, as if unwilling to proceed; and the woodbine, protruded from rocks, roots, and branches, by the weight of its rich and elegant flowers, missing its aim, recoiling, collects upon itself, clusters over-head, and floats toughly in the air in spite of every blast that rushes, with compressed fury, down the glen.

Birch is the prevailing wood; but, on the other, north, side of the stream, where the acclivity is least rugged and precipitous, there are several oaks. There, the lime rock, in one instance, puts on the appearance of chalk; and, though mellowed by the shade of some branchy elms pushing themselves horizontally from the incumbent soil, and mantled with ivy, it surprises by its novelty, and whiteness. At this place, mid-way between the Squirrel's Haugh and Mary's Lin, to the west, looking down on a

broad excavation in the bank, the back front of the rustic Hut appears prominent on the bulging rock, with the other open face of it to the lawn between and the hills, on the most elevated part of which is the Obelisk.

The stream closely hemmed in, above the Squirrel's Haugh, is a continued succession of little cascades, struggling for ease and room, over limestone rocks, perpetually thwarting its progress. It is, farther, incessantly teased and stopt, by points, fragments, and heaps. It seems to make up for delays, by bustle and speed, when opportunities offer. It brawls, and jostles, and leaps, and hurries eagerly and discontentedly on, murmuring, foaming, and raging, at the numberless crosses it meets with, as if in the expectation, of attaining quiet, and liberty, and pleasure in the plains below.

The warm colouring of the rocks, here, is more agreeable to the eye, than the hoary hues of the Craigy Bield, and Harbour Craig; both of which are of a bluish grey, and are only recommended by their colder effects in the neighbourhood of these other lapideous strata, from the pleasure of variety. The Craigy Bield, and the Harbour Craig, ought to be viewed under the ruddy glittering splendour of the morning sun. This spot should be reserved for the mellow

glow of the evening, when a deep shade covers the north-west bank, and, favoured by a turn in the glen, and a hollow to the west, between and Habbie's House, a blaze of light, marking every inequality, is thrown upon the precipice, and the pinewood above it; when all else is dark, except when the rays of the retiring sun gleam through the tuftings of the opposite trees, or dart across the shade from the window of the rustic Hut, which is open to the front, and show the inside of its roof lined with light, and reflecting his beams, from below.

Farther up, the bottom of the glen widens into a small circular green, with a knoll upon it, looking, north-westward, over the Esk, to a stream that falls down a deep woody chasm in the limestone rocks, in broken and irregular stages, under the name of MARY'S LIN, as it is represented in the *view*, from the under-edge of the knoll. The stand is in the shire of Peebles; and the Lin in that of Edinburgh. The highest part of this waterfall can only be seen from the wooden bridge appearing in the plate; or from the summit of the opposite bank of the Esk, immediately behind the station from whence it is shown.

To the left, about twenty yards south-westward, at the extremity of a turn in the bank, rendered

bolder in consequence of its sinking, and flattening, between and Habbie's House, is a round turf-seat, once sheltered, and decorated by an arbour. It is called MARY'S BOWER. It gave the name, it yet retains, of Mary's Bower Quarry to that part of the limestone rock, a short distance behind it, which is wrought for burning.

The traditional history of Mary's Bower is as follows.

The heritable jurisdiction annexed to the lands of New Hall was that of pit and gallows, or life and death, over the vassals. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, this right, with the estate, was possessed by the family of Crichtoune; who then inhabited, and probably built, the castle, a part of which still remains. In the opinions of Sir David, and Mr Forbes, it was erected on the site of an abbey, or monastery, of Cistercians; which held most of the surrounding district, including the neighbouring hills of Spittal, endowed for sustaining the sick and aged in its hospital, which seems likewise to have been a *hospitium* or inn on Monk's Road. Some of its accommodations are still to be seen at the present Spittal House. The chapel, prison, and jugs, on the south-east side of the chapel-yard, were near the castle on the west; and on the opposite bank of its

small romantic stream, at the bottom of the eastern ravine, below the Fairies' Lin, lay the East Garden. The chapel was served by a neighbouring monk.

In the vicinity of the castle lived an old widow woman. Her husband had been one of the tenants, and left her with an only son, who was a notorious reprobate. Whatever was missed, among the herds or flocks, or other property, was generally traced to him and his accomplices. Among other thefts, he had been frequently detected breaking into the gardens, and stealing the fruit. After having been punished, without effect, by imprisonment, confinement in a dungeon-pit, and standing in the jugs; he was at last caught by the gardener in the east garden, loaded with its produce, and in the act of breaking down and plundering a favourite cherry-tree.

He immediately conveyed him, in triumph, to the pit; and brought the joyful news to his master, of his having both recovered the booty, and secured the robber. After he had been allowed to remain some time in the dungeon, the chaplain was sent for, and desired to prepare him for death; and as the last effort, if possible, to reclaim him, the gardener was permitted to carry him to the spot, and see him hung up on the tree he had been seized upon; accompanied, at the same time, with a private order to cut him

down, the instant he was turned over. All the preliminary directions were scrupulously, and strictly obeyed ; but the anxiety for the security of his gardens, and his grudge on account of so many crosses and losses, tempted the gardener to allow the culprit to remain some time suspended. On his dropping to the ground, life was found to be irrecoverably gone. His mother arriving to inquire, and plead, for her son ; she was informed that she would find him in the east garden. She met the servants bringing up his corpse. Concluding he had been put to death by their master's orders, she vented her maternal grief in pouring misapplied curses on his head, and, among other imprecations, wished, that none of the name of *Crichtoune* might ever be blessed with a son to inherit the estate.

Though equally free from blame, and guilt ; the event, with its consequences, made so deep an impression on the proprietor, who was a young man, that he set out on a pilgrimage, in order to endure mortifications, and do away the mischievous effects of the mother's maledictions.

He had an only sister of the name of *Mary*, for whom he had the most sincere regard ; which was returned by a virtuous affection, and respect equally great on her part. During his absence, she amused

her lonely, dejected hours, with the beauties of the scenery around. The dry turf-seat, built on the brow at the extremity of the bend in the bank, beyond the lin, decorated and sheltered by an arbour, from being her favourite retreat, got the name of *Mary's Bower*; which it has communicated to the whole point, formed by the turn in the acclivity. A limestone rock, in it, is known by no other name but *Mary's Bower Quarry*. The bower terminated a winding walk, along the north brink of the glen, all the way from the castle. The path still can be traced, by a flowering shrub, dropt here, and there, its whole length south-westward, from the house of New Hall, round the prison, chapel, and chapel-yard, to the turf-seat.

When, during the night, owls chance to hoot among the branches in the eastern ravine, or Fairies' Den, the hinds and shepherds imagine they hear, from the site of the east garden at its bottom, the cries of the son, and the wailings of the mother, issuing from their troubled spirits, not yet at rest; and some of the oldest amongst them, remember, or at least believe, that in their childhood they have seen, in its last expiring stage of decay and decrepitude, the fatal tree on which the punishment was inflicted.

In looking up the Esk, a bold prominence on the left, between and Habbie's How, embracing the circular green, advances opposite to the hollow that separates Mary's Bower, from Habbie's House. The path along the upper verge of the opposite bank, long since the dismantling of the bower, has been traced and repaired from the mansion. It passes, above the aged thorn, between the lime-tree and the chapel. It follows from thence the winding border of the lawn, to the right, which it skirts on the brink of the skreen, past the heath-covered hut on the left beyond the obelisk, and over the stream, above the wooden bridge shown in the *view*, till it terminates at the turf-seat ; after sending off a branch round the turn, by the quarry, and braehead-park, to Habbie's House. The seat commands a full prospect of the prominence on the other, south, side of the glen ;—of the cottage, on the eminence over the hollow ;—the cascade in Habbie's How, still more distant, between them ;—the upper How, bending to the right, behind the eminence ;—and the Carlops Hill, in the offskip, swelling high in the west, and declining to the south.

The glen is connected, assimilated, and harmonized, by a continued grove of old pines, shading the top of the southern steep, all the way from the Craigy Bield to the prominence. When retiring in perspec-

tive, this stern phalanx, at every bend, seems to advance on the declivity, and the light glistens through the upright stems, the chequering branches, and the tufts of murky spikes at their extremities, irregularly parted from their black and bunchy heads, as its trees ascend perpendicularly from the brow, and feather out as they rise in the air. This is one of the most majestic, and picturesque appearances of wood. In looking up the glen from the Washing Green, a shoulder from the south bank scatters, and holds up its pines between and the sky, showing the dark plantation in this aspect to great advantage. The grove shelters, characterizes, and varies the opposite banks of the "howm;" and the red arms of its pines, with their gloomy ponderous foliage, thrust from the tall massive boles, over the thickets and the precipice, add to the wildness of the passage to Habbie's How above it. In summer, the articulate, clamorous rapidity of the rivulet, the notes being softened and blended by the distance, fills it with a constant humming noise from below. In winter, when

"The wind and rain beat hard upon" the "roof,"

and

"Red comes the river down,"

the storm howls through the trunks, or bellows in the glen; Mary's Lin resounds from its rocks on

the opposite steep ; and the stream, swelled into grandeur, rages, and tumbles, and its roarings echo underneath.

————— “ Nunc medio alveo,
 “ Cum pace delabentis Etruscum,
 “ In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
 “ Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos—
 “ Volventis una, non sine montium
 “ Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ :
 “ Cum fera diluvies quietos
 “ Irritat amnes.”

In the variety of its changes, a rivulet with a quick descent, in a wild situation or hilly country, has the advantage of a river. It is more nimble, restless, sparkling, and animated. It is the favourite of the pastoral muse, from its cheerfulness and gayety. In nature, it affords one of the most engaging instances of beauty, in its usual state ; and when flooded, it becomes no less striking as an object of sublimity. A certain degree of unwieldy dulness accompanies a river, however noble, without the bustle of navigation, its remedy. At most, even when rapid, it can only exhibit varied measures of the same appearance, and produce different stages of the same impression.

Every part of the scenery is closely shut in, and, on the left in particular, is rugged, wild, irregular, and romantic, upwards, from the Squirrel's Haugh,

to Habbie's House, and How, where, agreeably to Peggy's proposal in the dialogue of Act 1. Scene 2., the first pool fit for bathing in is to be met with, in that direction, from the "howm," or even from Glaud's House, below the Craigy Bield, where she and her companion resided.

After endeavouring to describe the scenery of the Washing Green depicted in the prologue to Act 1. Scene 2. ; before proceeding to Habbie's House, it was deemed not improper to give some idea of the intermediate space, with a *view*, in passing, of one of its objects. It was conceived to be not altogether uninteresting to the admirers of this popular poem, to lay open the route which the two shepherdesses must have been supposed to have followed, in going "farer up the burn," from the Washing Green to the bathing-pool in "Habbie's How," had Peggy's proposal been complied with.

*PLANTS to be found, between the Washing Green,
and Habbie's House.*

Valeriana officinalis,	Great wild valerian.
(3) Parnassia palustris,	Grass of Parnassus.
Lychnis flos cuculi,	Ragged robin.
Lonicera periclymenum,	Woodbine, or honeysuckle.
Orchis maculata,	Spotted palmate orchis.

<i>Arundo colorata,</i>	Canary reed-grass.
<i>Stachys palustris,</i>	Marsh woundwort, <i>clown's all-</i> <i>heal.</i>
<i>Salix acuminata,</i>	Long-leaved willow.
<i>Epilobium hirsutum,</i>	Codlings and cream.
<i>Carduus palustris,</i>	Marsh thistle.
<i>Stellaria graminea,</i>	Lesser stitchwort.
(1) <i>Pyrola minor,</i>	Lesser winter-green.
<i>Rosa villosa,</i>	Apple rose.
<i>Briza media,</i>	Quaking grass, &c.

HABBIE'S HOUSE.

Act 2. Scene 1.

DIALOGUE.

"SYMON.—Seeing's believing, Glaud; an' I have seen
 "Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
 "Our brave gude master, who right wisely fled,
 "An' left a fair estate to save his head, &c.

"GLAUD.—That mak's me blyth indeed!—but dinna flaw;
 "Tell o'er your news again! an' swear till't a'.—
 "An' saw ye Hab!—an' what did Halbert say?—
 "They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away," &c.

OPPOSITE to the upper end of the circular green
 with the knoll upon it, round the north-west border



J. Sturges del.

J. G. Kneller sculp.

HARRIE'S HOUSE from the N.E.

SYMON. *Seeing's bettering, Edmund; and I have seen
 that that abroad has with our master been*

Iron Ship Act 1. Sc. 1.



of which the Esk makes a turn under Mary's Lin, as is seen in the view of that waterfall, on an elevated situation, on the other, Lothian, side of the stream, are the remains of Mary's Bower. From its turf-seat downward, the bank is almost covered with ivy, creeping up the steep, climbing the trees, and thickening the bushes. A rugged, jaggy, venerable thorn, below, lies horizontally over the water, sending up shoots from its side. Near its distorted, and complicated roots, laid bare by frosts and floods, a strong chalybeate spring issues from a crevice in the vein of the rock on which the Esk runs, and forces itself into notice by the orange-coloured ochreous sediment left in the limestone cup it overflows. Looking up from the edge of the Tweeddale side of the Esk, at this point under Mary's Bower on the right, the drawing of the scene prefixed to this description was taken.

Immediately above the chalybeate spring, in ascending the current, this opposite Tweeddale, or south bank is formed, as it appears in the *view*, by the lower half of the warm-coloured limestone prominence, with its shaggy appendages, boldly advancing on the left; whilst the counter acclivity on the right, retreating, and falling back, as if yielding to, and overpowered by its stern antagonist, sinks comparatively into a hollow, between and the eminence of HABBIE'S

HOUSE. The hollow contrasting the one, and leaving the other open, is useful to both in showing them to advantage ; and the folding of the under end of the eminence past the prominence and behind it, with the cottage rising from its ridge, as exhibited in the *engraving*, just where it begins to dip into the “How,” is extremely picturesque.

The plate represents the little straw-covered house, as it appeared under the setting sun, when last inhabited ; the eminence bearing south-west. In this light even its remains become peculiarly engaging. By throwing a shade on the eminence, it adds to its importance ; brightens, by contrast, the illumined sky behind it ; gives lustre, and relief, to the brown rocks of the prominence, then reflecting his beams in ruddy splendour ; and sets off the gilded tops of the trees, rising in groups, between and the shade, from the bottom of the glen.

The elevated ridge, on which the house stands, is produced by a hollow on each side of it ; occasioned by the comparative flatness of the same bank of the glen on its right, as well as on its left. The cabin was let to cottagers, till within these sixteen years, when it was deserted as uninhabitable. The adjoining banks still remained attached to it when last occupied ; and the whole tenement was held at the tri-

fling annual rent of three pounds Sterling. Its small garden, eastward, under the shelter of a rock, is only discernible by its shrunk earthen fence, with a few willows round it to add to its warmth, and the vestiges of some potatoe beds within the enclosure. Of itself, but the gables, and a part of its walls, are entire. It still, however, constitutes an interesting object in the history of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

The old and faithful servant, and retainer, who is supposed, once, to have been the tenant of this hut, is represented, in the pastoral, as being intimately connected with the leading personage in the drama ; his most open, and trusty adherent ; the willing sharer in his dangers, and exile ; the joyous announcer of his return, and ultimate good fortune, to the transported tenants, his former friends and associates. Hab, or Habbie, is not an uncommon name in Scotland. It is highly probable, that this cottage, with its garden and neighbouring banks on which to maintain a cow, had been bestowed, as they continued to be possessed till lately, by Sir David Forbes on a family domestic of that appellation, who had followed him from the north, as a comfortable retreat, in his old age, near his mansion ; and that this circumstance suggested the adoption. That part of the burn, in contradistinction to the rest of it, and in particular to the still higher reach of the Esk above

its cascade, in this case, would naturally be pointed out afterwards, as the division of the glen where Halbert dwelt ; and would, of course, be known, in his and his son Mr Forbes's time, by the continued designation of " Habbie's How," when frequented and studied by Allan Ramsay. *The cottage ; the minute appropriation of its scenery ; the naming of the " How" in the pastoral from its tenant ; his character and connection with the proprietor, as his favourite and trusty servant ; and the continued detachment of this small tenement, with its little house, from the neighbouring farms, as a distinct and separate accommodation, as long as it was habitable ; all coincide with this conjecture.

" Habbie's How" is described in the last scene of Act 1., at the beginning of the dialogue between Peggy and Jenny, on the Washing Green ; and at the commencement of the first scene of the next succeeding act, we have the following account of " Hab" himself.

" SYMON.———Tent me now, auld boy !
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy !
 I coudna rest till I cam' o'er the burn,
 To tell you things have taken sic a turn
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 An' skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

" GLAUD.—Fy blaw !—Ah Symie ! rattling chiels nier
stand

To cleck, an' spread, the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near ;—
But loose your poke ; be't true or fause, let's hear.

" SYMON.—Seeing's believing, Glaud ; an' I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been ;
Our brave gude master, who right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head ;
Because, ye ken fu' weel, he bravely chose
To shine, or set, in glory, wi' Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick, an' ane ca'd Monk,
Has play'd the Rump a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune ;
An' Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.

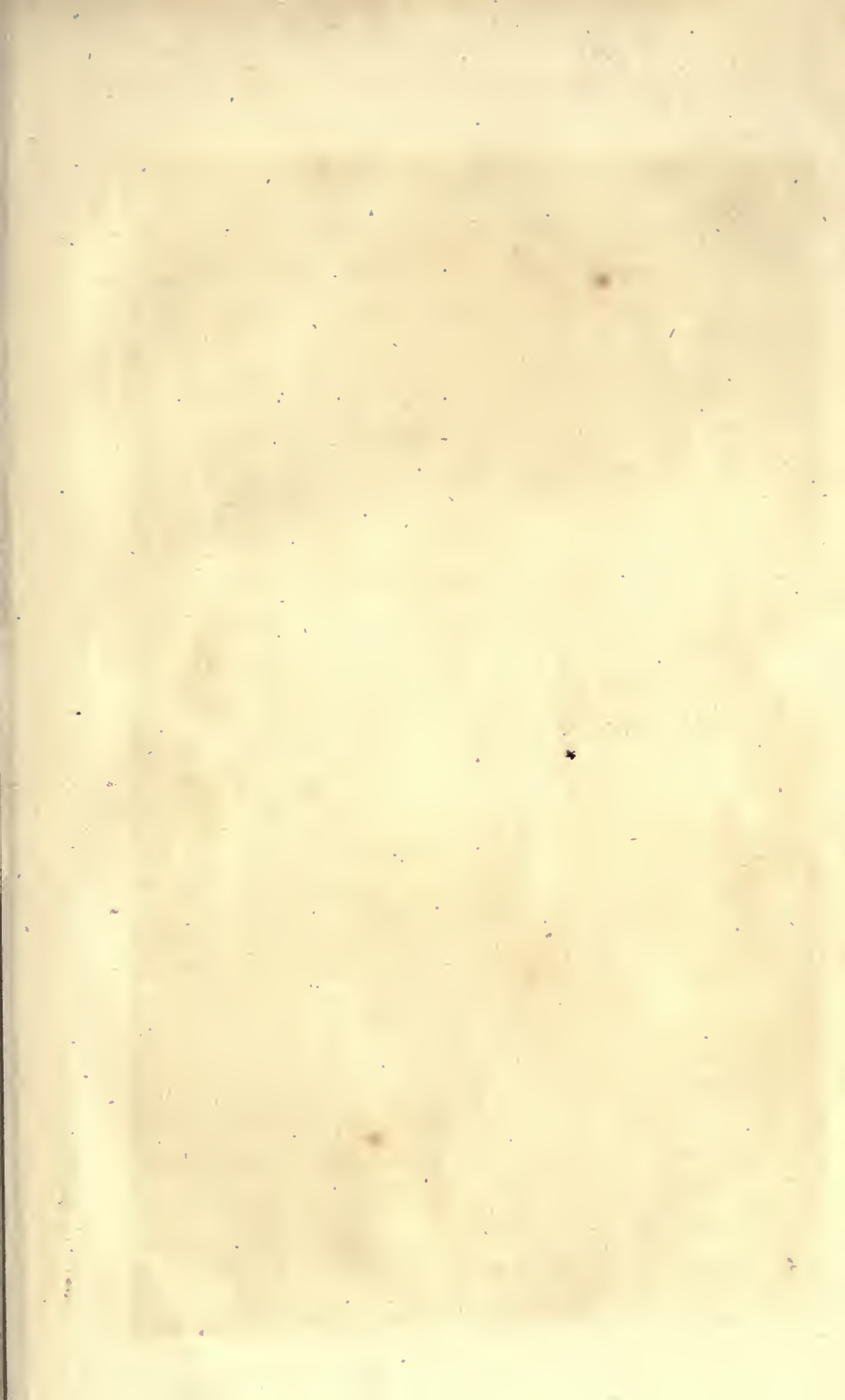
" GLAUD.—That mak's me blythe indeed ! but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again ; an' swear til't a' !
An' saw ye Hab ! an' what did Halbert say ?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now, God be thanked ! that our laird's come hame ;
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

" SYMON.—They that hag-rid us, till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again ;
An' good Sir William shall enjoy his ain."

On the fore-ground, in the *view* prefixed, Symon is represented as having come up the burn from his dwelling, opposite to Glaud's below the Craigy Bield, to see " Hab " on his arrival ; and rests himself at the

bottom of the turn with the turf-seat upon it, listening to "Halbert's" stories, who had left his family and house to meet him.

If one might indulge a wish, as to any alteration in so beautiful, and well-contrived a fable, as this exquisite transcript from nature exhibits, it would be, that, instead of keeping "Hab" behind the scenes as Symon's prompter, he had been introduced, among the actors, to give the welcome intelligence in person; and also an account of the adventures of his master and himself whilst "abroad," from the time of their flight from the island with "Montrose," till their happy return. He might have assisted "the Knight in masquerade;" and raised his dignity, by attending him afterwards among his old friends. His new habits would have had a striking effect, contrasted with theirs. His importance, starched precision, and military language; his jumble of mutilated foreign words and accents, from affectation and so long an absence, might have been highly characteristic and humorous; and the introduction of this steady veteran and traveller, with his master, among the wondering shepherds, might have added to the perspicuity, heightened the interest, and increased the entertainment arising from the piece, if drawn, like them, from nature, and supported with art.





1. Thomson del.

A. Scott sculp.

ENTRANCE into HABBIES HOW from the E.

Gae far up the burn to Habbies How

Where a' that's sweet in Spring and summer grow

Gen. Sh. A 15.2.

THE SOUTH-EAST ENTRANCE INTO HABBIE'S HOW.

Act 1. Scene 2.

DIALOGUE.

“ PEGGY.—Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 “ Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow.”

IN the view of Habbie's House, the lower part of the prominence forming the south bank of the Esk was shown, on the left in ascending it from the chalybeate spring ; but the ENTRANCE into the “ How,” and the bridge at the upper end of its face, the subjects of the *plate* we are now to attempt a description of, were hid by the middle groups of trees, rising from the water's edge. The left, or south-east end of the bridge, supported by the prominence, rests in Tweeddale, and the right in Mid-Lothian, its planks connecting these counties at this point ; and one of the girls upon it is in the shire of Peebles, and the other in that of Edinburgh.

The prominence, and the bustling shifting intricacies of the noisy stream attending it below, are, of

themselves, studies from whence a Swanneveldt or a Both, in decorating their grand and classic scenes, might have drawn advantage; a Weirotter have collected many curious enrichments for his fore-grounds, on which to show the neatness of his needle; or a Waterloo, satisfied with less extent, might have produced a corner, so simply natural, correct, and engaging, as to preclude a wish for more.

A large moss-grown elm, with many stems rising from its bare and fantastic roots, springs from the verge of the rivulet, and shoots its upright, horizontal, and depending branches over it, from the under part of the bank on the right.

On the left, at the bases of the warm-coloured and variegated limestone craggs, the large and rugged fragments, brought down by the undermining floods and frosts of winter, leave behind them, in several places, deep gaps, forming caves and grottos, with the upper remains of the strata for their roofs. Hazles, rowans, old thorns, and bushes of bird cherries, perfectly white with flowers in summer, almost conceal their mouths; and, by excluding the light, increase their seeming depth, heighten the wildness of their aspects, and enrich the borders of the ruddy, rugged veins which they penetrate. From this broken face of rock, stick out some rambling ashes

of considerable size, with no other nourishment for their roots but what the fissures and cracks, which they widen, afford. An irregular fringe of projecting birches feathers from above, over the upper edge of the red strata, diversified with grey willows or sal-lows, with shrubs, and flowers, and creeping plants; and the cap of the prominence, composed of the soil that covers the rocks, is, over all, crowned with trees which add to its apparent elevation.

Immediately beyond the elm on the right, and above it, is a large projecting square mass of bluish grey limestone, hung with ivy, mantling round, and clustering upon its summit. It forms the lower part of the point of the eminence; and, on its ridge, about twenty yards back, stands the cottage. Between the upper face of the prominence, and the hoary front of the eminence on the Lothian side of the stream, the opposite rocks approach so near, as to admit of being piers to a wooden bridge of single beams. The opening is merely a perpendicular rent in the bed of limestone, taken advantage of, and widened, and deepened, by the constant, animated, and frequently tumultuous friction of the water. This narrow, and romantic pass, forms the ENTRANCE into the under end of Habbie's How; and, within these twenty years, a couple of strong planks, with

a rail to hold by, have been thrown over the current where it is most confined.

The restless, transparent brook, hemmed in by rocks, and darkened with trees and bushes, rambling over its bed, and frequently touching its surface, is almost one continued succession of little falls, infinitely diversified by the wild irregularity of its passage, all the way from Peggy's Pool, as the bathing place in Habbie's How is called, to the Squirrel's Haugh at the head of the Washing Green.

The "darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks reclined,
"Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,"

to borrow these applicably descriptive lines from *Pope*, accompany it from the prominence, on the summit of its southern or boldest bank, downward; and continue to the termination of the steep, where the valley of the Harbour Craig opens into the glen of the Esk at the Craigy Bield, and forms it into a point by their union.

Frequently in a sheet, as clear as crystal, the rivulet throws itself over a smooth stratum of freestone: Sometimes a crossing layer of lime-rock, divided into blocks, appears rising out of it, like stepping stones, permitting it to proceed between them. At one place, only scattered glimpses of it are caught,

attracting the eye by their sparklings : At another, it is almost buried and lost, amidst huge masses and fragments, mingled with roots and shrubs that have fallen from above, and can be traced but by the ear : After being teased, and worked into a fury, by a labyrinth of intricacies and obstacles, it at last bursts out, at a third point, and shows itself, fretting through the crannies it can find, or leaping up and spouting over a thwarting drift, or ponderous or fixed impediment, the top of which it has, often, had time to gain with ease from behind, by collecting sand and gravel, and forcing a road for itself equal in height to the rampart, thus converting the opposing, precipitous front, into a level course.

In these resources, it is amusing to mark the resemblance between the different parts of nature ; and to observe such objects attaining their ends, through the medium of the momentum, from the continued impetus gravitation produces, by the same means that are followed in man through the operation of the understanding. No sooner a body of water, by a quick descent, becomes capable of being, thus, roused into a state of activity, than its effects are as obvious and consistent as those of reason, or unerring instinct itself. It becomes animated, sprightly, beautiful, and industrious, and enterprising ; attracts attention, and enlivens every thing around it. If a

hollow, or a height interrupts its progress, and the latter is impervious, or cannot be avoided, or removed by digging, scooping, or mining ; it immediately carries down the nearest portable materials, *leaves no stone unturned* it can manage, and labours at filling up the ditch, or raising the ground behind what it wishes to ascend, till it passes over them with facility. Gravitation gives that impetus which, like sensation, is its spirit, and soul ; and even when it reaches the sea keeps it still alive, though it acts in an opposite direction. A stream on which it can have little influence, from the flatness of its course, is, emphatically, characterised, as being lifeless, and dead. A rivulet of this description, about four miles south from the Esk, between and Romanno, which takes its rise among the mires and sloughs about the Whim, formerly Blair Bog, is called the Dead Burn. Such a languid current, rendered stagnant, fetid, and cadaverous, from its inability to profit by attraction, like a hopeless slave, attempts not to assert its freedom by exertion ; to remove or overleap the obstructing barrier ; but, stretching itself out, supinely sleeps with indifference at its back, on mud and among weeds, in the quiet, and still, and listless apathy of a stationary pool or lake ; voluptuously enjoying the corrupting, soporific, softness of its bed, and the sceptic, enervating heat of the sun.

Although, now, separated by enclosures, and filled with planted trees, it is not thirty years since the banks of the Esk, about "Habbie's How," were grazed with cattle, and pastured by the flocks of the neighbouring hills.

"Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain ;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion !"—"Mid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained ;
Here, laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled ;
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog."

THOMSON'S *Summer*.

The *view* prefixed is taken, before noon, from the edge of the Esk at the foot of the prominence, a short distance below the bridge, which appears in the plate, with a part of the How as it is then seen west-south-westward through the pass. At this time of the day, the natural *claro-obscuro* assumes, here, the licentious force of magic, and gives the picture somewhat the air of a phantasm ; heightened by the grotesque appendages of the pass, and the adventurous elevation of the planks. A deep shade is thrown over the bridge and its wild accompaniments, by the

prominence. The bank of "Habbie's How" beyond it, which, to the eye, it crosses, is then covered with light; by means of contrast, superinduces a contingent darkness upon its real opacity; gives it a powerful relief, by adding opposition to the influence of distance, discriminating through the common means of gradual apparent diminution, or aërial perspective; and renders the picturesque, and romantic effect of the scene, doubly forcible and impressive, by the suddenness of the auxiliary transitions, from light to darkness, and from remoteness to proximity. In this respect, the coup d'œil resembles the vista through the mouth of a cave; or that from the inside of the grotto at Twickenham, when the busy Thames is brightly illuminated, reflecting, in glittering sheets, the rays of the sun, and the assimilated objects without, dazzle with contrasted splendour,

" ————— where Thames' translucent wave,
Shines a broad mirror, through the shadowy cave."

POPE.

Amongst others, the following PLANTS are to be met with about
" Habbie's How,"

" Where a' the sweets o' spring and simmer grow,"

besides birches, elms, ashes, poplars, rowans, &c.

(<i>Spiræa ulmaria</i> ,	Queen of the meadow.)
<i>Aspidium oreofitoris</i> ,	Heath shield fern.





J. Thomson del.

A. Scott sculp.

HABBIES HOW, above the WASHINGTON GREEN, from the N.

Between Two birks, out o'er a hill in
A pool brist-deep beneath as clear as glass
The water-fair, an' make a singin' din;
Across wi' easy whirls the hovering gulls
Sweep o'er the scene.

- | | |
|---|---|
| (Valeriana officinalis, | Great wild valerian.) |
| (1) Carduus heterophyllus, | Melancholy thistle. |
| Lonicera periclymenum, | Woodbine, or honey-suckle. |
| (Corylus avellana, | Hazle.) |
| Prunus spinosa, | Sloe. |
| Hedera helix, | Ivy. |
| Angelica sylvestris, | Wild angelica. |
| (3) Pinguicula vulgaris, | Butterwort, or Yorkshire sanicle. |
| Agrostis vulgaris, | Bent grass. |
| (Holcus avenaceus, | Oat-like soft grass.) |
| (1) Equisetum hyemale, | Shave grass. (Its epidermis has
been found by Mr Davy to
contain much siliceous earth.) |
| Prunus padus, | Bird cherry. |
| (3) Hypericum humifusum, | Trailing St John's wort. |
| (On the haugh of the Upper, or Miller's How,) | |
| Scandix odorata, | Myrrh. |

Also the *Geum rivale* (Dr Smith's favourite plant, who is President of the Linnæan Society), *Vaccinium uliginosum*, *Hypnum commutatum*, *Hypnum fluitans*, the rare *Hypnum viticulosum*, &c. &c.

HABBIE'S HOW.

Act 1. Scene 2.

- " PEGGY.—Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 " Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow :
 " Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
 " The water fa's, an' maks a singan' din ;

“ A pool breast deep beneath, as clear as glass,
“ Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass.
“ We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
“ An' when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
“ There wash oursels, 'tis healthfu' now in May,
“ An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.”

THE delineation of HABBIE'S HOW, is the most celebrated of all Ramsay's descriptive pictures. It is drawn with truth, and highly finished.

The prologue to this second and last scene of Act 1. represents the Washing Green; and the conclusion of the dialogue points out its local position with regard to “Glaud's Onstead,” conformably to the original of a former plate. The site of “Habbie's How” in reference to the habitation of the two shepherdesses, and of the “howm,” is, here, equally correct; and in the description of its general woody appearance, of each particular feature and circumstance, even to the cottage near it accounting for the name, this part of the dialogue exhibits a no less accurate, and minute copy of the scene in nature, from which the preceding *view* was taken.

The conversation between the girls opens with a proposal to begin their washing upon the “howm,” to which they had brought their “linens,” from

Glaud's Onstead, their dwelling farther down on the burn ; as we have seen in the view and description of the Washing Green. This is immediately succeeded by a project of Peggy's, introducing the description of " Habbie's How," to induce her companion to join in it from the many charms and recommendations of the place, especially for bathing, from the conveniency and suitableness of its pool for that purpose. Its " little lin" is the only natural cascade on the Esk ; and its " pool" is the only one upon it that is fit for bathing, in the neighbourhood. By the inhabitants of the district, it is called *Peggy's Pool*. The scheme however is dropt ; and they remain on the Washing Green, owing to the shyness of Jenny.

" JENNY.—Daft lassie ! when we're naked, what'll ye say,
" Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
" An' see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
" Wad taunting say,—Haith lasses, ye're no blate !"

This leads to a communication of sentiments, the most interesting, and strikingly just ; equally suitable to the frankness of the one, and the reservedness of the other ; as unaffected and' full of nature, as the preceding confidential dialogue, between their artless and youthful admirers, at the Craigy Bield.

In the description of "Habbie's How," given to the heroine of the pastoral *Peggy*, the imitation of indi-

vidual nature, by Ramsay, is complete. In every particular circumstance, it minutely coincides with the original of the view prefixed to these observations.

In nature, the situation of the How is "farer up the burn," than the Washing Green where the scene is laid. Among its birches, bird cherries, rowans, thorns, and hazles, most of the indigenous plants of the country are to be found, and, making an allowance for a poetical licence,

"—— a' that's sweet in spring an' simmer grow."

The "little lin," or leap, is, in depth, only about ten feet from the stream above, to the pool at its base. It is so full of breaks, that the water is all froth, or spray, from top to bottom, as white as snow; and their united mingled sounds, equally distinct from the roar of a cataract, the dashing of a projected sheet, or the tinkling of a rill dripping down a chasm, produce a rushing noise, which, after listening some time, occasions a ringing in the ears, of which effect the epithet "singand," applied to its "din," is soniferously expressive, characteristic, and appropriate.

On each side, as in the poet's description, the cascade is overhung with "birks."——The "pool" is exactly four feet, or "breast deep," in the middle; with a shelving bed of gravel at its mouth. Project-

ing rocks appear next the fall ; and the bason is edged with " bordering grass," which the water " kisses wi' easy whirls," as it glides from the base of the " little lin" to the outlet. North from the pool, the bank rises with a smooth green slope, or open " brae," facing the south-east, and south, well suited for the " bleaching of linens:" And the pool itself is so admirably fitted for bathing, that a swimmer can, at once, plunge in, beyond his depth, from the projecting rocks near the lin, or one unacquainted with the art, can wade on the shelving beach of pebbles, and immerse the body to any wished-for height, by advancing towards the cascade.—Petri-factions of wood, and shells, are frequently picked out from the rocks, which are of limestone. Some of the mosses near them are likewise encrusted, especially on the south-east bank of the stream, where it issues from the pool. They make a part of the same strata that support the prominence below. They cross the glen of the Esk at the head of the How, and, by interrupting, there, the excavations of the stream, have produced the waterfall.

The preceding *view* was taken at noon ; and is shown as it, then, appears from the summit of the square block of bluish gray limestone, above the wooden bridge at the entrance. On the right, immediately above the stand, and about twenty yards

back from the How, is Habbie's House. Behind the house, the ground, formerly sheep pasture, but now enclosed, rises with a gentle acclivity to the bottom of the Wester 'Spittal Hill, skirted by the highway from Edinburgh to Carlops, &c. Among the other groups of the Pentland range, immediately at the back of the 'Spittal Hills, the Esk originates. Beyond the waterfall, is the upper or Miller's How, connected by a winding narrow channel up to its haugh or glade; and the Carlops Hill forms the distance, sweeping over the wooded banks of the glen, flattened and broken into knolls and ridges on the south-east side, as that acclivity bends round, and embosoms the glade, and, by a difference of character, gives variety to the accompaniments of the stream.

It is remarkable, that Ramsay should have brought his heroines from "Glaud's Onstead" below the "Craigy Bield," to the Washing Green, at the precise point of time when its situation is most inviting; and should have introduced the proposal to adjourn still "farer up the burn," to "Habbie's How," for the double purpose of there ending old Madge's task, and of bathing in its pool, when it was most peculiarly suited to their views, and its attractions are set off to the greatest advantage. This could only have arisen from his intimate acquaintance with the spots,

while he resided at New Hall ; and his minute attention to their situations, and aspects.

Mr Allan was so desirous of introducing the waterfall into his aquatint for this part of the comedy, that, in his illustration of it, by a view of the Washington Green from the north, he has brought down the cascade to the head of the " howm," and represented it in flood, to render it more conspicuous at a distance.

The Reverend Mr Bradfute, author of the Statistical Account of *Dunsyre*, in the neighbourhood, where he was minister ; and of an *Essay on the Fisheries*, in the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland ; has likewise celebrated the spot, in a poem in the seventeenth volume of the Statistical Account of Scotland, by the following lines. After describing the Harbour Craig, and its valley, he proceeds thus.

" We enter now, from hence, the western glen,
" Through which the murmuring Esk pours forth his stream,
" And view a pastoral and more pleasing scene,
" Sacred to fame, and deem'd now classic ground.
" 'Twas here a beautiful recess was found ;
" And hence arose the scene of Habbie's How ;
" Where now appears, betwixt two birks, the lin,
" That falling, forms the pool where bath'd the maids,
" Whilst here, upon the green, their cloth they laid.

“ Here, on a seat reclined, skreen'd from the sun,
“ By hazle shrubs, and honeysuckle flowers,
“ You sit at ease, and recollect the song,
“ While sportive fancy imagery supplies.”

See Appendix.

In summer, when the sun approaches the meridian, “ when the day grows het,” the fragrance of the birches, hazels, rowans, cherry-laurels, or hag-berries, thorns, sloes, shrubs, and flowers; the gentle quiverings of the aspens; the melody of the birds; the “ singan’ din ” of the white sparkling cascade; the gleamy lustre of the pool; the hives of insects, in mazy dances, alternately rising and sinking over it; the frequent, and sudden leaping of the trouts from its surface; the gay glitterings of the stream, hurrying over its rough bed of limestone, from the outlet of the bason, to the romantic narrow pass at the wooden bridge; the fringes of its borders, and the embroidery of its banks; the brightness and bloom of the objects, with the shade afforded by the rocks and bushes; all combine to heighten the attractions of the place, and, from the desire of enjoying them, to produce Peggy’s proposal, and tempting, though on her colder, and prudish companion, unavailing description of this bathing retreat, at the opening of the scene. In Jenny’s objection to Peggy’s scheme, the conduct ascribed to Patie, by Ramsay, is consonant, too, in the highest degree, with the gay

simplicity, the rough openness of untutored rural manners, and the character of his hero.

“ JENNY.—Daft lassie ! when we're naked, what'll ye say,
“ Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
“ An' see us sae ? that jeeran' fallow Pate,
“ Wad taunting say,—Haith lasses, ye're no blate !”

It forms a striking contrast to a similar occurrence, in the *Seasons* of his countryman and contemporary, Thomson.

The behaviour of Damon, in his beautifully described bathing scene, is as different as the situations of the youths. The one, suddenly appears on a conspicuous “ brae,” down which he is supposed to “ brattle,” with all the carelessness of thoughtless plainness, and purity of intention: The other is seated,

“ Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
“ Where winding into pleasing solitudes,
“ Runs out the rambling dale.”

The one is pictured surprising his mistress, and her companion, in their retreat ; and laughing and jeering at their embarrassments, on having put it in his power to break in upon them : The other is passive ;—Musidora, “ rob'd in loose array,” “ conducted by the laughing loves,” comes, unexpectedly, to the same covert, to shun the mid-day heat of

Summer, "to taste the lucid coolness of the flood,"
and bathe

"Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream:

"What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,

"And dubious flutterings, he, a while, remain'd :

"A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,

"A delicate refinement known to few,

"Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire :

"But love forbade," &c.

It is difficult to say, which of these highly finished characters, though so opposite in their modes of acting, is the most correctly drawn ; that from rustic, and this from refined nature. One is at a loss which most to admire ; the frolicsome naiveté, and unre-served frankness of the artless, inexperienced shepherd ; or the "pure ingenuous elegance of soul," of the accomplished lover. Like our first parents, in their different states ; the former exhibits a faithful representation of nature in its pristine purity ; and the latter, of the change produced upon a generous mind, after being embarrassed by the knowledge of good and evil, and the delicacies of refinement.

The two scenes constituting the first act of the comedy, we have now attempted to illustrate. They have been the more minutely examined, as they contain the most interesting rural pictures in the drama ; and they seem to have formed the basis of that suc-





J. Stevenson del.

R. Scott sculp.

GLAUD'S ONSTEAD, below the WASHINGTON GREEN from the S.E.

*The house is Glaud's; — there you may see him lean,
And to his dear seat, invite his friend! Gen. Shep. Act 2, S. 1, Prologue*

cessful imitation of particular nature, which, from the encouragement it met with, has evidently been continued, when, afterwards, by the addition of other scenes, they became the foundations of a regular, valuable, and durable structure, planned with ingenuity, and happily executed.

“ While I passed my infancy at New Hall, near Pentland Hills, *where the scenes of this pastoral poem were laid*, the seat of Mr Forbes, and the resort of many of the literati at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramsay recite, as his own production, *different scenes* of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the *two first*, before it was printed.”—*Tytler's edition of King James's Poems.*

GLAUD'S ONSTEAD.

Act 2. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

- “ A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
“ Hens in the midden, ducks in dubs are seen.
“ On this side stands a barn, on that a byre ;
“ A peat-stack joins, an' forms the rural square.
“ The house is Glaud's ;—there you may see him lean,
“ An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.”

(Referring to this prologue.)

Act 4. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

"The scene described in former page,

"Glaud's Onstead.—Enter Mause, an' Madge."

(Inside of the house.)

Act 5. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

"While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,

"Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair :

"Glaud, by his morning ingle taks a beek,

"The rising sun shines motty through the reek ;

"A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,

"An' now an' then his joke maun interveen."

AFTER having endeavoured to illustrate the first act, by following the scenery of it from the "Craigy Bield," "up the burn" to "Habbie's How ;" before we proceed to Mause's Cottage, in that direction ; agreeably to the arrangement in the pastoral, GLAUD'S ONSTEAD presents itself in an opposite course, a little way below the Craigy Bield, on the same side of the stream. The description of it is the prologue to Act 2. Scene 1.

From the south front of the point which forms the Craigy Bield, the lower end of the Washing Green appears above it ; and the north, east, and south-east

faces, look towards "Glaud's Onstead," beyond Monk's Burn,—over the Esk, to the brow of the height, on a more elevated, and distant part of which "Symon's House" stands,—and up the valley, south-east, to the Harbour Craig, rearing its gray, pillared, perpendicular, excavated, and tower-like basaltic form, at the meeting of the two distant glens, terminating the vista.

Under Glaud's roof resided his old maiden sister Madgè, who had the superintendence of his family; his only child Jenny; and Peggy, his lovely foundling, who, afterwards, was discovered to be Sir William Worthy's niece, at the same time that her admirer, Patie, was proclaimed and acknowledged, to be his son and heir. The position of the Onstead is accurately marked, at the conclusion of the last scene in the first act, on the Washing Green, in correspondence with that of the original in the *view* prefixed.

"JENNY.—Anither time's as gude,—for see! the sun
 "Is right far up, an' we're no' yet begun
 "To freath the graith. If canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 "Come *up the burn*, she'll gie's a wicked rant."

After having settled its situation, with regard to the Washing Green; at the opening of the second act, from which it has been copied as an inscription to

this illustration, the rural picture of this old shepherd's habitation is given, precisely, as its remains are still to be seen, about three hundred yards lower down on the same rivulet. One side of its "rural square," formed by the offices, almost in ruins, is yet left; together with a portion of that side occupied by the dwelling-house, which is now barely habitable. They are represented in the *plate*, as they appear from the south-east.

At each end of the remaining part of the house, the foundations of other buildings, show, that this front extended to a considerable length formerly. These seem to have been for the accommodation of the cottagers. In the dialogue of this scene between Glaud and Symon, after exulting together on the Restoration of King Charles, and the return of their "brave, good master;" after raising their attachments to the highest pitch of enthusiastic joy, by, mutually, assisting each other in the recollections of his affability and kindness, from the recital of his behaviour; these honest, and warm-hearted neighbours conclude their congratulations by a mutual invitation to a rustic *fete*. In Glaud's hearty proposal, which precedes, and at last yields to that of Symon, the cottagers are not forgotten, amidst the general welcome; and, to show his sincerity, he exclaims, after offering to send for Elspa, Symon's wife,

" I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height.

" I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,

" An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown,

" An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,

" Drink till they tyne the gait to stan' their lane."

Here, from its distance, some other town, nearer than Edinburgh, is alluded to ; and the nappy " ale " of West Linton, " the neist town," so much celebrated by Dr Pennecuik, as mentioned in the description of the Harbour Craig, may perhaps have been hinted at. Several old farmsteads in the neighbourhood are, still, on the same plan, having a range of lesser tenements, on a line with the farmer's house, occupied by cottagers under him, to whom their rents are paid. For various little services afforded him, in assisting to dig peats, make hay, and harvest corn, they are allowed as much ground, besides a small garden, as their muck will manure, for potatoes and lint ; get their peats driven home from the moss ; and are, sometimes, furnished with straw for a cow in winter, and liberty to graze her in summer along with the farmer's cattle. A farmstead at the foot of Monk's Rig, also on Monk's Burn, about a mile above Glaud's, yet retains the range of cottages on each side, which are tenanted by a number of the farmer's dependants, on the same terms as in the days of Ranisay.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini :

Hanc Remus et frater : sic fortis Etruria crevit.

For some time, in *rural economy*, the tide of fashionable speculation, and practice, has tended to, the enlargement of farms ; the use of hired mercenary servants ; the depopulation of the country ; and to sweep, drive, and huddle, the hale, hardy, honest, affectionate, and prolific cottagers, into the corrupting streets, and cells of the rotten boroughs, and their manufacturing sinks of disease, imbecility, venality, and vice. This system may add to the wealth of a nation ; and if happiness is the consequence of opulence, it ought to be followed, and encouraged. But, whether, or not, health, and strength, and virtue, and patriotism, with content, and competence ; are to be preferred to superfluous riches, and its inevitable attendants, is a point which may come to be settled, by the effects of such proceedings, when it is too late to recover what has been lost by them, that their substitutes may be unable to supply.

The “peat-stack,” forming another side of the “rural square,” is worthy of particular notice. It is peculiar to the upper division of the Pentlands, and the vicinity of New Hall. Even had the scenery of the pastoral been merely laid on ; and about, the Pentland Hills in general ; this circumstance, alone, would have ascertained, and fixed, it to this district,

without leaving a doubt behind. It is the only peculiarity by which it is characterised, and distinguished from those nearer Edinburgh ; and, of course, in their neighbourhood, is the single spot to which the poet's descriptions, in this, as well as in every other particular, can possibly apply. Meetings at the *Moss*, the provincial name of the place where peats are got, about Whitsunday, are the first busy, and joyous assemblages of the tenants and cottagers in this district, after the hurry of seed-time is over ; to dig, wheel, dry, and pile up for winter, the fuel it produces. It is carted home before hay-harvest begins. These mosses are, usually, so divided, and scattered, as to suit the general convenience, without disfiguring the country. Peat-spades, and peat-barrows, are necessary implements about every house ; and " a peat-stack " is, yet, a never-failing, annual, appendage to the farmsteads of both Glaud, and Symon. This peculiarity, among others, is so appropriately and decisively marked, that, besides the " peat-stack " mentioned in the prologue, near the end of the dialogue in this scene, Glaud, in the madness of his exultation at Symon's news, hollas out Madge from the inside of the house, and bawls to her,

— " Gae break your wheel, an' burn your tow,
 " An' set the *meiklest* peat-stack in a low ;
 " Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die ;
 " Since now, again, we'll soon Sir William see ! "

In the description of the inside of "Symon's house," in the prologue to the second scene of Act 3., the same species of fuel is equally conspicuous, and there, too,

"a clear peat ingle
"Glances amidst the floor."

Agreeably to this guide as to the district, and distance from Edinburgh in the prologue, are all the characteristic circumstances in the dialogue of this Act 2. Scene 1.; besides the general want of information, ignorance of life, rustic manners, and unsuspecting simplicity, ascribed, throughout the whole pastoral, to the shepherds and their families; which would have been ridiculous near Edinburgh, and plainly remove the scenes to some distance from the metropolis. At the beginning of the comedy, the scenes are laid "*some few miles from Edinburgh*;" and, in order to show it was farther off than some *other town*, Glaud, as already quoted, exclaims,

"I'll yoke my *sled*, and send to the *neist* town,

"An' bring a draught o' ale, baith stout an' brown."

Even the use of the "*sled*" had given way to wheel-carriages, in the vicinity of the capital. The impatience of the one shepherd to hear, and the importance with which the other communicates "*a' the news in town*," imply infrequency of intercourse, and such a degree

of remoteness, as to render the journey of some consequence. The eagerness of Glaud to know what Halbert said, and his fond reflection as to his master, and him,

“ They have been e’en a dreary time away ;”

as well as the rapturous manner in which all the shepherds, and their families, express their attachments to Sir William, and their exultations at his return ; bespeak a feudal affection, a warmth of heart, and a degree of benevolence, purity, and innocent disinterestedness, altogether inconsistent with the neighbourhood of a great city. In these respects, the distance of this Onstead from Edinburgh, is as congruous and discriminative, as its position, and description, are characteristic, and appropriate.

Not satisfied with these conductors to the district, the site, and the object ; other circumstances are added, equally peculiar to the spot.

At the beginning of the dialogue, there seems to be a reference to the after persecutions of the Covenanters, who so brutally executed the “ great Montrose ;” and their skulking among the glens and “ hether braes ” about the Harbour Craig, and the Harlaw Moor, both within a gun-shot of Symon’s House.

“ SYMON.—Tent me now, auld boy !

“ I’ve gather’d news will kittle your mind wi’ joy !

“ I coudna rest till I cam o’er the burn,

“ To tell you things ha’e taken sic a turn

“ Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,

“ An’ skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.”

In the progress of this dialogue, likewise, the two old shepherds appear to be intimately acquainted with the histories of Montrose, Monk, the Civil Wars, and the circumstances attending the Restoration ; which was distinctively proper where the scene is laid, as being, in fact, such information as the inhabitants on the spot, were naturally, and truly in the possession of, from the transactions in their neighbourhood ; and which Ramsay, whilst he resided at New Hall, must have found to have been actually the case. On the south side of the “ rural square,” Monk’s Burn incorporates with the Esk, on the north. The road which leaves the highway from Edinburgh near Monk’s Rig, where Monk’s Burn takes its rise, crosses the Esk a little way below the Onstead and the outlet of the burn, passing towards “ Symon’s House,” the Harlaw Moor, and the Harbour Craig. From the east edge of this road, Monk’s Haugh stretches along the Esk, downward, in front of the dwelling-house. According to the popular account, the burn, with the rig and the haugh at its extremities, were named from General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albe-

marle, who is said, while at Dalkeith House, likewise on the North Esk, to have sent a detachment of his troops to this neighbourhood, where they had a skirmish with some royalists, in the time of Dr Penne-cuik. Conformably to this, the prologue gives, here, a correct description of the farmstead, at the foot of Monk's Burn, and the head of the Haugh ; and the dialogue an account of General Monk's proceedings, on his arrival in England, - at Cromwell's death, as, doubtless, suggested by the propriety of introducing that officer's history, on a spot which was said to have been named from him. Accordingly, the following makes a conspicuous article in the news Symon had collected in Edinburgh, and had " come o'er the burn " to enjoy with Glaud.

" Now Cromwell's gane to Nick, an' ane ca'd Monk,

" Has play'd the Rump a right slee begunk,

" Restor'd King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune ;

" An' Habby says we'll see Sir William soon."

Opposite to the south-east side of the " rural square," and over the Esk, is a holm, or plain, lengthening upwards to the " Craigy Bield." Beyond the plain, is the height, a peninsula formed by the glens of the Esk, and the Harbour Craig ; on the higher, and more distant part of which is " Symon's House." It appears elevated, and conspicuous, from the Craigy Bield, the Washing Green, and Glaud's

Onstead, where the scenes are laid in which it is mentioned. The Esk, and the plain, lie, in a direct line, between the farmsteads of Glaud and Symon. Symon is represented, at the beginning of the scene, as having "come o'er the burn" to "loose his poke" full of news; and the plain, held in commonage by the tenants and cottagers of these adjacent farmsteads, between which it lies, seems to be the "loan" he likewise "came o'er," as mentioned, about the middle of the dialogue, by Symon,

" I saw mysel, or I cam o'er the loan,

" Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,

" A mutton bouk to boil ;"

In the glossaries, a "loan" is said to be "a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows."

The preceding *view* is taken from the brow of the height, in the direction of "Symon's House," from whence the old shepherd on the fore-ground is hurrying, to "tell" his news "o'er the burn." It looks over the plain or "loan," where the cows are milking, to "Glaud's Onstead" on the right; the Broomy Brae on the left; and up Monk's Burn, between them, to the Pentland Hills at its source. At this distance, the whole range begins to assume, and be mellowed by, the aërial tints; and in this di-

rection, displays the greatest variety of outline. From the diversity in their shapes, situations, and attitudes, its parts are thrown into light, and beautiful pyramidal groups; and the middle division, in particular, is every where intersected by ravines, in all their windings, forming the hills, and mountains, into a multiplicity of figures, of the most pastoral appearance.

The fourth scene, of this second act, is laid near "Glaud's Onstead;" and the plain, only a part of which appears in the engraving, with some cows upon it, is chosen for the interesting, happy interview between Patie and Peggy, before the discovery of Patie's birth. The propriety of the choice is obvious, from its central situation between the abodes of Symon and Glaud, where they respectively dwelt; from its being common to both; and from its being the "loan" to which the girls resorted, for the milking of the cows, every morning, and evening.

Act 2. Scene 4.

PROLOGUE.

- " Behind a tree upon the plain,
- " Pate and his Peggy meet;
- " In love, without a vicious stain,
- " The bonny lass, an' cheerfu' swain,
- " Change vows an' kisses sweet."

At the end of the dialogue likewise, in conformity with the original from which the drawing was taken, as may be seen in the *plate*, the "plain" is represented to have been so near Peggy's habitation, that she could hear, on it, the voice of Madge, her supposed aunt, from "Glaud's Onstead," where she resided under her care.

"PEGGY.—Agreed!—But harken? yon's auld aunty's cry;
"I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay."

In the aquatint for this scene, with these two lines under it, Mr Allan, in the back-ground, beyond Patie and Peggy, has introduced a part of Glaud's house, as it appears over Monk's Burn; and, with much characteristic humour, old Madge vociferating, angrily and anxiously, with open mouth and uplifted arm, for the return of her strayed, and absent wards, Peggy and Jenny.

The other affecting interview between the hero and heroine of the pastoral, in the second scene of Act 4., after Patie's parentage is made known, in which Peggy's apprehensions, and his steady disinterested attachment, are so feelingly and naturally expressed, is likewise laid near "Glaud's Onstead." Both situations are, evidently, and judiciously, chosen, near Peggy's place of residence, to show the power of his heroine's attractions. Behind this

hearty old shepherd's house, and about twenty yards above it, are the *Lins of Monk's Burn*, seen in the view. The variety of the different strata ; the doubtful natures of some of them ; and the singularity of their positions, in many places, as they cross the rivulet above the Lins ; have excited the attention of mineralogists. They were particularly interesting to the late Dr Irvine of Glasgow, and Dr Hutton of Edinburgh, by both of whom they were minutely examined. On the other side of Monk's Burn, westward from the Onstead, is the Broomy Brae. Overlooking the lowest cascade, the meeting of its glen with that of the Esk forms the termination of its southern bank into this rounded sloping point, appearing, from behind the dwelling-house, over the rugged channel of the burn below the lins.

The north-east half of the Broomy Brae is shown in the *plate*, over the widest part of the "plain," with its low shrubby thickets of birches, bird cherries, rowans, and sallows, interspersed amongst the furze and broom. It seems to have been pitched upon for the spot from whence Patie was to send for his mistress, to assure her of his constancy ; "to comfort" her ; and, as he then expected, to "take farewell." Its situation, behind, and, at the same time, in full view of Peggy's habitation ; from whence she might steal to it, unperceived, amidst the rocks

and bushes of the intervening burn ; with the concealments, and cover, afforded by the tufts of birches, whins, and broom ; render it admirably suited to Ramsay's purpose, and the intended secrecy of the meeting ; of a stolen evening interview, which his hero is to request.

Act 4. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

- “ Whan birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 “ An’ the green swaird grows damp with falling dew ;
 “ While good Sir William is to rest retired,
 “ The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,
 “ Walks through the broom wi’ Roger ever leel,
 “ To meet, to comfort Meg, an’ tak fareweel.”

The Broomy Brae lies in the line between Roger's farm and habitation, and Glaud's Onstead. The “ Craigy Bield” is in the same direction, up *the* burn, by which the Esk, here, is always meant, as being the principal one, to which all the others pay tribute. The Esk, in this district, is only a *burn*, or rivulet. It was the north boundary of Roger's pasturage, down to the influx of the Harbour Craig Burn at the little haugh, where it was conterminous to Symon's, within two hundred yards, above Peggy's place of residence. As soon as “ good Sir William” had retired “ to rest,” his heir had sought out his friend

"Roger ever leel," to consult with, and lay open his intentions to him, as to his mistress. After he had led down his friend, in the course of their confidential dialogue, to the neighbourhood of Peggy's abode, and to a spot suitable to his wish, calculated for his design of dispelling, undisturbed, her fears and troubles on his elevation of rank and fortune, Roger, when Peggy, who had been sent for, comes in sight, at last withdraws; and Patie, after a short soliloquy, addresses her, as she approaches him, thus:

— " My Peggy, why in tears ?

" Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears ;

" Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine."

Mr Allan must have entertained nearly the same opinion, as to the site the poet had in his eye, when he wrote the prologue, and composed the dialogue of this excellent scene. In the plate intended to realize, and illustrate this part of the comedy, beyond the figures, he has exhibited, with some slight alterations, the lower lin of Monk's Burn, as it is seen, from the south, under the Broomy Brae. But, instead of this rounded sloping point, to which Ramsay's prologue apparently refers, he has placed Patie and Peggy, again, on the " plain" or " loan," on the other side of the Esk, a little way farther up, towards the " Craigy Bield," than the situation, upon it, he had assigned them before. In Act 2. Scene 4.

his view looks over to the hinder part of "Glaud's Onstead;" and in Act 4. Scene 2. up Monk's Burn.

Act 4. Scene 1., which immediately precedes the one last taken notice of, is also laid at "Glaud's Onstead;" to which Mause had come, down the burn, to secure Madge's assistance in order to be revenged on Bauldy, and get him punished, when he should return, as appointed, to consult her as a witch. In the mean time, before the scheme, afterwards executed, was settled; led by his evil genius, whilst under the grudge of Mause, and the ill will of Madge, for his desertion of Neps, and designs on her ward Meg; at this inauspicious moment, Bauldy stumbles into their company. As was to be expected, he soon blunders into a quarrel with Glaud's "cankart" housekeeper, and fiery old maiden sister, Madge. She calls him "a mansworn herd," and "shevelling-gabbed brock;" and, on his retorting the name of "auld roudes," and threatening to

" ————— gar her stand

" Wi' a het face afore the haly band,"

she "flies to his hair like a fury; a stout battle" ensues, and after "towzling his harigalds a wee," and letting him "out of her clutches with a bleeding nose," she exclaims,

" It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
 " To cast up whether I be auld or young !
 " They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
 " An' or they died, their bairns' bairns hae seen."
 " Auld roudes ! Filthy fallow ! I sall auld ye !"

From the greater number of incidents which occur at, and near " Glaud's Onstead," than elsewhere, Ramsay has been induced to distinguish it, with its adjoining cottages, by making it the general scene of the pastoral. On the same page with his *dramatis personæ*, it is laid thus. "*Scene*—A shepherd's village and fields, some few miles from Edinburgh." Still, an occurrence at their onstead, is talked of among the hinds, and shepherds of this district, as having happened at our *town*, which every one understands to mean *farmstead*; and "*some few miles from Edinburgh*," evidently marks it out as not being near the metropolis, but at *some* distance from it.

Finally, the prologue to the second scene of Act 5. conducts into the inside of Glaud's " snug thack house ;" and charms us with the delightful rural family picture, placed, as an inscription, at the beginning of this illustration.

Mr Allan's aquatint of this scene, representing the inside of Glaud's dwelling as there described, is

highly characteristic of the people, and the place ; and is designed in the true spirit of the author. The comfortable, and orderly appearance of the house ;—its correctly appropriate furniture ;—the busy earnestness of old Madge, engaged in preparing, properly, the wholesome and genuine breakfast of Scotland, good oatmeal porridge, the excellence of which is shown by the voracity of a shepherd, and the eagerness of his dog to partake with him in his mess ;—the easy, satisfied expression of Glaud, in his elbow chair ; with the air of happiness, and health, in the looks of his girls ; and of fulness, and felicity all around ; evince the common origin of his own, and Ramsay's pictures, and do equal credit to his correctness, and humour.

The *view*, prefixed, is taken from the Tweeddale side of the Esk. The upper end of Monk's Haugh, on the right, beyond, and below the old shepherd Symon, on the fore-ground ; the houses ; the lins, and Monk's Burn ; the Broomy Brae ; and the Pentlands in the distance ; with all the other objects over the Esk, are in Mid-Lothian. The "plain" is in Peebles-shire. From this station, the lower lin is crossed, and concealed, by a jutting rock, opposite to the Broomy Brae, which, excepting at the inlet and outlet, surrounds it as with a wall. The landscape is seen as it appears a little after sun-rise ;

when the darkness of the heathy brow of the height, on the fore-ground, is deepened by a strong shade ; and, an uninterrupted flow of light, from the east, up the glen and Monk's Haugh, enlivens the front of the " onstead," twinkles on the Esk, and streams along the " plain" below.

Such are the interesting, and attractive scenes, which this most faithful, and agreeable imitator of nature, has laid, in, and around, the rural, sequestered, and pastoral habitation, of cheerful, contented Glaud ;—the " snug," and homely residence of honest, unaffected hospitality ; and blooming, hearty, joy-inspiring health and beauty.

" *M.*—Fortunate senex ! ergo tua rura manebunt ?

" Et tibi magna satis :"

" Fortunate senex ! hic inter flumina nota,

" Et fontis sacros, frigus captabis opacum."

PLANTS to be found in the vicinity of *Glaud's Onstead*, besides birches, hazels, mountain-ashes, hag-berries, sallows, broom, whins, &c.

Galeopsis tetrahit,

Galium saxatile,

Bessus aurea,

Lichen hispidus,

Hemp-nettle, *on the house-tops.*

Smooth heath-bed-straw, *near the houses.*

_____ *on rocks.*

_____ *on ditto.*

<i>Vaccinium myrtillus,</i>	Blæberry, or bilberry.
<i>Boletus gregarius,</i>	———— about the woods.
<i>Pteris aquilina,</i>	Brakes, ditto.
<i>Hyperichum pulchrum,</i>	Upright St John's wort, ditto.
<i>Rhinanthus crista galli,</i>	Yellow rattle, ditto.
<i>Achillea ptarmica,</i>	Sneeze-wort yarrow, ditto.
<i>In the woods about, and below Monk's Haugh :</i>	
<i>Betula alnus,</i>	Alder, or aller.
<i>Salix pentandra,</i>	Sweet willow.
<i>Juniperus communis,</i>	Juniper.
(2) <i>Phallus impudicus,</i>	———— very fetid in wet summers.
(2) <i>Agaricus deliciosus,</i>	————
———— <i>integer,</i>	————
———— <i>fascicularis,</i>	————
<i>Triglochin palustre,</i>	Marsh arrow-grass, on the open banks.
<i>Pedicularis palustris,</i>	Marsh louse-wort, on ditto, &c.

THE MONK'S BURN, AND ITS LINS.

“ The Shepherds sing to grazing Flocks sweet lays :

“ And all about, the echoing air resounds.”

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, Son. 19.

“ While herbalizing shady groves, and mountains,

“ I quench my thirst by crystal streams, and fountains ;

“ There joyfully I sit me down and smell,

“ The flowery fields, and heliconian well.”

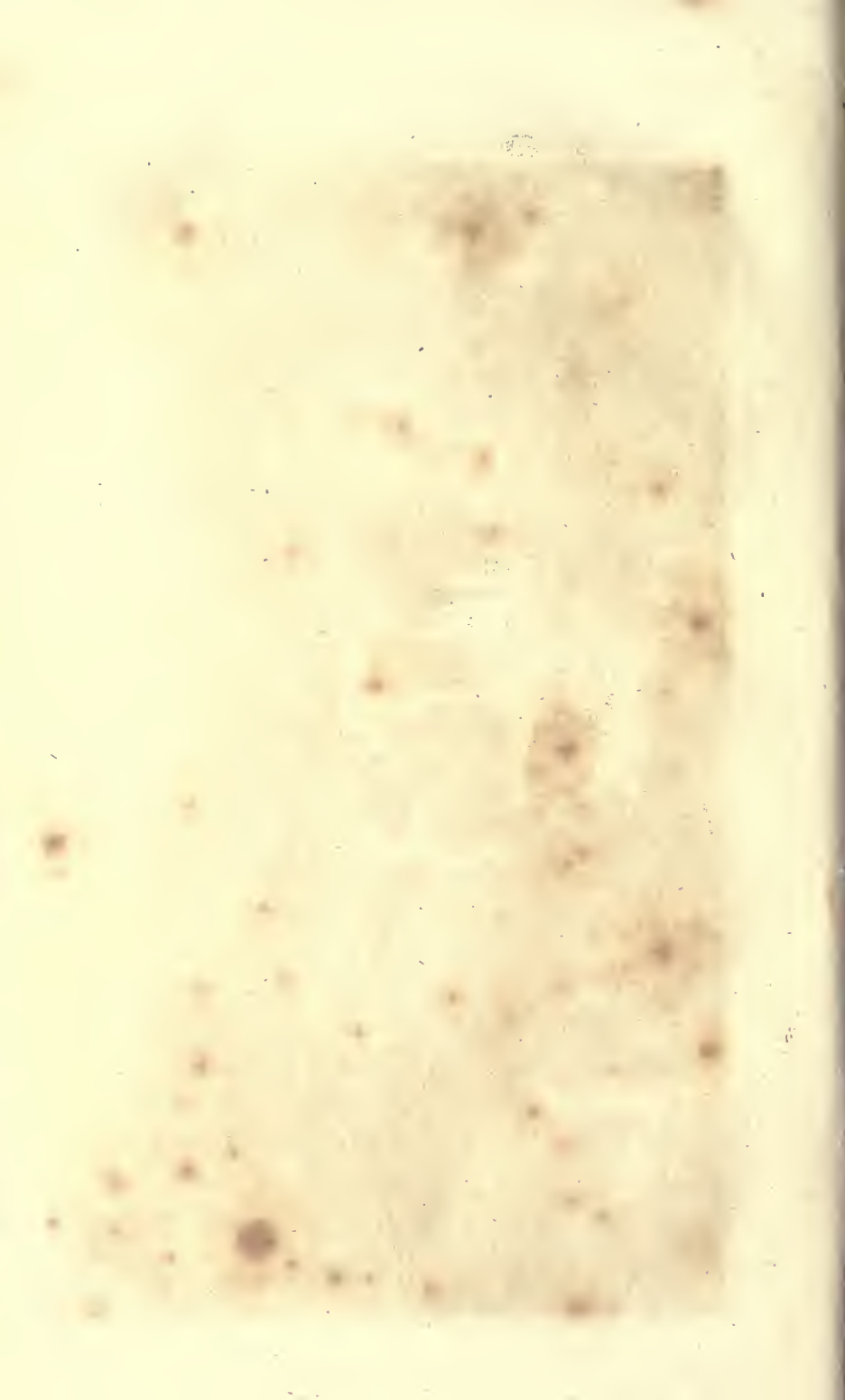
*PENNECUK of New Hall's Answer to his brother J. P.'s
Letter.*



J. Thompson del.

UPPER LIN of MONKS BURN, behind GLAUD'S ONSTEAD from the S.S.E.

A. Scott sculp.



“ Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 “ Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 “ Falls hoarse from steep to steep.”

THOMSON'S Autumn.

ABOUT twenty yards upwards from behind Glau'd's dwelling-house and cottages, Monk's Burn, which separates them from the Broomy Brae, forms a low wide cascade under it, five or six feet in depth. It issues from a bason, scooped out of the solid rock, by the endless, unremitted beating, and whirling, of what is called the *Lower Lin*, though properly the middle one. Here,

————— “ The” limpid “ flood,
 “ Falling from on high, with bellowing sound,
 “ Whirls the” bright “ waves and rattling stones around.”

ADDISON.

With some slight alterations, this *Lower Lin*, as it appears from the south, is introduced by Mr Allan into his aquatinta illustrating Act 4. Scene 2. of his edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*. It is about seven feet in height. Its bason is darkened, and surrounded by perpendicular walls of stone, formed by nature, overhung with birches and hazels, and completely encircling it ; excepting where it discharges its surplus contents, in a broad sheet over the low precipice ; and, after having wrought a narrow winding passage for itself, where the water pours into it from the rocks above.

Some paces higher on the stream, the *Upper Lin*, in detached jets, shoots over a stratum of hard bluish free sandstone, lying on a bed of coal. Its divided currents make a constant dashing noise, in tones as varied as their contents, on the natural pavement below; unless, in a breeze, when they are caught by the wind before they reach it, and the sounds are interrupted, by their being scattered and dissipated in the air. Whilst warmth, and stillness prevail in summer, the notes are soothing, and soporiferous.

“ Hark ! hark ! the waters fall ;

“ And, with a murmuring sound,

“ Dash, dash, upon the ground,

“ To gentle slumbers call.”

DRYDEN.

From the foot of the *Upper Lin*, the rivulet ripples along the pavement, formed of another vein of sandstone under the coal, of a softer texture, and yellowish hue, through a variety of intricate winding excavations; till it spouts into the bason; spreads over; and pitches from its brim; and, from the bottom of the low cascade, collecting itself, under the *Broomy Brae* to the west, rushes, past the south end of “ *Glaud's Onstead*,” into the *North Esk*, at the head of *Monk's Haugh* to the east, and opposite to the “ *plain*” or “ *loan*,” the “ *height*,” and “ *Sy-mon's House*,” south-eastward.

The preceding *view*, is taken immediately above the spout of the Lower Lin, about thirty yards from the *Upper Lin* which it represents. It is about fourteen feet in height. The lowest lin is spread out, and falls in a thin unbroken sheet: The Lower Lin is contracted into a single spout, with a few little breaks at the head of it: And this Upper Lin consists of several distinct, and separate shoots, over a projecting stratum. The character of each is, strikingly, its own.

In ascending the rivulet from this waterfall shown in the plate, its rapid course is frequently interrupted, varied, and broken, by the layers of sandstone and other fossils, besides a second bed of coal, that traverse its channel. About a quarter of a mile above the Upper Lin, it appears winding, with sparkling animation, from the north on the right, through a narrow romantic dell formed by dikes or vertical strata, in one place assuming the shape of a sharp-ridged conical mount, and at another presenting the apparent face of an old rugged weather-beaten wall, gray with age, and disjointed by the insinuations of soil, and vegetation. This dike is about two feet thick: Its direction is north and south: And the little inclination it has is eastward. It is full of irregular cracks, chiefly in the line of its inclination. The edges of its fractures are hard, and sharp.

When broken, the surfaces of the fragments are of a brownish cast, clouded slightly with tinges of blue, with a grain so fine as to give them almost the smoothness of flint. The substance, of which it is composed, is of so unusual a texture, as to have excited some doubts in that able chemist the late Dr Irvine, who examined the spot, when on a visit at New Hall; although it was called a highly indurated sandstone, by Dr Hutton of Edinburgh. The colliers name a stratum of it, when it comes in their way, a *Kingle Band*.

A short distance above the upper extremity of this dell, or wildly irregular turn in its glen, from the east bank of the rivulet issues a strong chalybeate spring; and, a few steps higher, an upright layer of limestone passes under the stream to its western side, accompanied by a bed of clay, in which have been found some entire, and perfect specimens of petrified shells, now in New-Hall House, resembling the *Mytilus anatinus* of Linnæus. Between the dell, and the chalybeate spring, are several veins of ironstone; and, above the spring, higher than the one accompanied by the bed of clay, other two layers of limestone, almost perpendicular, cross the rivulet, at a stone bridge under the communication to New-Hall House, which branches off from the road between the highway to Edinburgh, and Marfield, and

Monk's Haugh. About two hundred yards farther up than the bridge, the turnpike road passes over the stream, on the west side of the toll-gate. It is, here, called the Nine-mile Burn; from its having been reckoned nine Scots miles from Edinburgh. On being measured, it is not more than an eighth of an English mile from the twelfth stone.

Above the public road, at the foot of St Robert's Croft, Monk's Burn is joined by the 'Spital Burn, originating behind the old 'Spital House, seen to the west, in the hollow formed by the meeting of the easter and wester hills of the same name, near a mile distant. Westward, at the east end of a ridge called Bellcant, appears the farmstead of Friartown; between the house and the highway. Before it receives the 'Spital rill, Monk's Burn falls over a bed of whinstone. On the west, between this cascade and the 'Spital House, lies the Glebe Croft, in front of a protrusion from the Easter 'Spital Hill, on the summit of which is a round stell, for securing the flock in winter, during the night, from being lost among the snow. It is named the Dod Rig. Its round summit, crowned with its circular stell, occupies the centre of the space, between the Glebe Croft and the hill, and, from the source of the 'Spital Burn to Monk's Rig, on the north side of Monk's Burn, above the waterfall.

Behind the Dod Rig is a rocky dingle, enlivened by a streamlet, which separates, and detaches the rig, from the easter hill of the 'Spital. Immediately above the entrance of the streamlet, Monk's Burn on the north, to the right, is seen pouring down a rugged, broken, narrow, chasm, in a deep bed of whinstone, with great velocity; brawling, and foaming, as it descends, amidst the stubborn points, and breaks, it has to contend with. About half a mile distant from this chasm, Monk's Burn takes its rise; the easter hill of the 'Spital, and Monk's Rig, bending towards, and blending with, each other, round the central point where the springs, from their concave smooth green acclivities, unite at its head.

Excepting in this highest reach, from its source, to the influx of the streamlet, at the foot of the clefted precipitous chasm, opposite to the Dod Rig, where it makes a sweep round the southern extremity of Monk's Rig; and, through the vertical strata of the dell, in the other more romantic part of its course; which both tend from north, to south; the general run of Monk's Burn is from north-west, to south-east. It constitutes the natural boundary between the upper, and middle divisions of this, south, side of the Pentlands, down to the chalybeate spring; a line, in the same direction, being continued from thence to the North Esk, by a hollow, between a

rocky precipice, on its north bank, called the Cow Craig, and the farm of Marfield, to the south. It is from this line, south-westward, that the scenes of *The Gentle Shepherd* were laid. It is in this upper division of the Pentlands that peat is the common fuel of the whole district; and in which none of the streams, as in the pastoral, rise above the character of a burn; including the Esk, from its fountain behind the 'Spital Hills' to the Cow Craig, to which all the rest are tributary. Farther down, where the Esk leaves the hills, even some of its branches are so large as to be called waters; as is particularly the case with that of Glencross, which, by those in its neighbourhood is never named the burn, but always the *water* of Glencross, it being larger than a burn, and smaller than a river. At Logan, or Lodging House, it is, invariably, called Logan Water; and the name, from its banks above this being uninhabited, is continued all the way up to the high rocky steep, behind Carnethy Hill, down which it throws itself, although there it is but a very small rivulet.

The glen of Monk's Burn, when on his visits to his former pupil at New Hall, was the favourite resort of the Reverend Mr Archibald Arthur; a man as remarkable for the warmth and benevolence of his heart, as for the soundness of his head, and the variety and depth of his mental powers. He was

selected by the worthy, and celebrated Dr Reid, for his assistant; and he succeeded him, as professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow. In summer, he amused himself with the study of mineralogy, and of botany in particular. His extreme modesty prevented him from appearing, openly, as an author; but he contributed towards a volume of *Original Essays* in 1780, to serve a friend; and some of his many *Discourses* have been collected, and published in 1803, since his death, which are so excellent as to excite a wish for more, in every real judge of true merit.

In ascending Monk's Burn, from the Esk at Glaud's Onstead about two miles below its source; at unequal distances, among others, we meet with the following strata, in the order in which they are enumerated.

Soft sandstone—coal—hard, free (as it will cut in any direction) sandstone, used for barley millstones—soft laminated sandstone—sand—coal—sandstone in thin layers—slaty till, or shale—hard sandstone—shale—inclinations of the preceding strata, north; directions east and west.—Laminated sandstone—shale—limestone—sandstone—sand—sandstone, in thin layers—limestone—coal shiver, or shale—quartzzy, or flinty sandstone—white soap clay—black

slaty till, or shale—limestone—flinty sandstone, resembling an old wall—laminated sandstone—black slaty till, or shale, rising into a sharp-ridged conical mount—*preceding strata almost perpendicular ; inclinations east ; directions north and south.*—Four veins of ironstone, and gravel, alternately—chalybeate spring—laminated sandstone—limestone—sand—till—limestone—gravel—limestone—gravel—sand—gravel—whin, *vertical*—gravel—sandstone breccia, or plumb-pudding stone—whin—and, near the summits of both the Easter and Wester 'Spital Hills, lime-springs, &c. In digging gravel, with which the eminences in the neighbourhood are commonly filled, agates, and blood stones are frequently found, some of which have been cut into very beautiful seals.

The following observations were communicated by Mr P. Neill, Secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh, as the joint productions of him and Mr J. Murray, lecturer on chemistry, after having examined the lower half of the glen of Monk's Burn.

“ The Monk's Burn falls into the North Esk a little way below the Washing Green. By the action of the waters of this rivulet, the strata are pretty well exposed.

“ At the mouth of the Monk's Burn we find a coarse white grit or sandstone, very soft and liable to decomposition, lying in thick horizontal beds.

“ On proceeding a little way up the course of the rivulet, the sandstone becomes harder, and of a finer texture, and alternates with beds of *coal-shiver* or bituminous shale. This kind of white sandstone occurs very frequently in the bed of the Esk: at Hawthornden, a few miles below New Hall, it is cut through by the long-continued action of the water, and forms lofty precipices on each side of the river. In these have been excavated, in former times, those chambers of retreat, well known by the name of the *Caves of Hawthornden*.

“ Still farther up the Monk's Burn, the sandstone strata suddenly change their position, and, from a horizontal, assume a very highly inclined, or almost vertical position. The layers of shale accompany the sandstone in this perpendicular direction. The sandstone is here disposed in thinner strata.

“ Very soon, the strata resume their horizontal position, almost as abruptly as they lost it. At some distance, they again become highly inclined. A thin stratum of shivery limestone here makes its appearance, having imbedded in it many petrifications,

chiefly entrochi, and anomia. The strata farther up the rivulet, again decline towards the horizon ; and at one part, where they are horizontal, there appears at the surface a thin stratum of coal.

“ In the channel of the Monk's Burn, nodules of coarse red jasper occur, and fragments from quartz veins, which have probably been washed from the higher grounds. Small masses of clay ironstone are also common. On the north bank of the rivulet, a chalybeate spring appears, tinging the adjacent ground with a scum of the oxide of iron.

“ The celebrated Dr Hutton (the author of that specious and dazzling theory of the earth called the *Huttonian*) when on a visit to New Hall, seemed to regard the mineral appearances seen in the bed of the Monk's Burn, with lively interest. The sudden elevation of the strata from a horizontal to nearly a vertical position; was the circumstance, it is believed, that particularly attracted his attention. This heaving, or disturbance of the strata, he was, in every instance, inclined to ascribe to the force of melted matter projected from below : but no vein or *dike* of basalt or of green stone is here to be seen. Indeed the strata here being chiefly of a shivery and brittle texture, or soft and easily decomposed, we may with much probability conclude, that the dis-

turbance of the horizontality of the stratification of the more indurated sandstone is quite local, and occasioned by the subsidence of some of the inferior strata themselves, which had been more soft, and more liable to disintegration by the action of water filtering through them;—at least no other evident cause appears for the change in the position of the strata at this place.”

Leaving it to geologists to settle as to the merits of their respective theories, if any settlement is ever to be expected on a subject, apparently, beyond the reach of proof, and on which it seems to be as impossible to produce conviction, as to reconcile the hostile elements of fire and water, opposed to each other as the great agents in this controversy; it may not be unsuitable to add, to the mineralogical account of Monk's Burn, an anecdote of Dr Hutton, with regard to it, which deserves preservation, from its being so highly characteristic of the amiable enthusiasm of this lively naturalist, whose look, expression, figure, and manner, were equally original with his conceptions.

Some years before his death, a sensible and accomplished lady, somewhat advanced in life, and an intimate friend of Allan Ramsay the poet's youngest daughter then alive, happening to mention, when

in company with Dr Hutton, that she was soon to leave Edinburgh on a visit to New Hall ; he recommended it to her in the strongest terms, as a matter of the first importance, not, upon any account, to return from the place, till she had minutely examined the glen of Monk's Burn, and carefully observed the variety, and positions, of its minerals, and fossils. On her arrival, the doctor's fair pupil embraced the earliest opportunity of a favourable day to take a walk up the stream, in obedience to the strict injunctions she had received from her kind preceptor. Instead, however, of attending, as instructed and desired by the learned geologist, to the horizontalities, inclinations, verticalities, transitions, arrangements, fractures, textures, and properties of the different strata ; of studying the positions of the layers ; examining the rugged edges of the perpendicular veins, and poring into the unsightly breaks they frequently occasion in the banks of the rivulet ; she scrupled not, in his absence, to idle away her time, and gratify her taste, with the resplendent glittering vivacity of the lins ; the shifting lustre of the transparent noisy brook ; the pastoral variety of its verdant banks ; the bloom and beauty of the shrubs and flowers, with the wildness of the scenery about the waterfalls, and the middle of its course ; and could not even refrain from smiling at the doctor's inadvertent simplicity, in supposing that such inqui-

ries should be equally interesting to her, as they were to himself.

Amongst others, the following PLANTS are to be found, about the *Lins of Monk's Burn*; and the *Broomy Brae*.

<i>Corylus avellana</i> ,	Hazel-nut tree.
<i>Aspidium filix</i> , mas.	Male fern.
———— ——— fœmina,	Female fern.
<i>Lotus corniculatus</i> ,	Bird's-foot trefoil.
<i>Lathyrus pratensis</i> ,	Meadow vetchling.
<i>Hypnum schreberi</i> , on moist rocks: <i>Hypnum trichomanoides</i> :	
<i>Brium pseudo-triquetrum</i> : and a fine var. of <i>Dicranum flexuosum</i> :	
&c.	

MAUSE'S COTTAGE, AND ROGER'S HABITATION.

Act 2. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

“ The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
 “ An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.—
 “ At a sma' distance by a blasted tree,
 “ Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-rais'd looks, ye see
 “ BAULDY, *his lane*.”

MAUSE'S COTTAGE & ROGER'S HABITATION, above MABRIS'S HOW from the S.W.

J. Storrman del.



R. Toot sculp.



SOLILOQUY.

(*at the end.*)

“ An’ yonder’s Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu’ weel,
 “ Whan ane like me comes rinnand to the deil.
 “ She an’ her cat sit beekand in her yard ;
 “ To speak my errand, faith, amaisht I’m fear’d :
 “ But I maun do’t, tho’ I shou’d never thrive ;
 “ They gallop fast that deils an lasses drive.

(*Exit.*)

Act 2. Scene 3.

PROLOGUE.

“ A green kail-yard ; a little fount,
 “ Where water poplin springs :
 “ There sits a wife wi’ wrinkled front,
 “ An’ yet she spins an’ sings.”

Act 3. Scene 3.

DIALOGUE.

(*at the end.*)

“ ROGER.—To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin
 pool,
 “ I’ll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
 “ Keep tryst, an’ meet me there ;—there let us meet,
 “ To kiss, an’ tell our love ;—there’s nought sae sweet.
 (*Exeunt, Roger and Jenny.*)”

WITCHES, wizards, astrologers, magicians, enchanter, sorcerers, necromancers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, and jugglers, as professors of one or

other of the various departments, and degrees of skill, in the black art ; by Jews, Gentiles, and Heathens, Christians, Mahometans, Pagans, Idolaters, and Savages ; by the inhabitants of the new, as well as of the old hemisphere ; have, in all ages, been believed to exist, supernaturally gifted, if not in reality, at least in the imaginations of their contemporaries.

Among savages, a mischievous spirit, is always opposed to a benevolent one ; and is, generally, from fear, the most frequently worshipped of the two. Thus, *Friday*, naturally, selects Robinson Crusoe's gun, from prudential motives, as the eligible object of his adoration ; and *Sancho*, who acts on the same abject brutal principles, never pays so much respect to his magnanimous master, the valorous Don Quixote, as when he is affraid of him. The dread of an invisible malignant being, is coeval with the instinctive impressions of a Deity, confirmed by external appearances. As the easiest way of accounting for the ills of life, and physical deformities, they have ever been ascribed to an evil spirit, with powers sufficient to produce the effects they were to explain. The propensity in the imagination to licentiousness, has, here, been every where exemplified. Amongst other powers with which he has been invested, he has been endowed with the abili-

ties, in some measure, to command the elements ; to inflict misfortunes, and diseases ; to alter, and counteract the usual course of things ; and to foreknow, as well as be acquainted with every thing that has happened, or is passing, however distant, as to time, or place, the occurrences from each other. Underlings have been created for him ; and he has, invariably, been gifted with the knack of communicating to his emissaries, and to those on earth who have fallen under the imputation of being his servants, more, or less, of that infernal craft by which his ends have been supposed to be accomplished.

The natural disposition to pry into futurity, with that delight in the marvellous, and credulous simplicity, which accompany ignorance, have universally established this general assent to the existence, and delegation, of faculties so flattering to the believer's curiosity, wishes, speculations, and interest ; so conducive to the pleasures he constantly feels, from the contemplation, or recital, of whatever is new, uncommon, inexplicable, wild, and wonderful ; that excite surprise, and, transporting the mind beyond the bounds of sense, free it from the fettered common-place operations, and stale routine of nature.

The shrewd, the designing, and the unprincipled, have fallen upon various deceptions, in order to turn

these propensities, impressions, and passions, to their advantage ; and it became their interest to rivet, and spread their influence, by their delusions, in spite of civilization.

So deeply rooted is the general belief in sorcery, at first, apparently, grounded on these principles ; that, except among the few of superior understanding and education, it lives, and influences the body of the people, in nations the most eminently enlightened, and advanced in refinement. Genius, even here too, cherishes, and delights in it, frequently, from another cause ; tempted by the boundless nature of its enchanting scenes, equally beyond the reach of criticism, and open to the most licentious flights of the fancy. Hecate, Circe, Medea, and their delegates and successors, were dreaded by the Greeks. Among the Romans the same credulity prevailed, till the decline and fall of the empire. In the sixth century, and the reign of the Christian emperor Justinian, both the sorcerer and those who consulted, were punished capitally, *Cod. L. 9. T. 18*. Magical tricks, from their first importation into Greece, from Persia, the cradle of animals and arts, and the nursery of the sciences, were not only greedily received, and implicitly relied on by the illiterate ; but, credit seems to have been given to them, even by the most accomplished writers of antiquity.

The Gaelic word *Draoitheachd* signifies magic, sorcery, and enchantment ; as well as the druidical worship, and sacrifice, from those of the persian Magi.

Mr Hume, from *Melvil*, observes, that the tempest which drove the younger princess of Denmark, King James's bride, after embarking for Scotland, into a port of Norway, was "universally believed in Scotland, and Denmark, to have proceeded from a combination of the Scottish and Danish witches; and the dying confession of the criminals was supposed to place the accusation beyond all controversy." *Hist. of Eng. Elizabeth*. In Arnot's Criminal Trials, *Witchcraft*, are preserved the proceedings against some of those supposed to have been concerned in raising this tempest. Doubtless, in revenge for such unprovoked mischief, King James retaliated on the witches. Like the code of Justinian, a Scotch act 1563, *c.* 73. ordains, that all persons who use witchcraft, sorcery, or necromancy, or pretend skill therein, shall be punished by death. An English law, 33 *Hen. VIII. c.* 8., existed, to the same effect. These he revived, and enforced, among the first acts of his reign in England, 1 *Jac. I. c.* 12., on his accession to the throne of the island, by the union of its northern and southern crowns in 1603. However extraordinary such a statute may appear at present, it was, when enacted, perfectly conformable to

the sense of the times. In his defence of James's abilities, of which indeed their weakness stands somewhat in want, the historian just quoted remarks, in the *appendix* to his reign, that, "if he wrote concerning witches and apparitions; who, in that age, did not admit the reality of these fictitious beings?" Yet, "in that age," were to be found chancellor Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Cambden.

Long after the reign of King James, witchcraft continued in France, till, during that of Charles the Second, it was exploded by the famous Declaration of Louis the Fourteenth in 1672.

"It was a very common practice before this time," says Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV. c. 29.*, "to try sorcerers by throwing them into a pond, bound hand and foot with ropes. If they had the misfortune to swim, it was looked upon as an infallible demonstration of guilt. These trials had been established by the judges in several provinces, and they continued long in use among the people. Every shepherd was a sorcerer: amulets, and magic rings, were in great request in the cities. The effects attributed to the hazel switch, which was thought to discover thieves, treasures, and the most hidden things, passed for certain; and, to this day, meet with a great deal of credit in many considerable pro-

vinces of Germany. It was the universal practice for persons to cast their horoscope. Nothing was talked of but magical secrets ; all ranks of people were infected with the illusion. Magistrates, and learned men, had written seriously upon these subjects, in so much, that there was a certain class of authors distinguished by the name of *dæmonographi*. Rules were laid down for distinguishing the true magicians from the false : and those that were truly possessed, from those that were not ; in short, nothing had, hitherto, been adopted from antiquity, but errors of every kind."

During the Commonwealth, and Cromwell's usurpation under the title of Protector, amidst the fanaticism which this artful hypocrite turned so completely to his own exaltation, the same opinions were retained ; and King James's Act seems to have been carried into full effect. In Butler's inimitable satire on the manners of that period, among other arguments, to remove Hudibras's religious scruples about applying to a sorcerer, he makes Ralph adduce the following high authority.

— " Has not this *present parliament*

" *A Ledger* to the *devil* sent,

" *A Ledger*, &c. The witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of

- " Fully empowered to treat about
 " Finding revolted *witches* out ?
 " And has not he, within a year,
 " Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *shire* ?
 " And some for sitting above ground,
 " (Some only for not being *drown'd*,)
 " Whole *days* and *nights* upon their *breeches*,
 " And feeling pain, were hang'd for *witches*.
 " And some for putting *knavish* tricks
 " Upon *green geese*, and *turkey chicks*,
 " Or *pigs*, that suddenly deceast
 " Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest ;
 " Who after prov'd himself a *witch*,
 " And made a rod for his own *breech*.
 " Did not the devil _____
 " Meet with the *parliament's committee*,
 " At *Woodstock* on a pers'nal treaty ?
 " At *Sarum* take a *cavalier*
 " I' th' *cause's* service *prisoner* ?
-

whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged within the compass of one year ; and among the rest the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

" *Meet with, &c.* A committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's house in *Woodstock Park*, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

" *At Sarum, &c.* *Withers* has a long story in doggerel, of a soldier in the King's army, who being a prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass."

“ As *Withers* in immortal rhyme

“ Has register’d to after-time.”

Hudibras, P. 2. C. 3.

At the Restoration, the ascendancy of the cavaliers, and the total change of sentiments and manners, produced by the disgust at the stiff, starch, sullen formality, and prim, priggish, puritanical, pedantic, precision, grimace, and hypocrisy of the republican sectaries; contrasted by the easy, gentleman-like behaviour, and example, of the witty, licentious monarch; and aided by the irresistible satire of this favourite poem; seem entirely to have shamed the persecution of old women, under the name of witches, in England. After the Revolution, however, Dryden still continued to cast nativities; and to believe in astrology, and divination: And even posterior to the Union, and during the Augustan age of Queen Anne, if Mr Addison gives a true representation of the country gentlemen, in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, it appears, from his excellent paper in the *Spectator*, NO. 117., that all were not, yet, entirely free from prejudice and credulity, on the head of witchcraft, who had received a liberal education.

On this side of the Tweed, so late, as in the reign of George the First, a man of learning and abilities, an advocate, and a professor of laws in a distinguish-

ed university, like the dæmonographi on the continent, thought it necessary for the instruction of his Majesty's Advocate, and the Judges of Justiciary, in a long chapter on witchcraft, in his *Institutes of the Law of Scotland*, to explain minutely, the nature of the compacts entered into between a witch, and her master ; to enumerate the different sorts of witches ; and to point out the marks by which they may be certainly known ; with various other particulars of equal consequence in this part of the criminal code. It is not ninety years since the last unhappy woman that suffered for witchcraft in Scotland was executed. In the Statistical Account of the parish of *Loth*, we are informed that she was burnt at Dornoch ; and that the common people entertain strong prejudices against her relations to this day.

According to Voltaire, witchcraft was punishable in France, till the celebrated Declaration of Louis the Fourteenth, in 1672, prohibited all accusations on that account. In Great Britain, it was not till the last reign, 1735, Geo. II. an. 9no. c. 5to, thirteen years after the execution at Dornoch, that a law was passed repealing the former statutes against witchcraft, Scots and English, and, in future, discharging all trials for such a crime. Still, the Seceders, a religious sect in Scotland, comprehending a numerous body of the populace, consider the abolition of the

penal statutes against witchcraft as both an evil, and a sin. *Arnot's Crim. Trials, Witchcraft.* About eighteen months ago, by the verdict of a jury on 21st June 1805 at Kirkcudbright in Galloway, Jean Maxwell was found guilty of pretending to exercise witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, and conjuration, and of undertaking to tell fortunes; and, on 28th June 1805, was, for these impostures, sentenced to be imprisoned for a year, and to stand four times, during that period, in the pillory at the market-cross of the burgh of Kirkcudbright. Of the credit her pretensions met with, among some of the peasantry, even in so unprecedentedly enlightened an age as this, evidence is preserved in the *Scots Magazine* for March 1806.

The powers attributed to witches, by the hinds, and shepherds of Scotland, are admirably described and preserved by Ramsay. The clownish character, under the name of Bauldy, he has exhibited, not as a contrast to Glaud and Symon, as is inconsiderately stated in the *Remarks on his Writings* prefixed to the edition of his works of 1800, but, evidently, as a foil to set off his hero, and to expose the superstitious credulity, and passions from whence these fancies originate, is drawn, with great fidelity, from real life. The imputing witchcraft to Mause, which seems to have been suggested by the history of the

place he had in his eye for the site of her cottage, is obviously intended to ridicule the belief in sorcery; and, by means of Bauldy's interested simplicity, to introduce her to Sir William Worthy, for the discovery of Peggy's birth, and the unravelling of the fable. The whole of this humorous underplot is ingeniously introduced, and dexterously interwoven with the main design of the comedy. Through Bauldy, Mause is brought forward at first, and, afterwards, becomes known to Sir William. In body and mind, Bauldy contrasts Patie's beauty, personal accomplishments, manly openness, generosity, and constancy; and in Mause's cottage, the moral of the comedy is varied, and heightened, by the risible punishment there inflicted upon him for his perfidy, by two old women, in the characters of a witch and a ghost,

Who "gat" him "down, while" he, "like a great fool,
" Was laboured, as he used to be at school."

The first act of *Patie and Roger* was published a year before the last execution in Scotland for witchcraft, in 1722. The pastoral was finished in 1725, three years after it, and ten years previous to the repeal of the penal statutes on that subject. The clown, in manners, and expression, is delineated with the pencil, and has all the humour, and truth, of Téniers, and Ostade; whilst his adventures, besides

their moral tendency, possess the cutting irony of Hogarth and Cervantes. Bauldy's laughably unfortunate blunders, and bodily sufferings, are so artfully contrived, as to turn witchcraft as completely into ridicule, as knight-errantry is said to have been, through the more varied, and numerous mischances of Don Quixote, and his equally selfishly credulous squire Sancho, whose motives, and manners, are so admirably opposed to the benevolent magnanimity of his mad master; or, with pedantry, as fanaticism was, by those of, their imitators, Sir Hudibras, and Ralpho. The extreme popularity of the drama, among the lower, as well as the higher ranks in Scotland, as soon as it appeared, like Butler's Hudibras in England, would tend the more speedily to produce this salutary purpose.

Butler's poem followed the Restoration, which Ramsay's commemorates. They both originate in that event, and Hogarth's unequalled illustrations of the former, are, aptly, dedicated to the author of the latter. Butler excels in learning, and in wit; of both of which he is so profuse as to fatigue his reader in his exertions to keep up with him, without the respite, sometimes in a whole canto, of a single line of relaxation, to breathe at. Ramsay's attention was directed to nature. From her he draws his knowledge of life, and his humour. Yet, in the ludicrous

account of the applications, and references, to sorcery in England at the Restoration, by the contemporary author, we find, where nature was equally the pattern in both, a striking resemblance to that given by the other, in allusion to the same period in Scotland. England, during the Commonwealth, when Butler lived, seems, in this respect, to have been on a level with France in the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and with Scotland at the Union in the days of Ramsay. When the archetypes are nearly alike, the copies, if good ones, must be of the same family. The following weighty cases detailed by Ralph, are, in the main, extremely similar to those which Bauldy enumerates to Mause, in Act 2. Scene 3.

“ Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell,
 “ A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
 “ That deals in *destinies* dark counsels,
 “ And sage opinions of the *moon* sells ;
 “ To whom all *people* far and near,
 “ On deep importances repair ;
 “ When *brass* and *pewter* hap to stray,
 “ And *linen* slinks out of the way :
 “ When *geese* and *pullen* are seduced,
 “ And *sows* of sucking *pigs* are chous'd ;
 “ When *cattle* feel indisposition,
 “ And need th' opinion of *physician* ;
 “ When *murrain* reigns in *hogs* or *sheep*,
 “ And *chickens* languish of the *pish* ;
 “ When *yeast* and outward means do *fail*,
 “ And have no power to work on *ale* ;

" When *butter* does refuse to come,
 " And *love* proves *cross* and *humoursome* ;
 " To him, with *questions*, and with *urine*,
 " They for *discov'ry* flock, or *curing*."

Hud. P. 2. C. 3.

This description of Ralph's is, however, more than equalled by the entertaining catalogue which Bauldy repeats to trusty honest Mause, of all the misfortunes which were laid to her charge, and for which she was held accountable ; and both of them surpass the enchantresses of Theocritus, Virgil, or Ovid, and the Canidia of Horace. It is curious to find among the superstitions of the most ignorant of the peasantry in the eighteenth century, and in Scotland, a contrivance of witchcraft, though far from being obvious and likely to occur, the same with one ascribed to sorcerers more than two thousand years ago, and in Sicily, as it is preserved, in his second Idyllium, by Theocritus. If not picked up, and imported by gipsy fortune-tellers, in passing through Sicily, from Egypt ; it must have been adopted from Theocritus, and handed down to the ignorant, through the medium of impostors.

Theocritus. *Idyllium 2.*

" First *Delphid* injur'd me, he rais'd my flame,
 " And now I burn this *bough* in *Delphid's* name :

A a

" As this doth blaze, and break away in fume,

" How soon it takes, let *Delphid's* flesh consume !

" *Jynx* restore my false, my perjur'd swain,

" And force him back into my arms again !

" As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire,

" Let *Mindian Delphis* melt in warm desire," &c.

CREECH.

Ramsay. *Act 2. Scene 2.*

" O' this, unsonsy picture aft she makes

" O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire

" Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire :

" Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt

" The pain by fo'k they represent is felt."

In tracing the SCENARY of Ramsay's comedy, in the order of the poem ; after we are made acquainted with "*Glaud's Onstead*," in Act 2. Scene 1., at the side of the burn, below "*Habbie's How* ;" the prologue to the next succeeding scene, exhibits the following pleasing, and romantic view of MAUSE'S COTTAGE, above it, at the foot of the hills.

Act 2. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

" The open field.—A cottage in a glen ;

" An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.—

" At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,

" Wi' faulded arms, and half-rais'd looks, ye see

" BAULDY, *his lane*."

The accompanying *plate*, illustrating this scene, from the original of which the prologue has evidently been borrowed, represents the spot as it is seen from the south-west, in summer at mid-day ; when broken clouds, by their shadows, contrast the catching-lights through their openings, and give brilliancy to the objects exposed to the sun ; when a transient, solitary gleam, bursts upon the cottage, deepens the surrounding gloom, increases the wildness of its aspect, and gives importance to the “ little crue.”

The points of coincidence are obvious, and minute.—“ The open field ” spreads, and extends on the right, to the south, from “ the sunny en ” of the “ cottage, in a glen ” on the left. The cottage, shown in the engraving, occupies the site of the primitive hut ; and the other objects remain as when visited by Ramsay, when he resided at New Hall. The glen runs northward, from the cabin at its entrance between the rocky precipices, on the left.—Beyond the open field, “ at a sma’ distance ” east, still, as it appears over a part of the fields in the *view*, exists the “ blasted tree ; ” with not another of forty years’ growth in sight of it. By a very attentive closeness of imitation, it stands in the direct road which Bauldy must be supposed to have taken, in coming from his own place of abode, in the vicinity of Glaud and Symon’s farmsteads, below a mill

that once stood near the Miller's How. The position of Bauldy's home, as being not far from Symon's where Sir William lodged, beside his son Patie ; of the mill ; and of Mause's Cottage with regard to them ; is distinctly, and conformably marked, in Act 5. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

" See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
 " An' roars up *Symon* frae his kindly rest."

DIALOGUE.

" SYMON.—What ails thee, gowk ! to mak sae loud ado ?
 " You've wak'd *Sir William* ;" &c.

Enter *Sir William*.

" BAULDY.—Ah ! Sir ! the witch ca'd Mause,
 " That wins aboon the *mill*, amang the haws," &c.

Among the crags of the conical precipice behind the cottage, the only shrub, yet, to be found, is the thorn. The prickly stubs of the plants, beginning to recover from the browsings of the sheep, are still left, among the gray rocks of this eastern mount, over the witch's cruce. They are black thorns ; but Ramsay, through inattention, or for the sake of the rhyme, calls them " haws," to agree with the previous termination " Mause :"—And the little wells in the meadow, immediately to the south of,

and adjoining to, the hut, have furnished the most conspicuous circumstance, in the continued description of its appendages.

Act 2. Scene 3.

PROLOGUE.

“ A green kail-yard ; a little fount,
 “ Where water poplin springs :
 “ There sits a wife wi’ wrinkled front,
 “ An’ yet she spins an’ sings.”

In nature, the only springs in the meadow, and green beyond it, southward, forming an expanded plain, part of “ the open field,” are those at the north end of it, near the entrance into the “ glen,” and beside the site of the “ cottage.” The most southerly of these “ little founts,” still bubbles up at the south-east corner of the “ green kail-yard,” attached to the cabbin which occupies its place.

Over the south gable of the hovel, is seen, as in the plate, the old mansion of Carlops, allotted for the wealthy Roger ; from whose father, Mause, in the last scene of the pastoral, says, she “ took” her “ little cruve.” The farther, or south-east, and south sides of the plain, or “ open field” formed by the meadow and green, in these directions, are enlivened by the Carlops Burn, a rivulet, near which

grew a large aged saugh, or willow-tree, to the right of the *view*; which was taken away about thirty years ago. It, and the decayed ash, were the only trees to be seen from MAUSE'S COTTAGE, and ROGER'S HABITATION, in the remembrance of the oldest natives of the district. From the hither, or west, sides of the plain, or "open field," and the glen, on the left of, and a little backward from, the point from whence the original drawing was taken, rises the Turnip Hill; one of the Pentlands, forming a limb of the Carlops Hill, between it and the North Esk; and a portion of the farm in which both of these dwellings are situated. In Act 2. Scene 2., Bauldy is placed by the withered ash, at some distance from the "little cruve," as is shown by his exclamation, on coming in sight of it, from the neighbourhood of the tree.

"An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,

"Whan ane like me comes rinnand to the deil.

"She, an' her cat, sit beekand in her yard;

"To speak my errand, faith, amais I'm fear'd:

"But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;

"They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

(*Exit.*"

In the love scene, between Roger and Jenny, in Act 3. Scene 3., the other, still more distant, accompaniments of ROGER'S HABITATION are taken advantage of, with equal propriety, and effect. In the middle,

and at the end of the *dialogue*, the aspect of his abode, the door and windows of which look south-east, and east ; “ the spring ” at Mause’s Cottage, “ wimplin thro’ the plain ; ” the “ saugh-tree ” shading a “ mennin pool,” in the Carlops Burn, meandering round the south sides of the meadow, and green, below the Turnip “ Hill ” on the north-west ; are naturally, and appositely introduced. The mention of them is given to Roger, to whom they were most familiar ; with Mause’s Cottage, and its appendages ; seemingly to prevent mistake, as to the site of his Habitation.

“ ROGER.—I’ve seen the morning *rise* wi’ fairest light,
 “ The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
 “ I’ve seen *the spring rin wimplin thro’ the plain*,
 “ Increase, an’ join the ocean without stain,” &c.

(*At the end.*)

“ JENNY.—I’ll do my best.—But see who comes this way,
 “ Patie and Meg ;—besides I mauna stay :
 “ Let’s steal frae ither now, an’ meet the morn ;
 “ If we be seen, we’ll dree a deal o’ scorn.

“ ROGER.—To where *the saugh-tree shades the mennin pool*,
 “ I’ll frae the *hill* come down, when day grows cool :
 “ Keep tryst, an’ meet me there ;—there let us meet,
 “ To kiss, an’ tell our love ; there’s nought so sweet.

(*Exeunt.*)

Before Sir David Forbes settled in their neighbourhood, the lands of Carlops formed a separate

property ; but previously to, and after they were purchased by his son Mr Forbes, the old mansion, seen in the *view*, was let to a tenant, with the whole lands as one sheep-farm ; and so continued, till within these thirty years. From its great extent, his friend and guest the poet, when residing at New Hall, appears to have pitched upon it as a fit tenement for Roger, who is represented as being possessed of such numerous herds and flocks ; and he has placed Mause under him, as a cottager on his farm, in a situation which was, then, actually believed, by the surrounding shepherds, to have been once inhabited by a witch, who used to be frequently seen, at nights, frisking, and bounding, to and fro, over the entrance of the glen, from the summits of the rocky heights near the hut. From these imaginary leaps, or louns as they are called in the Scoto-Saxon dialect, over this romantic pass, to the left of the cottage in the *engraving*, according to tradition, the whole lands had got the name of the Carling's, or Carline's Louns, since contracted to Carlops ; the designation the property still holds, which seems to have attracted Ramsay's notice, and furnished the scenery of the underplot it suggested. In allusion to the popular derivation of the name Monk's Haugh, the account of General Monk's operations, after leaving Scotland, in favour of Charles the Second, was, apparently, introduced into the dialogue.

between Glaud and Symon at "Glaud's Onstead," between Monk's Haugh, and Monk's Burn. Here, again, the popular derivation of the name Carlops perfectly accords with the underplot, and its objects with the scenery, about MAUSE'S COTTAGE, and ROGER'S HABITATION. Indeed, Ramsay's picture is an exact portrait of the spot where the witch at Carlops was believed to have dwelt, as it appeared when he drew it.

On the north, the lands or farm of Carlops, are bounded by the Esk, down to the "Craigy Bield," where they meet those of Harlaw Moor, likewise one farm in the time of Mr Forbes, and, a part of the estate of New Hall, which the arable portion of them, around the farmstead, yet continues to be. From the "Craigy Bield," up to the Harbour Craig, and for a mile above it, they march with each other. The farms, of Carlops with the Harbour Craig on the east end of it, and Harlaw Moor, allotted for Roger, and Symon, with the latter of whom Patie dwelt, being, thus, contiguous, and connected at the "Craigy Bield," nearly in the line between their respective homes; the choosing that inviting spot for the meeting of the two young shepherds, at the opening of the pastoral, was equally judicious, and suitable to the other concurring circumstances, in which the poet's descriptions so exactly coincide

with the original scenes. This extremity of Roger's farm, at the "Craigy Bield," was likewise near, and in sight of "Glaud's Onstead," where Jenny resided.

On the south-east side of the "open field," or plain, consisting of the green, and meadow adjoining to the cottage; beyond the Carlops Burn, a low flat ridge, called the Bught Rig, ends in a round point, named the Bught Know, and between the two is a hollow, distinguished by the appellation of Charles's Nick; thus tending, still more closely, to connect these original scenes with the Restoration of King Charles, that led to the discovery of Mause's history, as well as of Peggy's parentage, and Patie's birth,

In the interesting account, in the last scene of the pastoral, given to the "Knight," by trusty, faithful Mause, of the manner in which she had, benevolently, rescued Peggy, from the cruel, avaricious designs of her treacherous guardians; and had escaped, with her, to the abode of honest Glaud, at whose door she had laid her, to introduce her without suspicion to his protection, to be a companion, under his hospitable roof, to his daughter; are these impressive lines,

" I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 " They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
 " That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 " At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
 " And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 " Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 " A' day I hid me ;—whan the day was done,
 " I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 " Till, eastward fifty miles, I reach'd these plains,
 " Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains."

These verses, yet more unerringly, point out the passage of country alluded to. Patie's birth-place is laid in the house of Sir David Forbes; and Peggy, Ramsay's heroine, is brought eastward, from the neighbourhood " of Crawford Muir, in Lead Hill,"

" Where min'ral springs Glengoner fill,
 " Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
 " Between auld Crawford-Lindsay's towers,
 " And where Deneetne rapid pours
 " His stream thro' Glotta's tide;"

Pet. to the Whin-Bush Club.

making her, like himself, a

" Native of Clydesdale's upper ward,"

the road from which, to Edinburgh, passes New Hall lying directly " eastward" from it, as noted in Mause's description. Farther, on arriving, from the mountainous country about " auld Crawford-

Lindsay's towers" westward, at this district on the south-east side of the Pentland Hills, it has, comparatively, a flat, and extended appearance, with its numerous glens deeply furrowed out of it, by their respective streams from the hills. A point, marked in the *map*, formed by the glen above the Harbour Craig, and near it, has the name of Crawford's Snab. South-east, and eastward along the line of the hills, from the first view of this district, on gaining the top of the height, between the farmstead of West Mains and the south side of the Carlops Dean opposite to the western extremity of the mountain, which commands all the vale of Mid-Lothian, and the Esk eastward, down to the Frith of the Forth at Musselburgh, in coming from the west, no conspicuous inequalities of surface rise below this eminence, and this part of the highway near the Carlops Snabs, for several miles in front. This general character of the lower grounds of this district, the head of the valley of Mid-Lothian; with the "howms," or "plains," on the Esk, and the Carlops Burn, about New-Hall House, Glaud's Onstead, and Mause's Cottage, all of which are particularly noticed, as has been shown, in the poem; appears to have struck Ramsay, when he was, himself, approaching his friend's abode, on his way to Edinburgh, from the place of his nativity in Lanarkshire; and to have suggested the two last lines in this description, as-

signed to Mause, in a similar situation, on the same road.

“ Till, eastward fifty miles, I reach'd these plains,

“ Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.”

Act 5. Scene 3., and last.

“ So long she travel'd, till at length she came

“ To an hilles side, which did to her bewray

“ A little valley subject to the same,

“ All cover'd with thick woodes, that quite it overcame.

“ Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry

“ A little smoke, whose vapour, thin and light,

“ Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky ;

“ Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight

“ That in the same did wonne some living wight.

“ Eftsoones her steps she thereunto apply'd,

“ And came at last, in weary wretched plight,

“ Unto the place to which her hope did guye,

“ To find some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

“ There in a gloomy hollow glen she found

“ A little cottage built of stickes and reedes

“ In homely wize, and wald with sods around.”

SPENSER'S Faery Queene, B. 3. C. 7.

The north end of the glen, behind the cottage, opens into the south bank of the North Esk, where it rushes out, amidst pointed crags, and rugged breaks, through the bridge under the highway, between the Turnip Hill, in Tweeddale, and wester hill of 'Spital, in Edin-

burgh-shire, the smooth green summit of which last is seen, to the left, in the *plate*, through the pass, at the south entrance of the glen, formed by the Carline's Loups. From the bridge, the North Esk washes the foot of the 'Spital Hill, between the farmsteads of Patie's Hill and Roger's Rig, till it leaves it at the lower end of the Wood Brae opposite to the Girt Hill, the site of Ramsay's Tower, and, in succession, enters the Upper or Miller's How,—Habbie's How,—the Washing Green;—passes the Craigy Bield,—joins the Harbour Craig Burn at the little haugh, the extreme eastmost point of the Carlops farm,—receives Monk's Burn at Glaud's Onstead,—separates Monk's Haugh from the height on which Symon's house stands to the south-east,—and, on its way to Brunstane Castle, and the Forth, passes the Cow Craig to the north, after, with its banks, by a bold sweep, surrounding three sides of the Marfield Loch, which appears over its deep glen, with the stream meandering beneath, from the shepherd's dwelling on the height.

“ Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
 “ Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride,
 “ Embroyd'ring all the banks, here hills aspire
 “ To crown their heads with the æthereal fire,
 “ Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
 “ Which never friends did slight, nor sword made thralls.”

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden's “*River of Forth Feasting*.”





R.B. Esq. del.

R. Scott sculp.

LIN BURN near MAUSE'S COTTAGE from the S.E.

When, among other changes, time shall, with "the saugh-tree," have swept away the remains of the "blasted" ash, and the Habitation chosen for Roger, now almost a ruin, the *view*, of which this description has been attempted, will be interesting to the admirers of the pastoral; it being a faithful representation, as it appeared from the date of the poem till after the drawing was taken, of the spot, whence a part of the scenery was borrowed, which gives so much pleasure, even through the imperfect medium of language.

THE LIN BURN, AND OTHER OBJECTS
ABOUT MAUSE'S COTTAGE.

" These roving mists that constant now begin
" To smoke along the hilly country, these,
" With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
" The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
" Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks :
" Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
" And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw."

THOMSON'S Autumn.

" And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
" Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide."

Gar's Rural Sports.

THE south end of the glen, between that of the North Esk, and the Carline's Loups the site of the cottage, from the pass, expands into "the open field," formed by the meadow and green, south-east, south, and south-westward. "The open field" is a widely extended plain, making a part of the Carlops Dean, or valley, with the Carlops Burn winding round the side of it farthest from the cottage. From this flat, contracted in both directions, the dale stretches down, to the east-north-north-east, below the blasted tree, and upward, to the west-south-south-west, along the foot of the Turnip, and Carlop Hills, which are separated by the LIN BURN, the Carlops Hill ascending from the west, and the other from the north edge of it.

Before this mountain-stream enters the north-west side of the valley, about two hundred yards farther up than "the open field;" within a close, deep, rugged recess, which it has hollowed out for itself from the bank of the dale, divided into several spouts, over a perpendicular whinstone rock, of about twenty feet in height, it makes a romantic leap, or lin, into an irregular heap of rude masses of stone, which have tumbled into the bottom of the craggy chasm, from its bare precipitous acclivities, and have been hurled from the adjoining hills, by undermining, and

resistless winter torrents, over the crossing wall of whin which produces the cascade. From this leap, in Gaelic *leim*, the rivulet has got the name of the *Lin Burn*. As there is no pool under, or near it, the epithet *lin* can only apply to the *waterfall*. Ramsay, therefore, uses this word correctly, in describing the cascade in "Habbie's How," when he writes,

"Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
"The water fa's, an' maks a singand din:"

In the two next lines, the pool is even opposed to the *lin*.

"A pool, breast deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
"Kisses wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass."

The "little lin" is "between twa birks; out o'er" it "the water fa's;" and, in falling, it "maks a singand din." All this plainly refers only to the cascade, above the pool. The "pool" on the other hand, in contradistinction to the "lin," is described by itself: it is "breast deep;" it is "beneath" the "little lin;" it is "as clear as glass;" and it "kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass." When his model has, thus, so fully, and distinctly explained to him the meaning of the word *lin*, his professed imitator might, perhaps, had he attended sufficiently to his pattern, have deemed the following *Note*, appended to Act 2. Scene 1. of his *FALLS OF CLYDE*,

altogether superfluous ; and have saved himself the, as it has turned out, fruitless labour of rummaging dictionaries. “ Act 2. Scene 1.—*Gang up amang thae rocks, there is a lin.*—I have often heard it disputed, whether *lin* means the waterfall, or pool beneath. Some derive it from the Gaelic *leum*, a leap ; others from *linne*, a pool.—I suppose it means a cataract in general.” Such a supposition is singular, from so inquisitive an imitator of Ramsay’s. Instead of hopping about among fantastic fairies, and foreign authors, and chattering forth such a heterogeneous profusion of desultory, flimsy quotations, to show how learned he is, had this ingenious writer kept more at home, with his excellent model, and, with open eyes, consulted nature always, as he has often done, he would have found many solutions he has missed, by groping for them through the dark labyrinths of “*lair*,” or the “*fairy*” flights of human wit. Had he looked, for the derivations of their names, to the objects themselves, in place of turning aside in search of *lins* in his library, he would have seen cascades frequently so designed, falling among stones, or bare rocks, without a drop of stagnant water near them. But the dictionaries themselves contradict his supposition. The word for a pool in Gaelic is *easlach* ; and for a “*cataract in general*,” without having recourse to *linne*, which signifies, likewise, the *sea*, there are no less than three appro-

priate terms, namely, *cas*, *easar*, and *easard*: so that the word *lin* never can mean a “cataract in general,” even on the authority of books.—Neither at the Lins of Monk’s Burn is there any pool; but a small one under one of them: Nor at Mary’s Lin. *Leim* (*Chuchullin*), the cascade at the mouth of the Shannon; is not englished the “cataract,” but the *Leap* of the Shannon; though the word “cataract,” itself, is derived from the *waterfall*, exclusively.

The *view* of the LIN BURN prefixed to this description of it, is taken within the recess, before it enters the Carlops Dean, and, traversing it, joins the Carlops Burn on its south-east side.

The recess of the Lin Burn is crossed, by a vein of ironstone, and by several vertical strata of limestone, which burst out, in many places, through the green sward, on the same side of the Dean, farther up, near the top of its bank below the Carlops Hill. These are the upper terminations of those extensive sheets of limestone, coal, and sandstone, which accompany the North Esk, all the way, from the estuary of the Forth at Musselburgh. The coal rises to the surface and runs out, eastward, between and the Harbour Craig; but the limestone ascends the Carlops Hill to the summit of the bank of the Dean, which is about thirty feet in height, and the sand-

stone rises still higher. The late ingenious, and respectable Dr Walker is, therefore, not strictly accurate in his observations on this subject, in the Statistical Account of the parish of *Glencross*, if, as they appear to be, the following particulars were communicated by him.

“ *Fossils*.—The part of the Pentland Hills which is in this parish, like all the rest of that range of mountains, consists of different sorts of whinstone, and other lapideous strata, which are commonly termed *primitive rocks*. The lower grounds in the parish, which form part of the valley of Mid-Lothian, contain fossils of a very different kind, and which are known by the name of *secondary strata*. These are *sandstone*, *limestone*, *coal*, and its concomitant fossils, which are usually called *Coal Metals*.

“ Through Scotland, in general, these secondary strata occupy the lower parts of the country; but the mountainous tracts are entirely composed of strata of the primitive kind. The secondary strata stretch through the valley of Mid-Lothian for about fifteen miles, from Musselburgh sands, to the Caerlips on the confines of Tweeddale, where they are all cut off. In several places, they arrive at the skirts of the Pentland Hills, but never ascend them. They terminate gradually, as they approach the mountains, and seem, at their termination, to over-

leap, as it were, the primitive strata of which the mountains consist.”

Dr Walker, when he wrote this account of the *fossils* in Glencross parish, of which he once was minister, seems not to have known, that lime-rocks do appear a considerable space up the ascent of the Carlops Hill; near the Lin Burn;—that there is a strong petrifying lime-spring more than half way up the north-east acclivity of the adjoining Turnip Hill, on its opposite side above the North Esk;—and, that lime-springs, likewise, are to be found on the south-east ascents of the Wester, Easter, and North Hills of 'Spital, between the North Esk and the source of the Monk's Burn, within a third of their heights from their summits. Behind these hills, strata of limestone, again, appear, to the north, on the high grounds at Bavelaw, after being penetrated by the primitive rocks of the mountains; but, in the valley of Mid-Lothian, eastward, between and the Frith, none are to be seen nearer the Pentland Hills than the vicinity of the Esk, far below their skirts.

The reason why this instructive, and patriotic naturalist, spells the name of this property “Caerlips,” instead of Carlops, as is usually done, will be shown, when its learned derivation is given, along with that of the Monk's Burn, in the description of the 'Spital,

Spittal, or, as it is commonly pronounced and written, though improperly, Spittle. See Johnson's Dictionary, *v. Spittle*. Dr Walker was well acquainted with, and much attached to New Hall and its neighbourhood. Both New Hall, and Carlops, are introduced, by him, into the Statistical Account of the parish of *Glencross*; and, in his excellent *Essay on Peat*, in the *Transactions of the Highland Society*, he mentions, that the mode of improving peat-mosses, which has, since, been followed as the best, in this great agricultural object of public investigation and experiment, was first discovered, and practised at New Hall. His relation, from having been one of the company present, of the unexpected produce from this important trial, on so apparently barren and unprofitable a subject, will be more particularly taken notice of, in the description of *New-Hall House*.

Above the ends of the limestone strata bursting through the bank of the Carlops Dean, is the new farmstead of the Carlops Hill, between the bank and the upper part of the mountain. Along the front of it, is a somewhat flattened reach of land above the bank, at the southern extremity of which is a row of natural pits, at short distances from each other, called the *Seven Cauldrons*. Beyond these pits, about a hundred yards southward, at the bottom of the same

bank, and penetrating a considerable way into it, is a subterraneous passage, the name of which is *Jenny Barry's Cove*. From this cave issues the Carlops Burn, which, longitudinally, bisects the lands, formerly the farm, of Carlops, down to the valley of the Harbour Craig, which it enters opposite to "Symon's House," and half-way between that rock and the "Craigy Bield." On the other, south-east, side of the Dean, fronting the Seven Cauldrons, and on the west edge of a narrow, naturally walled in, craggy, rough and steep part of the old public road, well known, from the difficulty of the access through it, in former times, by the name of the *Carlops Snabs*, a portion of the bank, as if scooped artificially, has left an excavation called *Hell's Hole*.

Near the grotto, or subterranean passage, from the middle of the flat bottom of the Dean, rises a steep mount, round at the base, about twenty-five feet in height, with a sharp, rocky point, of whinstone, full of little caverns, called the *Peaked Craig*. Within forty yards farther down, *Dun Kaim*, a smooth, lengthened eminence, of a greater height, with a plain on the summit at its centre, again divides the valley longitudinally, between the Seven Cauldrons and Hell's Hole. The *Lin Burn* crosses the Dean, at the lower end of it; and about other thirty paces distant downward, springs up from the

middle of the level dale, near two hundred steps above “ the open field ”, at the end of Mause’s Cottage, a third mount, smooth and green, in the form of a regular cone, wider at the base, and of the same height with the Peaked Craig, called the Little Turnip Hill, or the *Hole Haugh Know*. From the interval between Dun Kaim and it, the LIN BURN, when flooded, appears, up its dark glen, like a thin white sheet, shooting over the black precipice seen through it as it breaks in the air ; and, with its rocky dell, divides the hollow formed by the Turnip and Carlops Hills ascending behind it, to the north, and west.

The character of the Carlops Dean, from “ the open field ” upwards, to the south-west, is most peculiarly, and truly pastoral. The scenery is majestic, but mild, gentle, and cheerful : The hills are smooth, and swelling : The banks, and mounts, and meadows, are covered with green, unbroken sward ; and spotted with sheep : The waterfall, and rivulets which ripple and meander through it, are bright, and sparkling : The transitions, except as to the Peaked Craig, and the Hole Haugh Know, are all gradual, and undulating : And, not a tree is to be seen ; but the remains of the old withered ash, appearing at a distance,

Below "the open field," at the farther extremity of a holm on the Carlops Burn beyond the "blasted tree," from the bottom of the south-east bank, near a limestone quarry, issues a strong, clear spring, named the *Rumbling Well*; out of which, in consequence of a wager, is said to have been thrown a man's glove, which was thrust into a cavity about a quarter of a mile south from it. From this haugh, the burn, pursuing its course north-eastward through a deep glen, passes a high bank of white, crumbling sandstone, called the *Sandy Brae*, over a bed of coal, and at length incorporates with the Harbour Craig Burn. From the top of the dingle above the cascade on the Lin Burn bounded to the south, east, and north, by it, and the banks of the dean, the glen behind Mause's Cottage, and the North Esk, with the Turnip Hill westward swelling above it, lies a gently inclined plain, named the *Lead Flats*; and, up the dean, about a hundred yards beyond the cove, a spot of ground still remains covered with ashes, and cinders, totally destitute of vegetation. Tradition says, that, with the silver extracted from the lead got in this neighbourhood, long before the discovery of the Lead Hills and Wanlock-Head mines in Clydesdale, Mary of Guise, Queen Mary's mother, paid her French troops during the turbulence of her Regency.

The sequestered, pastoral district, as delineated in the *map*, between the grotto called Jenny Barry's Cove, and the Cow Craig on the side of the Esk beyond and north-east from the Marfield Loch, forms the upper division of the valley of Edinburghshire, and of the Pentland Hills, and includes all the scenery of *The Gentle Shepherd*. Here, the north side of the Esk is in Mid-Lothian; and the south in Tweeddale. The Linton market, near the western extremity of the Carlops Hill, which is held in the middle of summer, has long been resorted to, as the principal one, on this side of the Tweed, for sheep and wool. This *western* division of the Pentland range, the only one connected with the Esk, and the central residence of shepherds, and their flocks; from the smoothness and verdure of its hills, and the pastoral character of its inhabitants, and scenery; together with its powers of poetic inspiration; may, therefore, with unrivalled propriety, be considered as the *Arcadia* of Scotland.

During the ignorance, and superstition that enveloped North Britain, so early as when these grounds were first named by the shepherds the Carline's Loups, and even at the Restoration, such objects and appearances as those now described, surrounding the supposed Carline's "little cruve," would furnish abundant fuel to the already prepared, and heated

imagination of the credulous : Otherwise, to them, inexplicable ; as the most obvious and satisfactory solution within their reach, they would be all, at once, without hesitation, as the names Seven Cauldrons, Jenny Barry's Cove, Hell's Hole, &c. imply, ascribed to her spells, and incantations ; and, re-acting upon their simplicity, would, among the rustics, even so late as the era of the poem itself, confirm the belief in an infernal compact, and increase the awe-inspiring, solemn solitude, of the scenery around the " Cottage." In conformity with this, the panic on approaching her abode occasions in Bauldy " ha'f-raised looks ;" and the dread of incurring her displeasure, gives birth to the following observations and bribe, in his natural dialogue with Mause, her fabled successor, where mean, mischievous hypocrisy, is admirably characterized,

— " ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about :

" An' sae they may that mint to do ye skaith ;

" For me, to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :

" But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please

" You, wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease."

Act 2. Sc. 3.

" Ut hæc trementi questus ore constitit."

HOR. L. 5. c. 5.

Within these twenty years, the lands of Carlops, which still remain united to those of New Hall, have

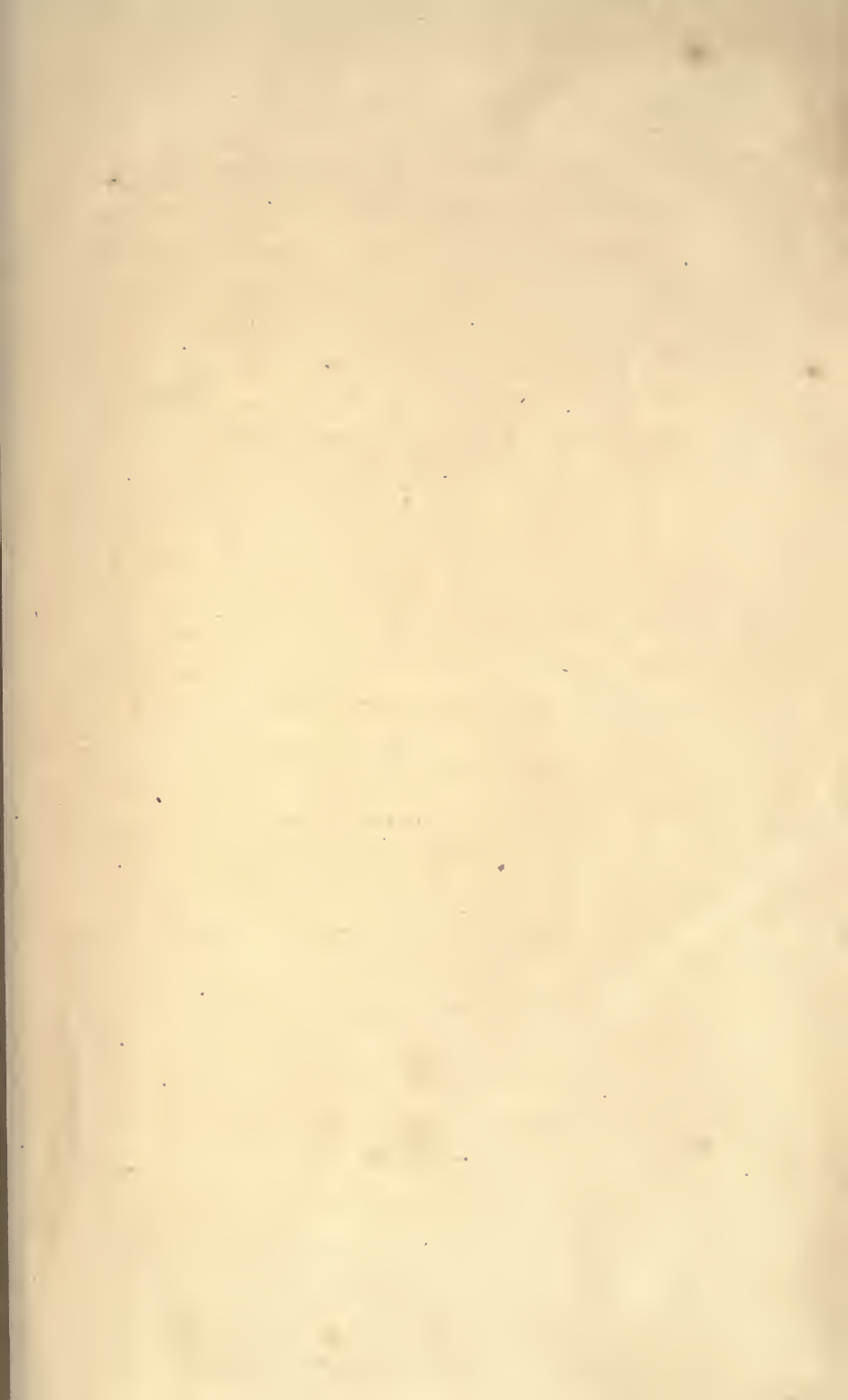
been divided into many farms, with each a farmstead. Most of the arable grounds have been brought under tillage; and the shepherds and their flocks, being, in a great measure, confined to the hills, and steeps incapable of culture, beyond the reach of the plantations, hedge-rows and hedges; the country around MAUSE'S COTTAGE, and ROGER'S HABITATION, has undergone a considerable change, both as to the employments, and character of its inhabitants, its population, and its general appearance. Ploughmen and cattle, are substituted, in many places, for shepherds and their flocks; corn and potatoes, for heath and weeds; and turnips, in winter, for bare stubbles and barren bents. The wide great-coat, and round hat, are, frequently, adopted, for the gray checked plaid or mawd, and the broad blue bonnet with its scarlet rim; and the goodness of the roads, now, gives such easy access to the metropolis, that even the shepherds are losing fast that plainness in dealing, that frank open warmth of attachment, that cheerful kind disinterested hospitality, and artless unsuspecting honest simplicity of thought and manner, so faithfully preserved in Ramsay's pastoral, to make room for selfish distrustful reserve, cold artificial politeness, and envious mischievous malignity, the results of rivalry and venality. The turnpike road from Edinburgh, to Dumfries, branching off near Linton to Lead Hills by Biggar, passes along

the glen behind the "cottage," and between the rocky points or loupes at the pass, the boldest part of the western crag that hung over the highway having, inadvertently, been broken down to repair it with. The sites of Mause's, once, retired "little crueve," and Roger's, formerly, remote, and pastoral dwelling, are now occupied by a labourer, and a corn farmer, in the midst of, comparative, bustle and industry. The lonely sequestered den, o'er which the carline, at nights, used to leap and frolick, like a jack-o'-lantern, on her broom, and which Bauldy approached, even at mid-day in summer, with "ha'f raised looks;" is become the lively, attractive seat, of a thriving manufacturing village, begun to be built by the present proprietor Mr Brown, in 1784, with a woollen mill on the Esk, at its northern extremity; and a thoroughfare for gay equipages, and noisy carts. Two mail-coaches run through it daily, from, and to Edinburgh. The quiet expanded plain, formed by the meadow, and the green, where Roger, "frae the hill," used to meet Jenny at "the saugh-tree," beside the burn at the other end of "the open field" from Mause's cottage, to "tell his love" undisturbed, except by the bleatings of his flocks, and the murmurs of the stream, since 1790, as to destination, is metamorphosed into a market-place twice a-year, on the 23d of April and the 15th of October, for the tumultuous sale of cattle, and

the accommodation of blustering dealers. In the evening of the 15th of October, which is Ramsay's birth-day, *The Gentle Shepherd* is annually acted, by the lads, and lasses, in the village, after the fair is over. Whilst volunteering was in its vigour, before the late ever-to-be-lamented death, of that able, eloquent, and virtuous minister Mr Pitt, the green was, likewise, used by the young men of the neighbourhood, as their Campus Martius, under a serjeant, to learn the manual exercise, that they might be enabled to assist their brethren in arms, in defending our beloved, and glorious constitution, from the threatened attacks of envy and ambition, from a military despot, at the head of an immense, disciplined banditti of unprincipled plunderers.

In consequence of these rapidly increasing changes in the scenery, as well as in manners, and modes of life; like Ramsay's prologues, and dialogues, the pictures, to the eye, of the places in their pastoral aspects, as they were seen by him, will rise in value, with the poem, as entertaining portraits of them, before any material alterations had occurred.

On the summit of the Carlops Hill, grows the cloud-berry, on the surface of a deep peat-moss.





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Ramsay, Allan
The gentle shepherd

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